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VICTORIANO HUERTA

A SKETCH FROM LIFE

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I

A CHARACTER cannot be understood out of its setting, and the character of Victoriano Huerta cannot be understood by those who do not understand Mexico. And who does understand this land of endless contradictions and anomalies? I, after a residence here of thirty years, have never answered a question about Mexico to a newcomer or visitor, without thinking a few moments later of half a dozen facts that run counter to the information I have given. Nevertheless, we foreign residents of long standing, if we have made any use at all of our opportunities for observation, have at least a synthetic knowledge of Mexico, though, when we try to bring it out in words, we apprehend, at times with too much reason, that we are not conveying to our hearers or readers the exact impression that is on our own minds. It is one of those cases in which while, when we are asked, we know little, when we are not asked we know a good deal. And to us, thus prepared, the character of Victoriano Huerta seems to fit in naturally with the scheme of things in Mexico; it is by no means out of joint with its

surroundings. It has been Huerta's misfortune that his character has been wrested from its setting and judged, almost without a hearing, at the bar of a higher or at least a different civilization.

It should surely seem an interesting fact that all the men who, in the last half-century, have shown any capacity to govern Mexico have been largely or wholly of the indigenous race. Juarez was a full-blooded Indian of the Zapoteca tribe, settled from time immemorial in portions of the territory forming the present State of Oaxaca, the builders perhaps of the palaces of Mitla. President Sebastian Lerdo de Tejada was of pure European descent, and he was driven from the country by the Revolution of Tuxtepec which elevated Porfirio Diaz to power in 1876. Though Diaz, according to his biographies, was able to trace his maternal descent in part to an eighteenth-century emigrant from the mountains of Asturias and his paternal descent to one of those early Andalusian settlers in Oaxaca who gave to its chief city the name of Antequera, from the town in Southern Spain where the Christian chivalry used so often to foregather for their forays into

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the territory of the Granadine Moors, the fact is that the former President showed in his physique and temperament the predominant characteristics of the Mixteca, divided by long-standing tribal feuds from the Zapoteca. Señor Madero was of European descent — his family, I have been told, were originally Portuguese Jews who settled in Mexico in colonial times; and in his attempt to govern Mexico according to his own enlightened and humane ideals he failed as disastrously as Maximilian had failed. Victoriano Huerta is not, as has been stated, a full-blooded Indian: he is about half Indian, though in sentiment undoubtedly more Indian than Caucasian. He is descended presumably, in respect of his Indian strain, from those warlike Xalixca whose name has survived in that of the present State of Jalisco and who gave so much trouble to Cristobal de Oñate and Pedro de Alvarado.

It is one of the revenges of time that this land of Mexico, which witnessed the march of the conquering Spaniard and for whose development the European and American have done and are doing so much, should after all be Indian-ruled. It may be objected that these Indian Presidents have governed often in the interest rather of the population of European extraction or descent than of the mass of aborigines. Such an assertion opens a broad question which this is not the place to discuss. The vital fact is that it is possible to discover in some sort in Victoriano Huerta the historical successor of Ilhuicamina, Axayacatl, Ahuizotl, and the other chieftains who held sway in Anahuac before the coming of the white man.

By no means do I wish to imply that modern Mexico cannot and ought not to be governed by a system infinitely more enlightened than that of the ancient Aztec monarchs. Nor do I wish

to represent Mexico as, strictly speaking, an Indian republic. All that I seek to make clear is that the Indian element, ignorant and backward as its masses are, makes itself felt, if only by sheer weight of numbers, in the direction of national affairs.

If the importance of this Indian influence, which perhaps would be denied by many a Mexican of Spanish descent, but which is a fact for all that, be borne in mind by my readers, they will be drawing nearer to the angle of vision from which the character of Victoriano Huerta should be judged.

II

Huerta's biography, up to the time when he came into prominence by the *coup d'état* of February 18, 1913, affords slender scope for elaboration.

He was born of humble parentage at the village of Colotlán, State of Jalisco, on December 23, 1854. His early years were spent in his native place and he received the rudiments of education from the parish priest. He proved an apt pupil, displaying proficiency in penmanship and arithmetic, and while still a mere stripling was able to earn some money by book-keeping, such as sufficed for the primitive commercial requirements of the locality.

But even then his boyish ambition was to be a soldier. By chance a copy of the old *Monitor Republicano* fell into his hands, in which he read an official advertisement of the conditions for the admission of young men into the Military College of Chapultepec. From that moment he formed the set resolve of securing entry into that establishment, although he had no very precise idea as to how his object was to be compassed.

Accident, however, favored his design. One day — I suppose it must have been in the winter or late autumn

of 1871 — General Donato Guerra, who was still serving the government of President Juárez, although later he joined the Revolution of La Noria, started by General Porfirio Díaz, arrived at Colotlán at the head of a small body of troops. Having some dispatches to send off, or some military orders to issue, General Guerra inquired for an amanuensis, and young Huerta, who was standing near by and heard the inquiry, offered his services. The lad performed the task to Guerra's satisfaction, and Guerra was so struck by his assistant's look of intelligence and alertness, that he asked him his name, what he was doing, and what he wanted to be. The boy, who probably wore only the humble cotton garb of the Indian, with coarse straw hat, scapular, and sandals, looked Guerra steadfastly in the face and said that he wanted to enter the Military College, in order to be a soldier and rise in time to the rank of general. Guerra laughed, and laying his hand on the lad's shoulder, said, 'Very well, then, my boy, come along with me!'

So Huerta bade good-bye to his native village, his relatives and friends and journeyed in Guerra's company to the City of Mexico, where he was by Guerra presented to President Juárez. 'Here, Mr. President,' said Guerra, 'is an Indian lad who wants to be a general!' Juárez forthwith directed that the youth should be enrolled as a Chapultepec cadet. Thus the first part of Huerta's boyish dream was realized.

Young Huerta distinguished himself in his studies at the Military College, particularly in topography and astronomy. Year by year he carried off the chief prizes in his class, and at one of the prize distributions he was publicly mentioned by General Agustín Díaz, then director of the College, as a credit to the establishment and one for whom the future held great things in store.

Huerta graduated from the Military College with the rank of lieutenant in time to serve with the forces of President Lerdo de Tejada at the battle of Tecuac (November 16, 1876), and share in their defeat at the hands of General Porfirio Díaz.

Tecuac was the decisive battle of the Revolution of Tuxtepec. Lerdo fled to the United States where he resided till his death (April 21, 1889), and Porfirio Díaz became the dominant figure in Mexican politics.

For the next thirty years or more, Huerta's military career was largely of the routine order, though he had a hand in putting down various of the sporadic outbreaks of Mexico's endemic political unrest which occurred during the Díaz administration.

During considerable periods he was assigned to special duty on the Geographical Survey Commission, and it is conceded that his work in this capacity was always carefully and accurately done. Señor Leandro Fernández, one of the most successful cultivators of the exact sciences in Mexico and Minister of Communications in the Cabinet of President Díaz, used to say that the only member of the Geographical Survey Commission whose calculations never needed correction was Victoriano Huerta. It has been said that Huerta distinguished himself at the Military College in astronomy and topography, and, of course, these attainments stood him in good stead for his work on the Commission.

In 1895 Huerta took part in quelling the incipient revolutionary movement of Canuto Neri in the State of Guerrero — for, as has been intimated, Mexico did not altogether lose the revolutionary habit during Díaz's thirty years of peace, and Guerrero has always been a political storm-centre. On the conclusion of this campaign, Huerta was assigned to garrison duty at Acapulco,

the port of the State of Guerrero, and shortly afterwards was made post commander at Chilpancingo, the state capital, where he remained until 1897.

In the year 1901 Guerrero was the scene of new revolutionary disorders, headed by a group of malcontents of whom the chief was Rafael del Castillo Calderón. Huerta was dispatched to suppress this outbreak, a task which he satisfactorily accomplished.

Later on in the same year he was sent to combat the revolting Maya Indians in the State of Yucatán, and he achieved the complete pacification of the Peninsula in October, 1902. In recognition of his services in this connection, he was promoted to the rank of general of brigade, and thus the second part of his boyish dream became a reality. The cotton-clad Indian youth of Colotlán had attained the rank of general.

In some way, however, Huerta became, it is said, an object of distrust to President Diaz, who kept him in the background.

Here, then, at the very threshold of our subject we are met by a fact of no small interest. Diaz, in the plenitude of his powers, was undoubtedly a good judge of character, and the question arises: had he cause to distrust Huerta or had he become in his old age abnormally suspicious?

Be that as it may, Huerta's name was seldom mentioned even in connection with military reviews and parades, and from 1907 to 1910, having obtained leave of absence from the army, he was engaged in the exercise of his profession as engineer at Monterey. So that, when, in the spring of 1911, the agrarian revolt started by Emiliano Zapata in the State of Morelos began to assume serious proportions and the newspapers announced that General Victoriano Huerta was to command a military column specially organized to

combat the movement, I am sure that even the majority of Mexicans outside military circles, and certainly the majority of foreign residents, heard then of Huerta for the first time.

When, after resigning the Presidency on May 25, 1911, General Porfirio Diaz left the City of Mexico for Vera Cruz in the early morning hours of the following day, to go into exile, — voluntary exile it has been called, but, in reality, enforced exile, for such is the spirit of Latin-American politics, — Huerta commanded the military escort of the special train. Though women and children, the members of Diaz's family, were on the train, it was attacked by rebels during the journey. True to his old fighting instincts, Diaz, though racked at the time by a cruel malady, grasped a rifle and was preparing to take his place in the firing line; but Huerta gently interposed, saying, 'It is for this sort of work that I was sent with you, General!' Diaz, for all that, alighted and used his pistol until the *maderistas* were beaten off.

III

Señor Francisco L. de la Barra was now *ad interim* President of Mexico, and one of the first questions claiming his attention was the menacing situation in the State of Morelos. The equivocal attitude of Zapata left no doubt in any reasonable mind that he never had any serious intention of abandoning the life of adventure which he had found so congenial to his taste and so profitable to his pocket. Señor de la Barra reluctantly came to the conclusion that military action was necessary, and selected General Huerta to conduct the campaign.

Huerta's appointment to the Morelos post led to the first clash between him and Madero. Madero ingenuously believed that he could compose the

Morelos situation and he hastened first to Cuernavaca and then to Cuautla in an endeavor to accomplish that object. He earnestly entreated de la Barra that in the meantime no aggressive movement should be made by the Federal forces under Huerta. But while Madero was conferring with Zapata at Cuautla, it was learned that Huerta, acting under the general instructions which he had received from President de la Barra, was advancing against the rebel positions around Yautepec. This was resented by Madero, who considered that his life unnecessarily had been placed in jeopardy; for a man of the suspicious temper of Zapata might easily have believed that the parleys which Madero was holding with him, while the government forces were preparing to strike a decisive blow at the main nucleus of his followers, involved a treacherous plot to entrap him. Madero, in published statements, declared that Huerta's conduct in this connection was 'questionable' and 'inexplicable.' So insistently was this charge reiterated by Madero that at last in October, 1911, Huerta wrote to him, demanding an explanation.

'Concerned,' wrote Huerta, 'by the charges which a person so considered as yourself has seen fit to make against me, charges which I repel with all the energy of which I am capable, I most respectfully exhort you to say exactly wherein my conduct was "inexplicable." This request of mine cannot be regarded as unreasonable, for you must be aware that I am a man of the people, a soldier and the father of a family, with no fortune to bequeath to my children but my honor and good name.' Huerta added that he had requested President de la Barra to grant him his full discharge from the army, so that he might recover the liberty of the citizen to vindicate his character.

Madero, who was then on his high horse, answered without giving any satisfaction, and manifesting complete indifference with regard to Huerta's announced intention of retiring from the army. Some time afterwards, however, the two men met and talked over the situation. It was declared that the breach had been healed and that Huerta had reconsidered his decision to quit the service.

IV

The inauguration of Señor Madero as President occurred on November 6, 1911, and soon after that event, at a banquet given in honor of the new Executive by his friends and supporters, Huerta was one of the speakers, and among other things he said: 'Señor Madero, you did wrong in distrusting the army. Such distrust is the greatest offense that can be done to a true-hearted and loyal army, and few armies are more so than that of Mexico. You did wrong in distrusting it. The Mexican army knows its duty and will never fail in its fulfillment. The constituted government can count on the army unconditionally.'

Some persons, reading these words in the light of subsequent events, will accuse Huerta of insincerity; but I believe that Huerta meant what he said when he said it.

Nevertheless, no responsible duty was assigned to Huerta, until, in the late spring of 1912, the insurrection against Madero, headed by his former partisan Pascual Orozco, in the State of Chihuahua, began to demand energetic treatment.

Huerta was sent north at the head of a division of the three arms, and defeated the *orozquistas* at the battles of Conejos (May 12, 1912), Rellano (May 22 and 23, 1912), and Bachimba (July 3, 1912).

The importance of these successes has been variously judged. Huerta was reproached with not having always followed up his advantages as promptly and efficiently as he might have done, thus crushing the movement once for all, and he answered the charge by pointing out that the equipment supplied for the cavalry arm of the division was deficient.

The regular campaign in Chihuahua having been brought to a conclusion and the state capital reoccupied, General Huerta was recalled to the City of Mexico. In recognition of his services in the north, Señor Madero's government promoted him to the rank of general of division.

Yet certain organs of the press openly declared that Huerta was again an object of suspicion to the government, and probably they were right. Señor Madero offered to send him on a military mission to Europe and he declined.

Toward the end of January, 1913, almost on the eve of the military uprising headed by Bernardo Reyes, Felix Diaz, and Manuel Mondragón, an interview was given by Huerta to one of the newspapers of Mexico City in the course of which he was asked whether he believed himself to be viewed with suspicion by the government. 'I cannot,' he replied, 'answer that question as it ought to be answered, for in truth I have no other ground for believing that I do not enjoy the government's confidence than the order removing me from command in the north and the fact that I have been offered a commission abroad which, without the smallest disregard for the law, I have entreated the government to allow me to decline, for the reason that I am still convalescing from a recent illness and that I have a numerous family whom it would be impossible for me to support in Europe. Besides,

my recall from the north and the offer to send me to Europe may well have been intended as a distinction.'

Huerta took occasion in the same interview to reiterate the army's loyalty: 'When I had the honor of escorting General Porfirio Diaz, after his resignation, to the port of Vera Cruz, I told him that the only redeeming feature which I perceived in the existing strife was the army. . . . At a banquet given in honor of the President of the Republic, Citizen Francisco I. Madero, I took the liberty, with all the respect due to the Supreme Magistrate, to exhort him never to distrust the army, for to do so would be to question its high spirit of morale and to deny what is undeniable, that it is the sole prop of our country's honor and integrity.'

The next month was destined to furnish an interesting commentary on these declarations.

v

Clearly, in spite of fair words, the critical days of the military uprising in the City of Mexico, which began on February 9, 1913, again found relations strained between Señor Madero and General Huerta. Nevertheless, on the morning of that day, Huerta placed himself at Señor Madero's orders and was given supreme command of the military operations in the capital against the *felicista* rebels.

It is charged that those operations were conducted with lukewarmness and that General Felipe Angeles, who has since joined the *carrancistas*, was the only Federal officer who displayed real zeal and efficiency in the government's cause.

Of the military aspects of the question, I cannot speak authoritatively; I can but record my impressions. It seems to me that, if, when the attack on the National Palace, in which Gen-

eral Bernardo Reyes was killed, had been repulsed, the motley throng that surrounded Generals Felix Diaz and Manuel Mondragón had been vigorously followed up and attacked, or if the Ciudadela had been more tenaciously defended, the seditious movement might have been crushed at the outset. Huerta, however, who had not yet assumed command, was hardly responsible for this initial remissness. But thereafter, a delay, not easily understood, occurred before active operations against the Ciudadela, the rebel stronghold, were begun, and the *felicistas* were able almost unopposed to occupy important strategic positions and to throw up barricades. The result was that when the attack on the Ciudadela was initiated on the morning of Tuesday, February 11, the remaining chances of taking it by storm were slender. Nevertheless, as an observer of what followed during the week, I am convinced that more might have been done to prevent the introduction of supplies and provisions into the Ciudadela, to maintain the morale of the Federal forces at a higher level, to check the operations of *felicista* spies and agents who carried information to the Ciudadela and almost openly sought to tamper with the loyalty of the government forces, as I myself frequently witnessed.

Huerta must have been cognizant of these conditions. Why, then, did he not try to remedy them and improve the opportunity for vindicating practically the loyalty of the army to the constituted government which he had so often and so recently proclaimed? The plain fact is that it is very hard for the Mexican army to feel any enthusiasm for a civilian President, Huerta's protestations to the contrary notwithstanding. This is a fundamental fact which with difficulty can be adequately grasped in the United States, but

which must always be taken into account in passing judgment on persons and events in Mexico.

It is said that every evening Madero exasperated Huerta by querulous reproaches with respect to the slowness and inefficacy of the military operations. The unfortunate President had very vague ideas about military affairs and he had been driven by events to the last stages of nervous perplexity. More than once Huerta believed that an attempt was to be made by Señor Madero to arrest him. One evening, Madero, it is said, rapping the table, demanded of Huerta that the Ciudadela must be taken next day, although the last soldier fell in the assault. It became evident that a final rupture between the two men could not long be deferred.

VI

The end came on Tuesday, February 18, when Huerta became a party and prime mover in a prætorian conspiracy to depose and imprison the lawful Executive.

Huerta assumed control of affairs, as he informed the Nation in a proclamation which read:—

'In view of the very difficult circumstances through which the Nation has been passing, and particularly in the last few days the capital of the Republic, where, owing to the deficient government of Señor Madero, conditions may truly be described as almost anarchic, I have assumed the executive power, and awaiting the immediate assembling of Congress to act on the present political situation, I hold as prisoners in the National Palace Señor Francisco Madero and his cabinet, to the end that, the matter once decided, we may seek to conciliate men's spirits in these historical moments and labor unitedly for peace,

which is a matter of life or death for the Nation.'

A form of resignation was obtained from President Madero and Vice-President Pino Suarez on February 19, and was accepted by Congress and thus, by processes which externally at least were in accordance with constitutional requirements, General Huerta became Provisional President of Mexico.

I will not attempt to exculpate what cannot be exculpated. All that can be done is to see what can be said in extenuation of General Huerta's act.

I was traveling in Europe during almost the whole of 1912, and, therefore, did not observe at close range the steps by which the Madero administration had steadily declined in public favor in the course of that year. But when I returned to Mexico in December, 1912, I found that not only the bulk of Mexicans, but many foreign residents, Americans and others, who at the start had believed in Madero and desired the success of his administration, had become convinced that he was 'impossible,' as nearly all of them put it.

When asked by me why he was 'impossible,' they seemed unable to name any particular measure or policy of his which they considered especially open to criticism, and I inferred that they meant simply that he had been placed by force of circumstances in a position for which he was unfit and with which he was unable to cope. Madero, too, had come into power hampered by the great expectations which, wittingly or unwittingly, he had raised. He had overthrown an administration which at least gave Mexico peace and prosperity, and naturally the public wanted to know what he had to give the country in its stead, and as justification of the bloodshed and turmoil and loss of wealth, credit, and material progress which had been incidental to the overthrow of the Diaz *régime* and

which did not cease even when that *régime* had been overthrown. It was beginning to be thought that Madero had nothing to offer. It was clear that, however sincere his intentions, he could not at once give the country the coveted boon of democracy, which, as any careful student of history might have known, must rest on the character and gradually formed habits of a people rather than on the will and idealistic aspirations of one man. In a word, the inevitable reaction had set in and Madero was paying the penalty for an excess of popularity.

This phase of public sentiment might have passed, and though undoubtedly it existed, it was made by the opposition press to appear more formidable than it really was. But, in any event, General Huerta could not be expected to escape the influence of a view pervading, for the time being, all classes of society, and it was human nature that he should be the more receptive to it in that he well knew that he had never been completely trusted by Madero and had on some occasions been publicly criticized by him.

Then, too, during the days of the bombardment in the capital the anti-Madero view was constantly being urged on Huerta by prominent Mexicans, — senators, judicial functionaries, bankers, business men, and others. He was continually being pressed to stop the fighting and put an end to the dangers and sufferings to which the peaceful inhabitants of Mexico City, native and foreign, were being subjected.

In these representations members of the diplomatic corps to some extent joined. Mr. Hamilton Fife, who some months ago visited this country for the *Times* and *Daily Mail* of London, has stated in a letter published in the *Weekly Times* of December 26, 1913, in reference to the fighting in the capital of February of last year: —

'He [General Huerta] was appealed to by senators, deputies, foreign residents, and with especial force, as he himself has told me, by Mr. Henry Lane Wilson, the American ambassador, to end the carnage in the streets.' Mr. Wilson has himself made similar statements, in so far as his own share in the transaction is concerned. Speaking, for example, at the University Club of Brooklyn on the night of January 10 of the present year, Mr. Wilson said, 'I did beg Huerta and Lascruian, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, to end the bombardment.'

Now, as Madero was determined not to yield, Huerta clearly could not 'end the carnage in the streets,' or 'end the bombardment,' without disobeying and throwing off his allegiance to the Executive. The further inference is obvious.

The compact between Huerta and Felix Diaz which involved the deposition of Madero — the first clause declared, 'From this moment the formerly existing executive power is repudiated, etc.' — was entered into and signed beneath the roof of the American embassy and under the American flag.

I would not be understood as criticizing ex-Ambassador Wilson. He, too, I know, was entreated by all classes of society to use his influence to ameliorate the situation in the capital, and I believe he was actuated throughout by motives of humanity.

But, in any event, it is perhaps not so strange that Huerta, who was educated as a soldier, when 'begged' by Mr. Wilson to end the bombardment, should have regarded the ambassador as actually speaking for the United States. And when, in addition, it is remembered that he was urged to the same effect by prominent compatriots, and the almost intolerable conditions, which the prolongation of hostilities in

the capital was causing, are taken into account, some excuse may possibly be discovered for an act which has been so severely judged in the United States.

But I am not writing an apology for Huerta. I am merely laying before my readers the elements which must enable them to judge Huerta's character as exemplified by the turning-point in his career.

VII

A more delicate subject remains to be examined. A characteristic of Juarez, the great Indian President of Mexico, was his implacability and obduracy. He could not be made to perceive, for example, the broad reasons of equity, and even of policy, which militated in favor of Maximilian's pardon, though they were ably urged upon him in personal conferences by Maximilian's attorneys, Mariano Riva Palacio and Rafael Martinez de la Torre. Great as he was in some respects, Juarez simply could not rise to the plane which would have enabled him to see that to spare the life of the ill-advised Austrian archduke would have elevated Mexico and its administration immensely in the eyes of the civilized world and would have saved the Republic from a blot which may still have to be expiated. Nothing could shake his adamant resolve that Maximilian should die.

Here surely was a case in which the Indian spirit and the Indian influence played a decisive part in shaping the destinies of Mexico.

Did the fate of Madero and Pino Suarez, the deposed President and Vice-President, come before Huerta, the present Indian President of Mexico, as the fate of Maximilian came before Juarez, though in a different form? This surely is the critical fact in the estimate of Huerta's character.

Huerta himself has never been will-

ing to answer the question, though it has been submitted to him in a precise written form.

For my own part, after inquiries among members of the diplomatic corps, resident American newspapermen and others who have gone to some pains to elucidate the point, I believe that Madero and Pino Suarez fell by the same hands, or by hands acting under the same influences, as were responsible for the death of Gustavo Madero, although Huerta may have been guilty of contributory negligence.

Huerta's friends ascribe his reticence on the subject to the native dignity of which he has given not a few proofs, and they say he will clear himself when he can do so without seeming to yield to the pressure of irresponsible foreign opinion.

VIII

Thus far I have allowed Huerta's character to speak for itself. But my readers may desire to know more specifically what manner of man is this who has sprung from comparative obscurity into a position of world-wide notice.

A stature above that of the average of Mexicans; a rather bulky frame; rugged features; a massive, firmly set jaw; a complexion not much darker than that of the native of southern Europe; brown eyes which frequently twinkle with humor and vivacity; a straggling, grizzled moustache — such are the physical characteristics of the man.

Huerta is a man of much greater native ability than his enemies would admit, and he has grown during the year just passed. He is not as great a man as his friends paint him, but he is a very much greater man than he is painted by the forces opposed to him in Mexico.

Intellectually, Huerta has one inestimable quality — a very direct mind. He readily distinguishes essentials

from non-essentials, and, brushing the latter aside, he can get to the point at once, if he so desires. On the other hand, he has the sagacity, or the astuteness, or the slyness of the Indian, — call it what you will, — and when it suits his purpose can maintain an impenetrable reserve.

In the details of business and in the conduct of the administration, he is unmethodical, and in less important matters given to *laissez aller*. Though he works hard when he takes up a task, he is irregular in the distribution of his time. There are occasions when those nearest to him do not know where he is or how to reach him. This is what has given rise, from time to time, to reports of his disappearance from the capital, — reports telegraphed to the United States but for which there has never been the slightest foundation.

Some of his scientific attainments have already been mentioned. He still retains his interest in astronomy and topography.

He is unquestionably the most competent military man in Mexico at the present time, and although his military achievements cannot be compared with those of Porfirio Diaz — if for no other reason than that Huerta has not had the opportunities of the victor of La Carbonera and Puebla — nevertheless Huerta is the idol of the Mexican army to a greater extent than Diaz was toward the close of his administration. It is now clear that there was some latent disaffection in the army during the later Porfirian era. Not a few military men felt that Diaz did not pay sufficient attention to the army, and favored civilians and the ideals of civil rule. Undoubtedly the army is better looked after just now, and the improved appearance of the military, their more soldier-like bearing and garb, must strike every observer. But the cost of this has yet to be counted and paid.

Huerta takes a keen personal interest in all that concerns the life of the soldier. No detail is too small for his attention. When he visits a barracks, he delights the soldiers by showing, in his questions and investigations, his intimate acquaintance with all the minutiae of their daily life.

Huerta possesses the gift of a rude eloquence, and is fond of illustrating his meaning by analogies and paradigms. When interested in a topic, he speaks with great emphasis. A recent French visitor who conversed with him said to me that at such times the President seems to underline his words with the play of his facial expression.

A man of the people, Huerta understands the common people, and is understood by them. This perhaps accounts for the paradox that, while economic conditions, as affecting the masses, are worse now than under Madero, — the mere prolongation of civil strife makes them worse, — nevertheless the people are less restive.

Huerta has a blood feeling for the Indians, and to a sympathetic listener he will talk at length on the Indian problem, dwelling on the good qualities of the Indians, their wrongs, the disadvantages under which they have labored. He is said to hold that there will never be enduring peace in Mexico until the Indians secure their modicum of justice and a fair chance, and receive a reasonable portion of the soil of which they were the original possessors.

All who converse with Huerta note his quickness at repartee, his mother-wit and ingenuity of verbal fence.

Though, as I have intimated, history may clear Huerta in respect of the death of Madero and Pino Suarez, I think it would be absurd to represent him as a humane man. He is doubtless not exempt from that utter disregard for human life which, when political expediency or the so-called reason of state

intervenes, characterizes all successful military leaders in Mexico, particularly if they are wholly or largely of the Indian race. For the rest, one would have to be a superficial reader of history, and unacquainted with the blood-stained traditions of this country before and since the conquest, to be surprised at this trait. Any one needing 'documentation' on the subject might advantageously begin by reading or rereading Prescott's ever-interesting account of the civil, military, and religious polity of the ancient inhabitants of Anahuac.

But, in general, Huerta is good-hearted and would rather do a kindness than the reverse.

He has, as he himself has often said, a numerous family, and his family life bears comparison with that of other Mexicans of his class. Like the generality of recent Mexican presidents, he lives, when in the City of Mexico, in his private residence, which is entirely unpretentious.

Huerta has the imperturbability of the Indian and the tenacity of purpose which was so marked a characteristic of Juarez. But he does not, as a rule, display the stolidity of the Indian. This is perhaps because he comes of the native race of the State of Jalisco, the gayest region of Mexico, its Andalusia. I have seen him on recent evenings driving in his automobile with friends on San Francisco Street, at the hour of the carriage parade, talking animatedly and smiling, as if the burden of administration, in this trying period of the nation's affairs, left him the most care-free of men. Some persons conclude from this demeanor that Huerta does not realize the seriousness of the situation. But I attribute it to a genuine equanimity and a strong faith — mistaken or not — in the national destinies.

It is charged that his sociability

leads him occasionally into undignified situations. He has been accused, in recent articles, of midnight carousals in

carnal companie

And flaunting wassailers of high and low degree.

In these stories there is, I believe, not a little exaggeration. It must be borne in mind that the gay habits of the *beau sabreur* were somewhat characteristic of the past and passing generations of Mexican army officers, and during the Wars of Reform and French Intervention General Porfirio Diaz often found his abstemious ways bringing him into unpleasant encounters with his comrades in arms. Huerta's appearance shows no traces of dissipation, and those who have business to transact with him find him invariably clear-headed.

General Huerta can assume, when he wishes, a suitable gravity, and even dignity, of demeanor. At official ceremonies his features settle into an almost hieratic rigidity, like an Indian stone effigy.

But he willingly lays aside the cares of state and shows the genial side of his character. He has driven to the Country Club, and delighted the young people of the American colony, who happened to be there with their parents, by taking numbers of them for a ride round the grounds in his large touring-car.

He may frequently be seen of an af-

ternoon drinking a cup of tea in a small tea-parlor, generally accompanied by a single aide in mufti, sometimes by one or two friends.

One day he will drop into an American book-store, make a number of purchases, ask the proprietor about his health and that of his family, and take leave with a pleasantry on his lips.

And all these things he does, not with the air of a man aiming at effect or acting a part which he does not feel, but with the natural, easy grace which, when the Mexican, of whatever rank in life he may be, is in the mood to behave handsomely, sits so well on him.

Huerta's courage is undoubted, and though he may have a keen eye for the main chance, I am sure he would not surrender to save his life or his belongings.

He himself has said that he is religious. I suppose he means that he is religiously inclined. If he knew the Roman poet, he might say with many of us, —

video meliora proboque,
Deteriora sequor.

He has not forgotten his debt of gratitude to the good parish priest of Colotlán, who gave him his first schooling.

Such is Victoriano Huerta, as I see him: a character very human, very imperfect no doubt, but almost biblical in a certain simplicity and intelligibility, and fitting, not inharmoniously, into this Mexican cosmos.

THE WEALTH OF TIMMY ZIMMERMAN

BY CORNELIA A. P. COMER

I

TIMMY ZIMMERMAN's case is that of a wise man and his money.

It took Timmy thirty-three years to become a full-fledged 'case' and a week more to become an enlightened citizen. To tell you all about it, I shall need at least twenty minutes. Pray do not assume that you won't care for him because he was an ordinary little tobacco-man with extraordinary luck. I like him myself, and hope to show you why. It will be my fault if you do not see it.

Timmy began rolling tobacco at thirteen, and his friend, Kit Hankey, almost as early. Timmy was twenty-four and both of them were working for his cousin Gus, down-river in Tanoopolis, Tennessee, when Gus Zimmerman fell into financial difficulties.

Timmy and Kit regarded themselves seriously as capitalists, each having saved some fourteen hundred dollars. They pooled these moneys, borrowed two thousand dollars at the bank with the factory as security, and bought out Gus Zimmerman's business, to his satisfaction and their own surprise. Kit, meagre, dry, and keen, set himself to working out some ideas he had about scientific management. Timmy undertook the advertising.

Timmy was the fox-terrier type of young German, small and stocky, with red cheeks, shrewd little blue eyes under heavy lids that lifted whimsically, an insignificant, tipped-up nose, a clean-cut, strong jaw, and good-na-

tured mouth. He looked physically fit and positively quivering with eagerness to get ahead on the moment's job, whatever that might be. At twenty-four it was money-making.

From the very beginning Timmy aimed at reaching the Ultimate Consumer with economy and dispatch. He believed in the Ultimate Consumer; it might almost be said that he loved him. Certainly he never doubted for a moment that the Ultimate Consumer had the intelligence to respond generously to generous treatment.

Naturally the new firm had no money for big advertising. What Timmy did was to get bill-board space in the poorer parts of town, which he filled with Us Boys' PLUG in red and black and white. Three thousand labels, similarly printed, Zimmerman & Hankey sat up nights to paste with their own hands on small manila bags holding two good-sized sample chews.

Us Boys' Plug was a rather coarse but full-flavored tobacco; the bars were perceptibly larger for the money than in other brands of a similar quality. As his advertising appropriation for the quarter was now exhausted, Timmy himself carried these samples to the doors of every factory in town. When the gates opened and his Ultimate Consumers poured out at night, tired, hungry, grimy, irritable, there stood Timmy, head a little to one side, a cheerful grin on his pert small face, dexterously dropping into their hands as they passed, those comforting, gen-

erous chews. He was the best possible advertisement for his own wares.

There was an increasing demand for Us Boys' Plug almost from the beginning; but not until he had stood at the factory gates of three cities, handing his samples direct to the men he desired to reach, did Timmy Zimmerman engage assistance in his advertising.

After Us Boys' Plug came Baked Beans Brand, The Swellest Smoke. The business grew, and it grew, and it grew. Five years after Zimmerman & Hankey bought out Cousin Gus with fear and trembling, they were drawing four hundred dollars a day apiece from their business. A year later they sold out to a combination for three million dollars in stock, and Timmy was retained as manager at twenty thousand a year. If I had been inventing this, I should have made it more probable.

Timmy promptly disposed of most of his stock at par, getting real money for it. He invested this carefully at six per cent, and then he pinched himself. Was this snub-nosed millionaire of thirty, with perplexed eyes, whom he saw in the mirror, really little Timmy Zimmerman? His eyes were perplexed because he did not know what ought to come next. Poverty he knew, and work he knew. Both were good friends of his. But what were riches?

Sometimes it would sweep over him with the freshness of a great spring wind blowing across his face, that earth held nothing which he might not buy. In such moments he tasted the wonderful promise of existence, and knew that it was for him. There grew upon him a longing to enter on his inheritance.

'Kit,' he confided to his friend, 'I'm going to cut out business after my contract with the combine expires. What do I want a job for, now?'

'Don't you do it!'

'I'd like to know why not!'

Kit looked secretive.

'Twenty thousand is some money.'

'But what do I want any more plunks for? I don't aim to be one of these grasping pi-rates the high-brow papers are always side-swiping, the fellers that don't know when their trough is full. That ain't me! I got all I want. From now on, you watch me saunter down Easy Street. I expect to cut some swathe.'

'I'm not saying we have n't got a good bit for as young as we are,' admitted Kit cautiously. Kit had married Bertha Krankreich three years before. He admired tremendously his wife's pink cheeks, cold eyes, and executive ability. But Bertha was not exactly a cozy little woman. 'The real thing's this, Timmy. You know I bought an interest in the delicatessen factory that Bertha's brother runs. I got tired hanging round the house. A man has got to have a place to set.'

'You, not me!' Timmy chuckled joyously. 'A bachelor don't have to go away from home to set still in peace!'

'A bachelor ain't got a home to set in,' retorted Kit.

'I mean to have a swell home if I am a bachelor,' boasted Timmy. 'I feel like I wanted it. It's just another game, I guess. But I'll play a lone hand. I don't reckon a man can be ready for matrimony when it sends cold shivers down his spine just to think of it, do you?'

Kit lowered his voice.

'Timmy, listen a minute. I'll tell you something. *A man never gets over feelin' that way about it.* He just has to kind of chloroform them feelings an' hurry along with it. Because there ain't no doubt it is the thing to do.'

This hoary confidence, which man has made to man since time began, affected Timmy as a revelation of great novelty and impressiveness, and he stowed it away in his mind for further consideration. But he took no steps looking toward the married life, nor did

he accept Kit's advice as to retaining his job. At the expiration of his contract he resigned, with the definite intention of learning how to spend his money so as to get out of it whatever might be in it — for him.

Older, cleverer, far more cultivated men have failed to make a large income buy what they really wanted. Timmy supposed the opening moves in the game of getting your money's worth were simple. One must have food, clothes, shelter. Wealth enables you to acquire these in their superlative degree: richer food, costlier clothes, more expensive shelter. Then there is the matter of amusement. When a very plain man is out for a good time, he has only a few ideas on the subject of how to get it. Had Timmy thought out pleasure as carefully as he had thought out work, he would have known better than to accept the ideas of the man in the street; it was a new problem to him.

After the first joy of spending faded, his leisure seemed to lack savor. Outside his abandoned work, he did not know where to look for the mental stimulus it had furnished. So he threw himself into the details of food, clothes, shelter, and amusement, with rabid earnestness.

He ordered an adequate wardrobe from a good tailor, and found the possession of it an undiluted satisfaction.

In matters of eating and drinking, he rioted joyously for a season. It required time for even the richest food to affect him adversely. But the change did come. In the course of months he became acquainted with biliousness and recognized to his surprise that there is no spoil-sport like a discontented liver. He ceased giving frequent dinners to the boys and took to the Athletic Club, alternating strenuous exercise with Turkish baths. As for drinking, he reached this sound conclusion: —

'My neck's too short,' he explained

to Kit Hankey. 'D'ye see? I have to drink twice as much as anybody else to get the full of the taste in my throat. And twice as much as anybody is more'n I can carry. I don't like them little explosions in the top of my head the times I take too much.'

'I told you to stick to a job! Work stiddies anybody.'

'My flat's just done,' observed Timmy, changing the subject pointedly. 'Don't you want to have a peek at it?'

Kit assented eagerly. Timmy had been reticent as to the details of his expensive effort to acquire a 'swell home.' Leasing floor-space in a down-town building, 'so's not to get too far away from the boys,' he had turned it over to architect and decorator. At first the extent and expensiveness of the decorator's imagination stimulated Timmy greatly, but as the work went merrily on and he began to guess the result as a whole, he stood about with his hands in his pockets, a perturbed expression and an extinguished cigar. He was now ready to speak his mind.

Unlocking the door, he ushered Kit through something rich and stiff in hall-effects, into a very large Louis Quatorze drawing-room paneled in satinwood and pale brocade.

'That wall-paper cost twenty-five dollars a yard,' said Timmy with an embittered glance. 'This is a "period" room. It'll put a finish to me all right. Little Timmy don't feel at home.'

'It's right handsome,' said Kit, much impressed by the price.

'The decorator says those Lewises cut up high. I told him it was because they did n't like their furniture. It ain't cozy enough for the money. See, this is my bedroom.'

The walls here were bright pink satin; rosy nymphs and cupids wreathed the ceiling, carrying garlands and point-lace frills around a frieze.

'Looks like it was designed for the

Original Human Sweetmeat, don't it?— and me a bachelor, too!' said Timmy sadly.

'Well, get over it then. 'Tain't a permanent disability,' grunted Kit, surveying the dazzling scene with approval. It far outshone anything Bertha Hankey's ambitions had brought to pass in his own house. He felt distinctly superior to Timmy for once because he, Kit, could see the beauty to which Timmy was obviously blind.

Timmy shook his head.

'Same old story,' he said shortly. 'Them as 'll have me, I won't have. Young Parvenoo turns down the daughters of Mrs. Horseleech. When it comes to marryin' a grafter, Timmy says nay, nay, Pauline.'

Kit opened the door into the bathroom. Onyx and marble and silver had been used to startling effect. It was a spectacular, not to say melodramatic, bathroom. The tub was a sunken pool.

'Too much like the drop-scene at a theayter,' growled Timmy. 'Don't you think it ought to look more secluded? That decorator, he had the nerve to tell me, once I saw the tub set, I couldn't hardly wait till Saturday night for a bath. I told him to keep that old gag for the newly-rich. I was brought up to go into a swimmin' pool whenever my mother did n't know I did it. This place needs an old Roman like I saw at the play, all draped in a counterpane, with a beak on him like Sammy Rosenberg, going down them steps into the water an' saying, "Here, slave, where's the soap?"'— The kitchen ain't bad, though, an' I like the dining-room.'

The latter was in low-toned browns and blues, with dark carved furniture. It is a little harder to get ugly designs in Aubusson tapestries at eighty dollars a yard than in Spitalfields silks at twenty-five.

'Ain't it just my blamed luck that the only homelike place in the flat is

the feed-stall — and me eating too much a'ready?' demanded the owner. 'Kit, if I had to live in this flat, I know I'd sit in the dining-room and eat till I bust — the other rooms make me so homesick.'

'If you had to live in this flat!' echoed Kit stupidly as they strolled back into the chilly drawing-room. 'Whatta you mean? Ain't it good enough for you?'

Zimmerman cast a backward glance at the glories they were leaving.

'Not for Timmy. This ain't my house. I don't know much, but I know that.'

Kit Hankey picked up his hat and moved toward the door. 'Well, I think you're crazy,' he said shortly. 'What you going to do next?'

Timmy Zimmerman shut the front door sadly on marvels for which he had no use. His keen little face was thoughtful and depressed. He did not care to confide even to Kit how deep this disappointment in his home-making went, but, in truth, it had shaken his confidence in gold itself.

'Thirty thousand dollars gone to thunder!' he said. 'But it can't be helped. I'm going to take out fire and burglar insurance, lock the door, and start round the world next week.'

II

In that first trip around the world, Timmy Zimmerman touched what was to be for long his high-water mark of pleasure in his fortune. Cathedrals might leave him cold and museums pass him by, but the streets of the great world called him. In them he found his own. From San Francisco to Hong Kong, from Singapore to Liverpool — O wonderful streets! They were swarming with Ultimate Consumers of every race and color, each making his bargain with another, and he watched them all with insatiable curiosity and delight.

A man's education must catch him where it can. Such cultivation as he was ready for caught Timmy in the shops of New Bond Street, under the arcades of the Rue de Rivoli, among the bazaars of Algiers, on the streets of Tokyo. Because he came of wholesome country stock, the land, too, had its speech with him. He learned from the paddy-fields of Japan, the vineyards of France, the sweet English meadows. And what he learned was good.

When he came back to Tanopolis, he glanced contemptuously at his flat; he had long talks with Kit Hankey, still advising matrimony and a 'job'; he hung about his favorite Turkish baths a while, and then, like a shot, was off around the world again.

He could not regain his first rapture. Failing to renew the joy of his initial journey, he amused himself by making speed. He stopped longer in France than elsewhere, held there by the lure of the machine. It was early days in the history of automobiles. Timmy bought a ten-thousand-dollar, bright-red French car, and brought it home to play with.

From this period of his return with the machine dates what may be called the Zimmerman myth. It is true that he looked older and his face was a little harder; true, too, he was deeply bored if there was not something doing every minute; true that he used his car recklessly as a safety-valve for his temperament. Still, he was not the devil he was painted. He did not deliberately run over children or make a point of knocking old people down. Neither was it strictly on purpose that his machine climbed into the exhibition-window of a big department store during the spring opening, knocking down Paris models and making chaff of pattern hats. When he drove down the flight of sixty steps between Thirteenth and Fourteenth Avenues, it was not

for sheer deviltry, but to avoid a drop down the bank. But automobiles were few in those days, and Timmy's lurid driving passed into legend with speed and inaccuracy.

Nevertheless, when one has said all that one can for him, he did many hideously selfish things. He was a speed-fiend of the outrageous type of those early days, never satisfied save with impossible feats. Even his old friends dropped his old name at this time. There is something cheerful, considerate, human, about 'Timmy Zimmerman,' but in these evil days he was 'Tim Zim' or even 'T. Z.'

When his ill-repute was at its height, he crossed the river one Saturday afternoon and took the Missawoppa pike, an excellent country road. To reach Missawoppa, you must pass through the hamlets of Webster, Venice, and Hell's Kitchen. Tim Zim did so with pomp and circumstance. It may be said that these villages knew some one had gone by. But not until he reached Missawoppa did he really let himself out. Missawoppa is a drowsy little county-seat with its courthouse in the middle of a square. The Court-park is railed in with gas-pipe to which are hitched a hundred or two teams any pleasant Saturday afternoon. Timmy whizzed joyously into the town, beheld the peaceable, sunny square with its lines of tired horses, stamping a little at flies, munching a little at nose-bags, noted the crowds on the sidewalks, and yielded to the temptation that assailed him. Cutting out his muffler, he raced joyously twice around that square at a speed of fifty-five miles an hour, as close to the backs of the wagons as he might. His idle chauffeur, looking behind, saw the long lines of terrified animals rise at the gas-pipe in one long wave of horse-flesh that reared its crest sharply and fell back, broken and confused. It was a sight to remember long.

Tim Zim, slowing up on the Missawoppa pike, remarked casually, 'A place ain't got no business to look so blamed peaceful, has it, Williams? It's too blamed tempting.'

Usually Tim Zim knew better than to recross an old trail. But in this lovely autumn weather he was reckless as well as bored. The following Saturday afternoon found the big red car again approaching Missawoppa. It went through Webster, Venice, and Hell's Kitchen with sufficient energy to make them aware of its passing, but on the roads outside the pace fell off. Williams was driving, while Tim Zim stared rather sulkily at the autumn landscape. He was, in fact, trying to figure out, as he often did, why the world had not kept its promise of happiness to him.

Half-way between Hell's Kitchen and Missawoppa, a solitary girl's figure appeared, emerging from an orchard. She stood, gazed, then sped across the road, waving some scarlet aerial thing directly in their path.

'Stop! Stop!' she cried.

The car halted a little beyond her, and she ran toward them lightly, shading her face with her hand. Tim Zim turned in his seat.

'You-all are Mr. Timothy Zimmerman?' she affirmed rather than asked.

'That's me.'

As the girl stood silent, looking him up and down, he inquired so mildly that it hardly seemed impertinence, —

'Did you just want to see what I looked like, ma'am, or have you business to transact?'

'Both,' said the girl haughtily.

Tim clambered down with ostentatious politeness.

'At your service, miss,' he declared.

She was a bit of a blonde girl with eyebrows like wings, above eyes that looked to Tim Zim like acetylene headlights. Her lips were as scarlet as her

chiffon scarf; her chin was very firm.

'You must turn back,' she said. 'They're laying for you a few miles down the road. Somebody telephoned out from Webster and said you'd gone through, coming this way. The boys were looking for a kettle of tar and a feather-bed when I saddled my horse and came away.'

'Ain't that a little hasty? What have I done to them?' inquired Tim blandly.

'I don't blame them for a minute! You deserve it all and more. But I was afraid if they got hold of you there might be a killing. Some of the boys are mighty quick with their guns.'

As Tim stared at her, she added, flushing a wonderful, dusky red, 'I don't much like killings.'

'Me? Kill me? O bother! It would be awful hard to kill me. I'm tough. And I ain't done anything.' It really seemed necessary to say something to justify himself to those young, disdainful eyes.

'You're Timothy Zimmerman, are n't you?'

'Well, what of it? That'll never hang me,' drawled Tim Zim comfortably.

'The Timothy Zimmerman who made millions in tobacco and does n't know how to spend 'em except by blowing them in? The Timothy Zimmerman who does n't care how he drives nor who he hurts, and is no good to anybody but himself? Out our way the women scare their babies, telling 'em Tim Zim 'll get 'em if they are n't good child'en.'

Tim Zim flinched. Crude as was the picture of himself, it was hardly a caricature, and yet he knew its essential injustice. If she had not been such a scrap of a girl, so little, so big-eyed, so positive, her sketch would have angered him. As it was, he glanced at her small clenched hand and shook his head.

'That ain't me. I'm a man with

troubles of my own,' he returned gravely.

But the excited girl went on rapidly, —

'Why, after you-all raced round Misawoppa square last Saturday, there were eighteen broken thills and a dozen wheels twisted off, and nine cracked axles that I heard of myself. Every horse on the square was plumb scared out of its wits. They all tried to climb over the railing and some of 'em did it. Quite a few were badly hurt. I guess there must have been a hundred dozen eggs that went to smash out of the backs of buggies around that courthouse. The ground looked like a giant had been fixing an omelet.'

At this T. Z. tried unsuccessfully to smother a grin. The girl saw it, and again that scornful scarlet rushed into her face.

'If that was all!' she cried. 'You cert'nly are a worthless brute — and now I'm going to give you the straight of it!'

'Tut! Tut! Why, say, for a girl that's saving my life, you're an awful little spitfire, ain't you?'

'Your life's not worth saving, but I don't want any better man to spoil his, killing you!' she cried.

At this T. Z. flushed. 'I don't know as I have to take this off of you,' he warned quietly. 'I'm not the worst man that ever came down this pike.' Oddly enough, he was, still, more curious and interested than angry.

'Listen to me!' she said fiercely. 'Jim Peters's old mother was just climbing into the wagon when their horses reared. She fell and broke her hip and ankle. She's way past seventy, and the doctor says the bones will never knit. Brenkerhoff's horse kicked over the dashboard and hit one of the children, glancing. She was unconscious two days, and they did n't believe she'd ever come to. But the worst was Sally

Briggs. She was taking a basket of butter from under the seat when you came by, and the buggy cramped, and threw her down. They've been married fifteen years and no children until now. The baby was born that night, and born dead. She raves and says its blood is on your hands and on your head, and she'll curse you to hell forever! The doctor is n't sure she'll live herself. Quite likely not, because she does n't want to.'

Under its coating of summer tan, T. Z.'s smooth cheek turned pale. Her words had cut through at last.

'Well, miss, I certainly did n't mean to do nothing like those things,' he said slowly. 'Take it from me, I never did.'

'That does n't do any good!' she cried bitterly, and was still.

Like some austere, avenging Fate, she stood upon the hill-crest in the level rays of the October sun. Her face was twisted with pain. She was beyond herself; she seemed to feel in her own heart the sorrows that she told him of, and, like knife-thrusts, Tim Zim felt them too. The girl had the gift of evocation. Visions sprang up at her words. He had a strange, swift consciousness as of an all-embracing Mind that gathers and hides and holds the bitter cries of the wantonly injured; that holds them as thunder-clouds hold a slowly gathering storm until the due hour of its dreadful release.

Tim Zim moved abruptly to the car.

'Drive up the road and wait for me,' he ordered sharply.

When Williams was out of sight, he turned a white and shaken face upon the girl.

'Who are you, anyway?' he demanded. 'I never saw a girl like you, in any place.'

'I'm Molly Betterton.' She hesitated. The whole town knew it was a complex affair to be Molly Betterton in

Missawoppa. Why should she tell a stranger the things she never forgot? Yet something seemed to push the words from her unready lips. 'Father was young Roger Betterton. Mother was Mizpah Dicky. The Bettertons thought the Dickys no 'count poor whites. The Dickys thought the Bettertons lawless and proud. I don't know what any of 'em would have thought of me. They're all dead. I've no folks at all on either side. Uncle Joe and Aunt 'Liza are just the Wittys, who took me when I was a baby and brought me up.'

She hardly knew how much her explanation explained. For Mizpah Dicky's father had been an itinerant preacher in the mountains, ignorant and poor, but pious to fanaticism and aflame with the wild oratory of his kind; young Roger Betterton's father, with all the vices of his day and caste, had been one of the bar's finer ornaments. The best of both strains was visible in Molly Betterton. In the later light of eugenics, possibly young Roger's marriage was not such a *mésalliance* as the whole county had thought it to be.

Tim nodded. Faintly he recalled a decision of old Judge Betterton in an important tobacco case long ago. So he had left behind him this morsel of incarnate justice to put the world to rights!

'Well — I'd like a little talk with you. Would you mind setting down on the rock for a few minutes?'

Dropping carelessly on the flat stone under the big butternut tree, Molly Betterton looked full into his face.

'Why, I've hurt you!' she cried. 'Of course — I meant to hurt you, but not like that! Oh, I am rude and cruel! I did n't know you'd care! I thought — why, I thought you did those terrible things just because you liked to do them!'

'You've got another guess coming then,' said Tim Zim grimly.

He sat down beside her, elbows on knees, chin in hands, intensely concentrated and frowning. A long-impending crisis had been precipitated in his inner world by this event. Sick disgust of his life and all its ways swept over him.

'I'm no good!' he cried sharply. 'No good! An' yet I mean well enough. Things don't work out right for me. Say, kid, I'm going to tell you something I never let on to anybody before. My money worries me. What do you know about that?'

'Worries you? How?'

'I'm getting the bad of it — an' I ain't getting the good of it. If you was me, what would you do?'

'Do?' the girl echoed uncertainly.

'Yes. Do. I don't mean about this affair. I can settle up for eggs an' broken buggies. The things I can't settle up for will be put on my bill all right, I reckon. Somebody seems to see to that! But it ain't just this matter that's chewing me, bad as it makes me feel. An' it does make me feel plain sick. It's the whole blamed proposition. — I ain't a good talker, but I'll try to put it to you straight. You say I'm a selfish fool with a lot of money he blundered into, just throwin' it away on whatever comes along. Now, that ain't me at all. I made that money myself. I expect I got too much of it, but it took some thinkin' to do it, and I enjoyed every minute of it. I thought gettin' rid of it was goin' to be more fun yet. But it ain't. I ain't got the hang of the game. I never played a game before that I could n't learn the rules of. But whether there's too much of the money or not enough of me, the rules they hand out don't fit me. Mostly I've been blowing myself for things I did n't want. There's nothing but the car that's really fun. And here you

come along an' tell me I'm ruining people's lives and getting myself cussed black an' blue, playing with that. It makes me just desperate! It seems pretty clear I'm off the track, ain't it? There must be some way of spending that gives good results, must n't there? Well, what I want of you is to get right down to brass tacks. I never saw a woman before who could. Don't hand me out any canned sentiments. I don't want 'em. Here's the proposition: I've got forty or fifty years of life comin' to me; I've got a million and a half of money; I've got Tim Zimmerman just as he is. Them's my tools. What shall I do with 'em?'

The girl followed his words with intensest seriousness, her eyes on the square, rugged little face which looked so much less depraved than she had expected. She drew an amazed breath at the end.

'You too! You need help and pity, too!' she murmured.

'Great Scott! I should say I do. The Good Book is all right on some points. It just looks as if a camel could go through a needle's eye sooner than me have a little peace and quiet and good time,' mourned Tim Zim desperately.

She looked at him wide-eyed. It had never occurred to her before that a rich man might be the victim of his money, or a strong man of his power. But having grasped the fact that the monstrous Tim Zim was, in some sort, an object of commiseration no less than his victims, she herself became instantly transformed. She softened, she shone, she was gentle. Tim, looking at her, beheld morning and evening in her face, and mellow autumn noons in her deep eyes. She assumed his burden at once — it seemed to be a way she had.

'But what do you like best,' she demanded, 'of all the things you've seen and tried?'

'I like people. I like the way things

are bought an' sold. I like land an' the way things grow. I don't like books. They worry me.'

She questioned further. Tim replied with amazing ease. This intoxicating atmosphere of friendly interest was new to him; it was an astonishment and a revelation. Up from the depths of consciousness rose far-off vicissitudes, forgotten things, rushing to be told. There was such a curious lightness in his mind, such an eager outpouring of all his experience to meet her comprehension, that he felt as if he could talk to her forever and forever!

He desired wonderfully to share with her his meagre boyhood, his hard apprenticeship and swift success, his experiment in home-making, at which he still winced.

He tried to explain his passion for the automobile and the curious feeling it gave him — that on its wings he passed from earth and air on, on, into — some other place. Some great, still, smooth place where he was very safe and very powerful. 'It's as if you had only to wish a thing there an' you got it! Lordy! I plumb can't get the words, but the feel to it is wonderful!'

He babbled in his joy at finding such a listener. Champagne had never so unloosed his tongue. At last he even tried to tell her that incommunicable thing he had dreamed and redreamed all his life.

'In the back of my mind, I know there's a thing I can do. But I can't make out what it is. — When I study about it more'n common, I have this dream of a figure that flies ahead of me, hidin' its face. I never come near it, though I run for hours. But I sort of feel if I once could catch up an' see its face — I'd know what I need to know! — Ain't that a queer dream for a duck like me?'

The girl drank it all in eagerly, solemnly, her big eyes shining, the fugitive

color playing in her lips and cheeks. Submerged in interest and sympathy, only the falling shadows reminded her of herself.

'Sundown, and me five miles from home!'

'I can get you there in fifteen minutes.'

She shook her head. 'My horse is over in the orchard.'

'You have n't told me what to do,' reproached Tim Zim. 'Here you come, wavin' your scarf an' tellin' me they're goin' to kill me down the road, an' I deserve it. They might as well kill me if I can't find out what I'm to do!'

'But it's too big a thing to see through all at once,' said Molly.

'Will you come here at four o'clock next Saturday, young lady, and tell me what you've thought?'

'If I can, I will.'

Gravely and awkwardly Timmy mounted her upon her horse.

'Miss!'

'Yes, Mr. Zimmerman.'

'I had a awful rush of words to the mouth this afternoon. I guess I gave you the history of my young life all right.'

'Indeed, you can trust me.'

'Ain't I? But what I want you to study on is this: there's something somewhere I ain't got hold of. I put it up to you.'

III

'Great Scott! Timmy, what's got you?' demanded Kit Hankey the following Monday morning.

Zimmerman turned upon his friend a white face with hollow, nervous eyes.

'I've seen the woman that's going to marry me—that's all,' said Tim Zim bitterly.

He looked so frightened and depressed that Kit was moved to sudden pity.

'That's bad — I mean I'm glad to

hear it,' blundered Kit. 'I hope she ain't one set in her own way?'

'Something awful! I never saw such a positive woman!'

'An' a great talker?'

'It was me did the talking. The way I told her all I knew was something fierce. Was you like that with Bertha, Kit?'

'Me? Naw! What'd I need to talk to a woman for?'

T. Z. could not answer this, though he knew how his own soul had found easement thereby.

'The way she can express herself 'd take you off your feet, Kit. I tell you she's some lady — and then again, she's 'most as plain as I am. She's a wonderful blend, that's what! Smooth an' cool, and hot an' biting, full-flavored an' delicate, all in one.'

'Are you promised?'

'Cæsar, no! I only seen her once. But she's the one all right. O Kit! She's as far above me as the stars. I ain't in any danger of her lookin' at me.'

Kit's sharp little face grew suddenly sharper.

'Then it ain't too late. Why don't you make a get-away?'

'How's that?'

'Beat it! Hike out! It's the only way to do when you see it comin'. That is, of course,' he added, mindful of his dignity as a family man, 'if you ain't got the stren'th of mind to face it and take your medicine like the rest of us. If you can't do that, cut an' run!'

'O Lord, no! I want to see it out. But it seems as if 't would kill me!'

'Timmy, I'll stand by you. Let me telephone down and have 'em fix you up a ticket for San Francisco. You light out again. That's the thing for you.'

His unhappy friend hesitated. 'All right,' he groaned at last. And Kit Hankey turned to the desk and called the city office of a transcontinental line.

IV

Every intelligent person must foresee that Mr. Timothy Zimmerman, carefully attired, reached the butter-nut tree on the hill at half-past three on Saturday afternoon. Molly Betterton's horse cantered up the slope at four-thirty.

Though Tim did not know it, the slope was Betterton Hill. The tumble-down house across two fields was Molly's birthplace. She had chosen the shelter of her ancestral acres, though hers they had never been, for the daring exploit of intercepting and rebuking the terrible Tim Zim.

The termination of that exploit amazed her. That Tim Zim should prove sincere, almost childishly confiding, pitifully anxious to make something that satisfied him out of his life, was a miracle not easy to grasp. This was Molly's first experience in learning that nobody lacks extenuating circumstances.

Tim came to the meeting wild-eyed and nervous. The week had been one of unspeakable mental stress to him. But underneath his nervousness lay a singular exaltation. There were miracles in the world, and one of them had happened to him. And there is a fearful joy in miracles.

The hour in which he awaited the girl brought reassurance. The autumn air was very still, and the brooding, healing sunshine seemed fixed forever on the gashed and tired fields. Now and then a yellow leaf fell through the amber air, or a field-mouse stirred in the pale corn-stalks across the vine-laden fence. The earth swam in a golden trance, and Tim Zim, entranced along with it, found unexpected peace. Town, and its works and ways, fell off his soul and left it innocent and bland, the guileless soul of the boy he had never had time to be. In this mood

marriage had no terrors; the thought of a scrap of a girl with eyebrows like wings and the tongue of a prophet even uplifted his heart.

When Molly Betterton's sorrel cantered briskly up the slope, Tim went forward. She slipped down joyously and faced him with eager confidence. Her great eyes blazed like beacon fires. She was sure she knew the answer to his problem; for she was a child, who had not yet learned that only once in a thousand times does one human being know the answer for another.

Deep within him, Tim Zim's agonized soul lurched, then righted itself.

'Young lady, I thank you for coming,' he said formally. 'I guess I had n't any right to ask you.'

'No,' Molly admitted tranquilly, 'and I ought n't to have come. But I had to if I saw you-all again. You can't come to Missawoppa. When I got back last Saturday the boys had the tar-kettle ready in the Court-park. They were mighty put out that you did n't 'pear. You can't ever come to Missawoppa. It won't be safe.'

Tim set his jaw, but expressed no opinion as he fastened her horse. Probably he owed it to Missawoppa to let them think they could use the tar-brush if they caught him. It would make them feel better. Returning, he sat down beside her. Molly pulled off her heavy riding-gloves and stretched her cramped fingers in the sun.

Hollow-eyed and serious, Tim contemplated her air of happy certainty. He did not feel like that.

'That was a great talk-fest I had with you the other day. Did you think over what I said?'

She nodded, smiling. Again he felt the radiance of her interest like soft airs blowing on his cheek. Again a door seemed to open into some wonderland of the spirit where he moved happily and freely, a man with the best of men.

'It's perfectly simple,' she announced confidently.

'Think of that, now,' Timmy murmured.

'This is the way of it,' she said judicially; she was not a Betterton for nothing. 'All you need is more work and less money. You like work — why do you try to live without it? There are such lots of lovely things to do! You like land. Get a place like this one, a place that needs money and coddling and care. Make it rich again, and beautiful. It's such a — such a *wonderful* thing to do!'

'I sure do like the land,' said Tim Zim slowly, 'but — *me* a rube? I can't quite see it.'

Her face fell, and she suddenly felt shallow and inexperienced, but she went on steadily, —

'You've made more money than you have any comfort with. Your fortune does n't fit. Cut it down till it does. It's perfectly easy. I don't see why you did n't think of it yourself!'

At this point Tim put his hands in his pockets and whistled.

'You said you had a million and a half,' Molly went on with added dignity, for she felt something hostile in the air. 'If I were you, I'd begin by giving away the half-million. Then, if you still feel too *gorged*, get rid of half that's left. That ought to relieve you a lot!'

'Cæsar's ghost!' Tim Zim jumped up and paced back and forth excitedly before his small counselor, for once in his life taken thoroughly aback.

'Do you mean, me give away two thirds of what I've got?'

'You said it worried you. You said it did n't do you any good. All I know is what you said. I don't know if you meant it.'

'Yes, but it's *money*, ain't it?'

'Of course, I understand how you feel,' said Molly rather grandly, 'for

I've four hundred a year of my own, and I'd perfectly hate to have anybody tell me to give two thirds of it away. But in my case, you see, after I've paid Uncle Joe and Aunt 'Liza for my board (they don't want to take it, but I make them), there is n't exactly enough left. So it's not quite the same as your case, is it?'

Tim drew his knuckles across his eyes confusedly.

'No, I judge — not,' he gasped. 'Still, I'm no Andy Carnegie. 'Tis n't as if I'd a hundred million, or fifty, or even ten.'

'Anybody's Carnegie who's got more than he spends,' observed Molly sapiently.

'Give away a million dollars! Gosh!' muttered T. Z. 'Young lady, you're the most expensive acquaintance I've made in all my glad young life.'

'I'm sorry you don't like my plan. I thought it seemed very reasonable. But, of course, you're the judge.'

'Well, then mebbe I ought to say you're the doctor! But I can't! A million dollars! O my soul! Why, I feel as if I'd go to the poor-house next week just from hearing about it!'

'But you said —'

'Oh, yes! I said, an' I said! You listen to what I'm sayin' now. Young lady, I could n't tell you the way a man feels about the money he's got together by the hardest. It's my blood an' my bones. It's my body, an' I dunno but it's my soul. I know I had luck and made a lot of it quick. I guess if it'd all come as hard as the first two thousand did I'd be a miser huggin' every penny. Thank the Lord, I ain't quite that. But as for giving of it away — I can't an' I won't! That's flat!'

Molly Betterton shrank perceptibly. Was this indeed the bed-rock of the man's nature? She eyed him curiously, for his very face had changed as he

spoke. His lids narrowed and his lips grew harsh.

'I made it,' he said. '*I made* it. It's the only thing I ever made. All hell shan't take it away!'

The girl's lip quivered and the beacon-fires in her eyes died down. Was this what happened to all young advisers, she wondered miserably. Did the joy of leadership always give way to this awful leaden feeling? She had nothing more to say.

Tim broke the long silence presently, when the gust that had shaken him passed. He tried to be civil.

'Mebbe it's a grand plan,' he apologized, 'but I did n't know but you could think up some way of enlarging me to fit my income. If you once start cutting down the income to fit me, it might, easy, get down to about thirty cents. Then I'd be like the old farmer's horse: just as he got him on to a straw a day, he up an' died.'

Miss Betterton refused to smile at this ancient jest.

'Everything I said the other day was true, too,' he urged.

Still the girl kept silence. Tim meditated further.

'Here's how it is,' he pleaded desperately. 'This world's a cold, dark, lonesome place, and any minute it's likely to get more so. Money warms it up. So, no matter what we've got tucked away, we think, "If I lost that, I'd need this other to fall back on." So we tuck away some more. Everybody's just alike.'

'It's not reasonable,' said Molly at last, coldly.

'We don't want to be reasonable. We want to be safe.'

'After you've tucked away a fortune here and another there, could n't you rely, finally, on being a man in a world of men?' inquired Miss Betterton in dejected tones.

'Yes, if I was!' said Tim Zim. 'But

mostly I'm a pig in a world of pigs. You take it from me, the glad hand is mighty scarce in business unless it's from a man that's got a knife up his sleeve.'

Silence again. Tim broke it when it became intolerable to him.

'Well, have I disgusted you so you're done with me?' he demanded. 'Am I just as low-down an' mean as you thought I was before you saw me at all? Do you call it fair to drop me hard just because I don't chuckle when you say, "A million to the scrap-heap an' you to the plough!" It — it takes a lot of thinking over, such a proposition does.'

The girl rose swiftly to her feet, stretching out her arms in the golden air with a strange gesture, half of renunciation, half of quest. Tim's heart turned over at the sight.

'But you've disappointed me!' she cried bitterly. 'Oh, I thought you were different! I thought I saw you as God made you, — simple, straightforward, and kind, reaching out for worth-while things under all the outside flash and dash. And I — I thought you would see things as I see them. Cities don't matter, nor money — much. Look across those fields! My father tilled them once. His father before him planted the seeds, and persuaded the harvests in this very spot. To have neither too much nor too little of such land, and to love it and make a home upon it! To let one's spending be mostly for things that make it rich and beautiful! To learn the new ways and the better ways and teach them to the fields and to one's neighbors! Why, to own a bit of the earth and to care for it like that is to be a director in the Biggest Corporation, a partner with the seasons and the sun. It's right wonderful — I guess it is divine!'

Seed-time and harvest and patient service of the generous earth were in

his blood no less than hers, and in him, too, the creative thirst. Again, as on that other day, her words evoked the sudden vision. Tim Zim saw blossoming orchards, fertile meadows, and the glistening rows of the fruited corn like an army with banners; he saw a walled garden and a white homestead with sturdy children tumbling on its lawns.

Thus seeing, he suddenly knew she had drawn the veil from the face of his Dream. He beheld it at last! — He, too, was a husbandman and a creator, he, too, a home-builder. At any cost he, too, was fain to make earth yield him her increase, and to cradle little bodies in his arms.

At any cost? The solid world rocked wildly underneath his feet, and all his schedules of value seemed to melt and transform themselves before his very eyes. Money was money, — yes — but it was only money after all!

As this perception cleaved his world, a vast new freedom overspread his spirit. The thing that he had made, he owned. He could deal with it as he would, for it held him bound no longer. What if he chose to toss it yonder like a ball?

Doubtless all decisions that reconstruct a life seem sudden at the end, but doubtless all of them have been growing beneath our conscious life, shaped by the slow accretion of a thousand unexpressed desires. What we do in the hour these hidden longings come to birth may surprise our careless neighbors and even ourselves, but it holds no amazement for the wise. Tim Zim's reversion to the simpler life had been preparing all his busy days. Shaken to the core of him, he saw what all men come to see at last. Gold is gold only as

it furthers the deepest desire. Except man shape his dream with it, he finds it lead within his hands.

He snatched the girl's hands swiftly, as positive as she had been. His eyes were filled with tears, his shrewd face seemed dissolved in tenderness and longing, its lines all plastic to his spirit. Something within him sang and shouted.

'Look here!' he said, 'I do understand. I may not look it, but somehow I am your kind. I want the things you want. Would you dare go look for them with me? Am I enough your kind to—to do for you? The main thing is, there's something in me worth your while. Make what you choose of it! *The — million — may — go — hang!*'

'Oh, I don't know! How can I tell? It is n't the money that matters—it's the way you feel about it! Will this thing last? Are you a man?' demanded Molly Betterton wildly, her own eyes filling.

Great drops of sweat stood out upon his forehead and his lips shook oddly as he faced himself with this demand. What about it? Was he a man within her meaning of the word? Was he moved by the moment's emotion or by a greater thing? Could he live quietly, deal justly, laugh at gold of his own earning? Could he scorn cities and abjure excitement? Could he make the earth richer for his labor, and love the common lot? — Would he pay this price for his dream?

What he said now, he must hold by forever. *Was* he a man?

From deeper within himself than he had ever probed, uprushed the answer.

'I don't know as I am. But I swear I will be. For the God of Harvests, He made me!' said Timothy Zimmerman.

SOME CONFESSIONS OF A 'T.B.'

BY WILLIAM GARROTT BROWN

Is it necessary to tell first what a 'T.B.' is? For the reader's sake I trust that it is necessary. He is to be congratulated, on the whole, if it has never been his lot to have to be much concerned about us, or to have to study us and our ways.

Not, however, that it is wise of the public to ignore us, or even possible. We are too many for that policy to be practicable, and there are too many reasons why it would not be a good policy, either for the public or for us. We are, in fact, a public question, whether the public likes it or not, and we cannot cease to be one till the public finds the indisputably right way to dispose of us — or our order ceases to exist. To know about us is a public necessity, a public duty, lucky as it may be for individual citizens to escape their share of it.

Yet not because we are a particularly lugubrious or depressing lot, either. On the contrary, it has often been remarked that we are rather surprisingly cheery and hopeful. There is no reproach in belonging to our brotherhood; no shame in telling what we are like. A Frenchman who has written a novel about us calls us *The Half Dead* (*Les Demi-Morts*). The phrase is good, but it is not quite accurate. Some of us are happy to feel that we are not nearly as dead as that; others of us claim, not without an equal sense of superiority, to be a good deal deader. We range, in fact, all the way from imperceptibly less than fully alive, to obviously as nearly dead as still alive

can be. We are an unequal gallery of all the grades and shades of human vitality; a complete procession strung out over the entire length of our own particular road, — really, we do not find it especially dusty, even on the later reaches, — to the place where all roads end.

Another phrase in very common use sets us down as victims of 'The Great White Plague'; but we do not understand it. We find no point in 'white' beyond its being in contradistinction to an historic something in the plague line that was 'black'; and 'plague' suggests, though perhaps it does not really connote, a degree of contagiousness, and an epidemic quality, which in point of fact do not belong to that which binds us together; on this we have good reason to insist. We prefer, rather, the Western usage that designates us 'lungers'; inelegant, perhaps, but not so practically damaging.

On the whole, however, we like best to call ourselves 'T.B.'s.' The suggestion of D.T.'s is but momentary, the recovery from it amusing, and by selecting this name for our brotherhood we indicate our preference for the modern and hopeful title, 'tuberculosis,' rather than 'consumption,' which medical science so long and despairingly shook its head over. I hasten to qualify. If 'hopeful' means anything like confident or cocksure, or anything more than insistent that there *is* hope, it were better, perhaps, if the more hopeful term were less widely used, and the daunting finality of the older

nomenclature more often candidly accepted.

For on this point a great mistake has been made. Soon after the newer term came into use and soon after the discovery of the precise meaning of both terms, and because of certain other encouraging discoveries that quickly followed, the notion spread widely that science had won a complete triumph; that an immemorial scourge and woe of humanity had been surely mastered. Once, four or five years ago, when I had explained to a man of proved intelligence and fair information, that for some time I had had to live a life withdrawn and limited, that I was, in fact, not a complete and ordinary man but a T.B., and when I naturally expected an impressed and sympathizing response, I got instead an astonishingly unimpressed one. 'Oh,' he said carelessly, 'I'm no longer afraid of *that*.' There was pique, no doubt, but there was also deep concern in my remonstrance. His nonchalance appalled me. Yet it was, and still is, common.

It was that, really, which started me writing these confessions. For it is much better that people should know that once a T.B. is, in all but a very small minority of instances, always a T.B. Indeed it may be wiser and also more scientific and accurate, to make no exceptions at all — to insist that there is *no* way to withdraw entirely from our order, when one has once come into it — except, of course, by the exit we and all mankind are striving to delay. True, there are many who give up this active membership — some for a time, a few for good and all. They leave our habitats; they return to their old walks and ways. But they are very likely to reappear, and they retain always in their absences a sort of non-resident membership.

'What,' I hear the reader exclaim,

'then there are *no* cures? You declare the thing incurable?'

Oh, no; by no means. The great profession which is most concerned with us has considered the matter, and at a national convention devoted entirely to our little abnormality, one member has declared it to be 'so easily cured that it can be cured four or five times in the same individual!' Even the most cautious and least sanguine of these learned gentlemen merely insisted that the word 'cured' should be always put in mental quotation marks, and that they do not guarantee that those they cure will *stay* cured. Another of them suggested that one who has thus recovered should always say, in relating his experience, not '*I had* the thing and am cured,' but '*I have* it and am cured.' Perhaps I should add that many of the most experienced and expert particularly avoid the active mood, — 'I cure' or 'I have cured,' — partly for scientific accuracy, but also from modesty, knowing that their part in the business is less than in the combat with other human ailments. Indeed, I know but one orthodox and reputable expert who ever speaks at all of 'curing' his patients, with or without the mental quotation marks; and his usage is rather temperamentally than otherwise significant. The expert whom I myself most trust — not merely or mainly for his expertness, but for a still higher trustworthiness — has never, so far as I know, claimed to have cured anybody.

But again I hasten to qualify. To be 'cured,' in quotation marks is far indeed from being a negligible good fortune. It is in many ways 'just as good' as plain cured without them would be. In fact, with the gain in knowledge and caution and self-control that should be won from the experience, it may prove quite as good — even, with certain temperaments, actually better.

More still, there are yet lower degrees of recovery that permit members of our order to reënter normal life and share extensively in its activities. This indeed is our little joke on the public; for not infrequently we go about quite unsuspected. Even such of us as are not at all recovered, but steadily progressing the other way, can sometimes play such tricks of assumed vitality and competence successfully. Such adventures are fine; a little like the part that secret and proscribed orders sometimes play in novels — Dumas's for instance, and *The Wandering Jew*.

We have thus our heroes and celebrities — some known for ours, and some, mostly, though still alive, whose membership is hardly even suspected. Among poets and men of letters, for instance, we have been particularly strong. Keats was ours, and Stevenson, and Sidney Lanier. Stevenson, indeed, is become almost a tutelary saint to us — though one of his dearest friends, the one to whom he wrote certain of his most priceless letters, once assured me that he never was quite as are the mass of us, but a case puzzlingly peculiar and irregular. At any rate, however, the life he lived was our life, and in his letters he has inspiringly disclosed its compensations and its possibilities. Yet I believe we must account the struggle of Sidney Lanier — cavalryman, musician, and poet — even more inspiringly heroic. Fancy doing 'The Marshes of Glenn' with one's temperature at 103! And for resolute swinging on to man-size jobs neither John Richard Green nor John Addington Symonds was a T.B. the brotherhood need ever be ashamed of.

But our range is far wider than letters. If it were not, there might well be skepticism as to any exceptional pertinacity in our attempts at competence. Doubters could remind us of the puny

but formidable Mr. Pope, of Heine and his mattress grave, of the sightless eyes of Homer and Milton, of many others who have contributed out of pain and weakness and solitude to the glory and delight of literature, not one of whom was ours. Letters, indeed, are the traditional refuge of men who are anyhow less than whole. But what other order of half-alive mortals can match our boast of creditable representation in *all* the principal occupations and professions? Why, fully half the medical gentry who serve and rule us, are also of us. So are many of those who do the humbler offices about us, and many also of such as we encounter in the shops and banks and professional offices, and even in the manual trades of our chief habitats. In truth there is hardly one of these resorts, and they are many, that would not be practically depopulated if all who are of our order confessedly or unconfessedly should make a sudden exodus.

But our really surprising adventures, of whole men's careers, are in such quarters as take no special note of us; even in the great cities which are denied us altogether. More surprising still, of all such careers, the stage, I think, is quite the most fascinating, because the most unfit and dangerous. Probably few but us of the order discerned between the lines of the newspaper reports what it was that caused, not long ago, a very famous actor's retirement and swift ensuing death; and doubtless only we fully understood the vocation, the habits, or the peculiar and haunting charm of two young actresses now at the very zenith of their success and popularity. There have doubtless been Richelieus who have found it only too easy to produce the racking cough with which the sly old Cardinal simulated illness, and also Camilles who have smiled a little wearily out of their unhappily fuller knowledge of the con-

ventional 'business' with which they have been required to indicate what was the matter with them. The novelists, by the way, are about as conventional as the playwrights in their attempts at depicting us. Mrs. Humphry Ward, for instance, prescribes too traditionally for two of her very up-to-date characters. But perhaps a more modern treatment would have puzzled her readers.

But why multiply instances? There is no walk of life which we have left entirely uninvaded. We are everywhere, in everything. If a climax is desired, even the throne has no immunity from our adventurous and versatile persistence in attempting occupations. Reading between the lines of court calendars we are sure that at least one king, and a spirited and charming one, too, is of our brotherhood; and we suspect it may not be long before we can also claim with assurance a queen — nay, an empress!

Yet the mass of us are exiles from the places that whole men do most frequent, barred from ordinary tasks; herded in habitats specially assigned to us; living a life peculiar and separate. It is of that life, therefore, and not of our escapes from it, that it is most worth while to speak. But first a word of the way we enter upon it — of the initiation into our brotherhood.

Unfortunately, it is not always the same. On the contrary, the entrances are innumerable, however sole the exit. Indeed the initiation varies so widely that one would not be far wrong in saying that it is never twice the same. Yet many initiations have certain features in common; and in a general way it may be said that all belong to one of two great classes — the sudden, and the protracted. One discovers what one's future is to be either promptly or after prolonged inquiry and uncer-

tainty. It depends mainly upon the kind of oracles one consults.

My own initiation was of the protracted variety, and perhaps fairly representative of its class. There must, indeed, have been at least two years between the actual first beginning of my career as a T.B. and the final discovery that I was one; and it is quite impossible to recall how many other ailments I was meanwhile found to be suffering from; for I was never particularly timid, as some are, about undergoing a doctor's examination. Nervous exhaustion was one of the first things I learned was the matter with me. Overwork was perhaps the most frequently offered explanation of my not feeling or looking well — possibly because it was so readily accepted, notwithstanding my own better knowledge. For a long time, rest and a milder climate were the commonest recommendations, and both were measurably heeded. For whether or not I was overworked, I was certainly *tired* — tired even before my day's work began.

Then came the suggestion of the sea and travel — I am not sure from what particular theory of my condition; indeed, I am not altogether sure that I did not myself contrive to suggest the suggestion! The sea and travel were accordingly tried, and not even the ultimate effect of them, or rather of the eager and reckless mood in which I essayed them, can ever make me quite regret that I did essay them, or become ungrateful for the peculiar exaltations, the intense and overwhelming delights and depressions, which in that mood I won from them. No; I would not even now begrudge the price I have had to pay for a single day of that mistaken summer — for a single one of the exquisite glooms and solemnities I had while I permitted the 'misty mountain winds' of Wordsworthshire and of the Highlands to blow upon me freely

— for a single day of rapturous and feverish and exhausting exploration of hot Italian cities. For I had already begun to taste, unknowingly, the perilous delight of indulgence in certain kinds of excitement, with that peculiar and unequaled heightening which only the T.B. temperament can give them. For the T.B. temperament — but of that more later.

Home again, though still exalted, I soon had reason to take up again the old inquiry; and this time it could not be much longer baffled. It was now too plain that whatever was the matter with me was something specific and out of the ordinary. Ordinary weariness was too plainly insufficient to account for whole forenoons of sheer inability to get up and go about my business. Yet there were two more bootless examinations to endure. The first yielded a suspicion of typhoid, then of ptomaine poisoning, and finally an assurance that whatever was the matter it was not serious: the second no definite suspicion, but a quite decided assurance that the trouble, whatever it might be, *was* something serious. Then, on a sudden impulse, came the visit to a great diagnostician — the second to bear a name now famous for two generations; and it was fascinating, weak and near indifference as I was, to watch at last a master-scientist explore my worn-out body for the secret of my helplessness.

I have seen, indeed, but one other comparable master actually at work — a great French *chef*, now dead, personally completing a *chef d'œuvre* of the particular kind he was famous for; but a clean-cut pointer quartering a field came also to my mind. The master charged with finding me my fate was quick, curt, at first a little sharp and impatient; then gradually more deliberate and decided — and I surrendered, completely, to the charm of his

manifest competence. Came finally, however, almost gentleness, and an invitation to the laboratory where, in due time, having performed a chemical rite, now long shorn of its mystery, over something infinitesimal that had come from me, he set eye to a big microscope and my tired brain began to comprehend. When he raised his head and glanced at me, he had no need to speak. For at that glance I had gone white and cold, and life in its every aspect and relation had turned utterly different, and my tenure of it utterly insecure and hazardous. I was a T.B. and had been one, probably, for some years; yet never once until the instant he raised his face from that microscope, had I suspected the truth, or even so much as specifically dreaded, among the remoter horrors that dimly encircle all our lives, this that had now so suddenly swept close and grappled me!

That was the worst, the very worst, — those first few moments of terror and conviction and lightning — swift review and forecast of all my life. Much of suffering and sadness and almost despair was to come after, but nothing quite to be compared with what then struck and chilled clear to the heart of me; nothing that has quite so profoundly stirred in me the love of life, the fear of death, the daunting and appalling and shameful sense of my own and all men's pitiful mortality. It had happened to me; the lightly acknowledged possibility had become reality; had come upon *me*, of all men; and yet, until that moment, though youth was gone, or nearly gone, nothing had ever completely deprived me of youth's illusion of immunity, of immortality!

Almost as swiftly came the reaction; the reaction that alone keeps even our lesser overthrows less than fatal or maddening; first the detaching sense of

the thing as happening not quite really, but as in a story, a novel, and not quite to me but to some other — this as I went out rather stumblingly into the street, appropriately cold and damp: then with the thought of what to do immediately, the positively exhilarating sense of a new importance, the expectation of sympathy and uncommon attention. To the grown man's full and awful acceptance of supreme disaster there succeeded the pride of the small boy none of us ever ceases to be, in the possession of an ailment not to be ignored. First the chill of the terror of death, and then the dignity of Mark Twain's hero when he appeared with a sore toe at school!

That first discovered compensation was mightily effective the two or three days that preceded the beginning of exile. Time has wrought some serious changes in my estimate of the value of different kinds and manifestations of sympathy; but at first all that came to me was precious and potent. I remember now that I was a little piqued to find one or two old friends, who are still old friends, and in whom there has been never a shadow of turning, rather undemonstrative and silent; but I was correspondingly gratified at the ample demonstrations in others of a concern that has somehow, as the years have passed, completely evaporated. Of this concern there were some curious manifestations.

The fact is, there is still no proper and convincing etiquette accepted for recognizing a newly found T.B.'s importance. In my case, unusual social attentions seemed to be the prevailing impulse. One of them was an invitation to luncheon at Delmonico's! It was not entirely inappropriate: I only wish it had been an arrangement to take Delmonico's or some similar institution with me in my wanderings. These have been many and devious,

by sea and land, but they have had very simple objects. They have sought, for the most part, things that should not be so very hard to find. The chief and most essential of these have been merely food and air, — *good* food and *good* air of course, — and both in plenty, in abundance. But the trouble is that they both must be had *together*. Even so, they should not be unattainable. They ought to be rather easily attainable, even with merely moderate means. But they are not.

It is now seven years and more since I began my quest for a place and an arrangement to breathe freely and constantly the right kind of air, and eat in abundance the right kind of food, yet I can say with perfect honesty that I have not yet found anywhere the combination of these two factors of cure worked out satisfactorily at moderate cost for me and such as I am. The rich, of course, can have them easily. But the great majority of our order are not rich; they are cut off from their customary earnings; they are often forced to depend on the sacrifices of others — sacrifices which they would not willingly increase. The fact of this dependence, indeed, is the hardest part of their lot. They cannot escape the thought of it for a day. They are loath to have what they need, if it costs too much, and nothing could be more trying and worrying than the constant necessity to pull and strain, to fight and nag, as they must do if they would have it at reasonable cost.

Now that, simple as it seems, is the true problem of the average T.B.'s existence. It is not in the main a medical problem at all, but a practical problem, a sordid problem; a mere matter of food and air — and dollars. Yet to present it candidly as it is, is here my principal purpose and motive. For it is a problem the public will in the long run, for its own self-defense, have to deal with; it

is the public's problem ultimately, although as yet it is left to us and to those who, from kinship or benevolence, are specially concerned with us.

It has some aggravations that are peculiarly exasperating. Not the least of these, in this particular country, is American cookery — that is to say, the cookery of such Americans, doubtless the majority, as can be induced to 'take boarders,' and particularly such as can be induced to take boarders who are sick. Many of these last, by the way, are such as have already failed to minister acceptably to boarders who are well. Theirs is, as a rule, not merely unenlightened American cookery, but cookery stimulated by no aspiration and but little competition: cookery seasoned with a lax indifference: cookery without any compelling need to be better, and with an obvious reason for being as careless and unlabourious as it can be and continue to be endured. To take 'lungers' at all, it would seem, confers rather than incurs an obligation. For is not that surrendering the chance of any other kind of gainful hospitality?

Ordinarily, yes, it is — unless the lunger successfully lies about the nature of his ailment. That, indeed, is by no means the limit of his temptation — his necessity at times — to deceive, or to *pretend* to deceive. For while some communities and hosts are really afraid of him, some merely demand that he help them to hoodwink the other customers whom they wish to attract. In these communities, if he respects appearances, his hosts — whether mere keepers of boarding-houses or managers of hotels — will be discreetly blind. And such communities are by no means rare; the practice is common; it involves, of course, much the most serious danger to the public which our problem presents. That is why the public must in time take more

account of it and of us. Until the public does, it must continue to owe far more to our consciences than we do to the public's conscience.

That is the truth, and very mildly stated. The public depends for protection from such danger as our continued existence involves, not on its own exertions but on ours. To render that protection we must burden ourselves with both expense and trouble. We must incessantly take, for the sake of the public, precautions which are disagreeable and costly; and meanwhile a great part of the public is, by its attitude toward us, steadily tempting us, and even sometimes fairly compelling us, if we would live, to discontinue those precautions and go on as if there were nothing the matter with us. The folly and stupidity of this attitude it is impossible to overstate. It is of itself by far the chief cause and source of the persistence of this scourge.

Known and recognized and decently entreated, we are not dangerous. Shunned and proscribed and forced to concealments, we *are* dangerous. Victims ourselves of this same régime of ignorant and self-deceiving inhumanity, we are called on every hour of our lives for a magnanimous consideration of others. Society can hardly find it surprising or a grievance if our human nature should sometimes weaken under the strain of the incessant provocation it endures from this strange working of human nature in general. Why should we alone be expected to be guiltless, always to our own cost and sacrifice, of that very form of man's inhumanity to man, from which we ourselves are suffering more than anybody else? Yet I can honestly attest that the vast majority of us are guiltless of any merely resentful offense: that, as a rule, when we fail to protect the public it is only

because the public compels us to disregard its interest, its safety. This is what I earnestly entreat the public, for its own sake, candidly to consider.

Candidly means fully. If the public is to be safe from us, if the public is to continue to have our protection from that against which it failed to protect us, then the public must make it possible for us to get — it must certainly cease to make it impossible for the mass of us to get except by subterfuge — what we must have to live. We are neither criminals nor mendicants. We do not ask favors, we merely revolt against a mean and stupid oppression. We revolt against ignorance and against a lie. The public would get rid of us, and thereby makes us inescapable. It would pretend, and would have us pretend, that we are nowhere. It thereby insures that we shall be everywhere. It proscribes us, and thereby admits us.

But how be practical with this most impractical and illogical attitude of the public? Well, I have thought of that. I am practical now, for of course there can be no sweeping change till the public is brought to its senses, and that is what I am trying to help to do. But it is slow business enlightening stupidity, and something should be possible with those who are already enlightened and who have some power of initiative. Something should be immediately possible. I think something is.

The men who, as things stand, can do most for betterment are, I am persuaded, the diagnosticians, and particularly the diagnosticians in the greater cities, who as a rule do not treat the malady themselves, but who do in large measure decide whither we shall first go in our wanderings. It is to these men very largely that the various resorts and the resort specialists

look for their patients and boarders. That gives the diagnosticians power, and I conceive that it also imposes on them a duty to exercise it. They can insist on better provision for us wherever they send us, and to do that intelligently they should personally know more than they now know of how we fare after they have placed us. It is my observation that they now leave such things mainly to the local practitioner, or to the heads of sanitariums. It were better if they themselves kept in closer touch with both of these two arrangements for disposing of us.

In general, it is my opinion that for the mass of us — the well-to-do excepted — the sanitarium is much the better arrangement: but that must be taken with the admission that many so-called sanitariums are not sanitariums at all, but mere T.B. boarding-houses, irresponsibly conducted for profit. The real sanitariums are far too few. They have their own deficiencies. The red tape and reliance upon rules, unflinching marks of every kind of 'institution,' are even exceptionally manifest. I cannot, from my own experience, name a single one where the cookery is really good — as good, say, as one finds in the homes of 'nice' people, even those of very moderate means, and in America. The life is in many ways trying, although everywhere relieved by that resolute cheerfulness — sometimes, I think, a trifle too resolute — which we T.B.'s affect. But for the mass of us a proper sanitarium is best. There alone are in some fashion assembled *all* the factors that make for improvement! — or for keeping us alive. There —

[The author was interrupted and the manuscript was never finished. — THE EDITORS.]

THE INFLUENCE OF THE PASSING OF THE PUBLIC LANDS

BY WILLIAM J. TRIMBLE

THE United States in our time is undergoing profound and far-reaching changes. The first great chapter of the nation's history is closing with the passing of the public lands. From the earliest years of our national existence almost until the present, the main work of our people was to acquire and to occupy the public domain, continental in extent. The continent, however, is now practically occupied; there are no longer great stretches of free land rich with all manner of unowned, undeveloped resources. We have come, consequently, to new national bases of life, and are forming new national habits. Our country, in truth, has entered a period of fundamental readjustment — economic, social, and political.

So manifold and intricate are the manifestations of this process of adjustment that a thorough discussion of them would be an encyclopædic task; a task, indeed, impossible of accomplishment, since changes are occurring so swiftly as to make our writings out of date while we pen them. The purpose of the present essay is to call attention to the fundamental nature of the process through which we are passing, and to try to discern something of its underlying conditions and consequences.

I

In the period between the close of the Revolutionary War and the adoption of the Compromise of 1850, the

government of the United States acquired title to 1,465,000,000 acres of land, — sufficient, were the whole adapted to agriculture, to make more than nine million farms of one hundred and sixty acres each. Not all of this great estate, it is true, invited settlement; but as a whole the public domain held out on an unrivaled scale the allurements of vast primeval forests, of stores of untouched mineral treasures, and of soils fertilized by the accumulations of the ages.

So vast were these resources that men, thinking in terms of industry as it was equipped before the age of modern machinery, considered the forests and the soils and the mines limitless and inexhaustible. To the man of the axe and the sickle and the freight wagon, they were in fact practically inexhaustible. We can understand, accordingly, why the Secretary of the Treasury in 1827 reported that it would take five hundred years to settle the public domain which we then possessed. To the men of his time the public domain was a challenge; the problem was not that of conservation, but of appropriation and utilization.

The task of occupying the continent, to which our fathers bent their energies, was expedited past all forecast by two remarkable developments: the one in the sphere of government, the other in that of industry.

When the nation was born, the common thought in regard to the dis-

posal of the public domain was that the 'back lands' were to be used for revenue and were to be sold *en bloc* to capitalists and companies. But the vastness of our lands and the comparatively small number of our citizens, together with democratic reactions between the land and the citizens, produced a new theory and practice of land-disposal. According to this, the public lands were to be expropriated for the good of society: they were to be used in such a way as to give to every citizen no matter how poor (or rather because he was poor) the opportunity to get land, and also, in such a way as to 'develop the country.' As part of this practice came the Preëemption Act of 1841 and the Homestead Act of 1862, preceded and accompanied by not a few other enactments.

It is common now to complain bitterly concerning the methods of disposal of our public domain, and every one knows that there has been too much of 'land-grabbing' and fraud; but, on the other hand, we do not always take into account the fact that we are looking back upon a cheap-land age from the point of view of a dear-land age. Our views of the rightfulness of railroad grants, for example, might be greatly modified if we were transported back to the outlook of investors in the sixties, when the best lands along projected lines were high-priced at one dollar an acre. Contrasted with the land policies of Rome, England, Russia, Spain, — with those of any nation uninfluenced by our example, — our land policy, marred though undoubtedly it has been by specific acts to the advantage of greed, yet as a whole has been beneficent and in the interest of individualistic democracy. In whatever light, however, we may now regard this policy, there is no doubt that it immensely stimulated settlement.

The other force which accelerated the progress of settlement was the use of machinery. Our public domain was settled during the time when the gigantic forces of the Industrial Revolution were transforming the civilized world. The steam engine, the railroad, the reaper, and a thousand other devices, gave man undreamed mastery over nature. Utilizing these prodigious forces, and with ever-accelerating speed, the American population (reinforced by millions of immigrants) subdued the forest, opened the mines, threw out daring lines of railway, broke the prairies — and suddenly came to the end of the task which a century before had seemed so unending. By 1890 the frontier had disappeared, and since that time nearly all of our remaining public lands suited to popular use have passed into individual ownership. The annual report of the Department of the Interior for 1910 revealed that, excluding Alaska, our unappropriated and unreserved lands of all kinds then amounted to 343,486,000 acres; and these lands for the most part are inferior. There are no more great stretches of fertile land in the United States inviting occupation. The romance and rush of settlement are over. The real West has vanished. 'The United States has entered a new economic era,' notes a thoughtful editorial in one of our magazines, 'and profound changes are coming in the qualities and character of our people.'¹

II

A primary result of this swift settling of the public lands was that the output of products of the soil, of the forests, and of the mines was increased at a rate unmatched in history. This increase exerted a profound influence not only upon the United States, but upon foreign nations. Our cattle and hogs

¹ *The World's Work*, December, 1912.

gave us meat in abundance and left a large surplus for export. Our wheat crop, which in 1840 amounted to eighty-four millions of bushels, thirty years later came to two hundred and thirty-five millions, and a generation later still reached seven hundred millions. Within less than an ordinary lifetime (1840-1900) our corn production rose from three hundred and seventy-seven millions of bushels to more than two billions and a half. The value of our annual production of lumber increased in the last half of the last century from about fifty million to more than five hundred million. The bullion from our gold-fields enlarged the business of the world, and by gigantic strides we took the first place among the nations in the production of coal and of iron.

Now this enormously increased production insured that the necessities of life should be comparatively cheap. The cheapness and plentifulness of necessities were among the main factors in that great growth of population which, not alone in this country but also in Europe, was one of the most marked and important features of the history of the nineteenth century; and this new plenty helped, moreover, to concentrate that population in large cities. Probably in no period of history were the common people so easily fed, clothed, and sheltered as in the United States during our public-land era.

With the passing of the public lands, however, one general and controlling condition operates powerfully in many directions: this is that the United States, as never before in its history, and with continually increasing necessity, is now confronted by the law of diminishing returns. This law, as is well known, postulates in general that, beyond a certain limit of productiveness, increasing application of labor and capital to given natural resources,

whether soil, timber, or minerals, does not result in proportionate increase of yields. Soils become poorer (unless the tendency is counteracted by costly processes), timber supplies become more remote or of inferior quality, mines become deeper. Consequently, after the virginal fertility of soil is once utilized, after the native growth of large trees which are easily accessible has been cut, after the coal and iron and gold which lie near the surface have been mined, production proceeds at a more halting or more expensive pace.

It is true that the operation of this law may be temporarily postponed by new discoveries in technique (as, for example, modern processes in the production of gold), but in the long run it holds sway. Hitherto in the United States we have been availing ourselves prodigally of the lavish bounties of new soils, untouched forests, and mineral deposits advantageously placed. Now, and in the future, an increasing production at all commensurate to the needs of our growing population must be won only at the price of more painstaking and enlightened methods, by continually bringing to bear fine and well-directed ingenuity, and by re-creating, supplementing, and hoarding our natural resources with the greatest care.

An important result of our being brought more certainly under the law of diminishing returns is the rise in the cost of living—a phenomenon viewed apprehensively by all classes. Now, it is true that the high cost of living is due to many and intricate factors,—among them the disappearance of the simple habits and tastes of pioneer days,—and that the factor operating most widely has been the increased production of gold; but, if the production of gold had remained stationary, the United States would have

experienced a marked rise in the price of necessities because of the passing of our public lands. For example, consider the effect on the supply of cattle: the census of 1910 reported the number of our beef cattle at 41,178,000, an estimate less by ten million head than that of the Department of Agriculture for 1907. The latest estimate, made January 1, 1914, indicates 35,855,000. The total value of this class of animals was estimated in 1910 at \$785,261,000; January 1, 1914, the estimated value was \$1,116,333,000. The number of cattle, therefore, declined 12.9 per cent in four years, while the total value increased 42.2 per cent. Should we wonder at the higher prices of meats and leather? Again, consider that, whereas our population increased 21 per cent between 1900 and 1910, our improved farm acreage increased only 15.4 per cent. Although in the future there may be again years like 1912, when unusually favorable crops may temporarily lower prices, nevertheless the era of extremely cheap food in the United States has passed forever. The same is true also, subject to industrial modifications and temporary reversions, with regard to productions from all our natural resources. There may be a fall in prices due to general financial conditions or unusually favorable crops; but we are not likely again to have large production of the necessities of life won so easily and cheaply as in the past. The sooner we as a people become conscious that we are in a new economic era the better it will be for us. We have come to the time when we may no longer waste; we must conserve.

But, on the other hand, may not the pressure of new conditions lead us to harsh and unjust judgments upon former generations whose work and outlook in life were largely shaped by the apparently illimitable expanse

of new lands? Great production from new lands at times became over-production and resulted in abnormally low prices; and abnormally low prices necessitated utilizing only the cream of our national resources. When coal was less than a dollar a ton at the mine and slack coal could be used only for grading roads, merely the best deposits could be profitably mined. When lumber was a drug on the market, conservation worried no one. The pioneer farmer who had to sell his wheat at fifty cents or less a bushel could not pay high rates of interest and expensive charges of all sorts without depleting the soil. The fact that the value of all manner of natural resources has been enormously enhanced by the passing of the public lands makes conservation now an economic and social necessity; but producers of all sorts were on quite different economic bases so long as they had to meet the competition of new areas.

Indeed, is not the main problem of the whole civilized world, as well as that of the United States, changing in regard to natural resources? Man before the Industrial Revolution was a puny creature feebly attacking with almost naked hands the 'inexhaustible' resources of stern and dominant Nature, exhausting them only in a small degree and within limited areas; now the efficiency of man has been so marvelously strengthened by machinery, and Nature's treasures are subject to such powerful and varied means of attack, that the attitude of the civilized world with regard to its natural resources is changing from one of conquest to one of preservation. Exploitation is giving way everywhere to conservation. But in the United States this general change is made particularly urgent and grave because of the passing of the public lands.

This decisive shifting of the eco-

conomic bases of our life is having other important effects. Monopoly acquires a new and portentous significance when opportunity for competition through the development of new areas is forever closed. The unrestricted private ownership of lands of all sorts is being questioned in the interest of the public good. The processes and factors in distribution from primary producer to ultimate consumer are being closely scrutinized. Pension systems and methods of welfare work are being developed which would have been resented by the individualists of frontier times. Instead of free lands, trade-schools and technical education are to afford to our youth opportunities for getting a start in life and for gaining a competence. Competition for jobs becomes more stern. Efficiency is being insisted upon as never before, both in private and in public life. No longer can easy-going, slipshod, exploitive methods be tolerated. We are engaged, in fact, in a great national stock-taking and housecleaning.

In politics also we have reached a new time. The old Jeffersonian theory that the sphere of government ought to be restricted as much as possible in order to leave the widest possible scope to individuals, is being displaced by the practice of enlarging the functions of government in the interest of the common good. Government, therefore, is becoming less a field for private exploitation and more an instrument of social service. The change is revealed in discussion of specific questions—compare the political platforms of the eighties, for example, with the platforms of the last national campaign. Even the tariff question has taken on a new complexion, as witness the late legislation for reciprocity with Canada, which at bottom was due to desire to prolong the old cheap-food era in the United States and to mollify or stave off the

rigors of the new period by utilizing the fresh areas of Canada. Witness, likewise, the present movement toward free trade in farm-products and in raw materials.

In many other respects also our political life reflects the new conditions. If one will pause for a moment and review in his mind the number, character, and swiftness of the political changes which have occurred since about 1890, he will perhaps be ready to call their sum a revolution. Not all of these changes, to be sure, are directly due to the passing of the public lands, but few of them are wholly unrelated to it, and many are results.

There are two main aspects of our national life and well-being which are of so much importance in themselves, and which appear to be so significantly affected by the process through which we are passing, that I wish to dwell upon them at some length. These are the influence of the passing of the public lands upon agriculture and its influence upon democracy.

III

The first point to be noted in regard to the effect of the passing of the public lands upon agriculture is that there has been in the last decade an astounding rise in farm-values. The aggregate value of all farm property in the United States doubled between 1900 and 1910; that is, in a single decade as much value accrued as in all the years of our preceding history. In some sections the percentage of increase was of course higher than the average: in South Dakota, for example, farm-values in the decade rose 291.9 per cent, and in Idaho 353.9 per cent. The economic and social effects of these great accretions in land-values are bound to be of the utmost importance. Interest charges (which in the past have been met by

rise in values) must now be reckoned in the cost of production; landowners find themselves capitalists; laborers are further removed than ever from ownership of land.

These higher values, it is true, may be due in part to the general rise of prices which has accompanied increased gold production, and the future may possibly see a lowering of prices of farm-lands, should the gold-supply wane. But the supply of good farm-land in the United States is now limited, whereas the demand is unlimited; consequently, values of farm-lands in proportion to other commodities have reached a permanently higher level than that of the past.

The increase is accounted for in part, moreover, by higher prices for products. Between 1899 and 1909 the total value of all cereals raised in the United States increased 79.8 per cent, while the total yield increased only 1.7 per cent. Yields and, consequently, prices, will vary from year to year, and it is gratifying to know that (according to the reports of the Department of Agriculture) the per-acre yield in the United States, notwithstanding increasing utilization of inferior lands, is becoming gradually higher. But it must not be forgotten that greater yields due to more scientific farming are won at the cost of expensive processes; 'high' farming must be based on high prices. Very significant, also, is the fact that our cultivated acreage increase, in spite of still active homesteading in some of our western states, is becoming small. Between 1879 and 1889 the area planted to cereals increased sixty-six million acres, between 1889 and 1899 forty-five million acres, but in the past decade there were added only six million acres. In that same decade population increased sixteen millions. Enhanced farm-values, therefore, and higher prices of farm products seem

firmly based upon a disproportionate increase of population and cultivated area. In fact, before agriculture in the United States can be placed upon a permanent footing which will reckon exhaustion of soil capital, producers of staple crops must receive still higher prices than those which they are now receiving. It is this fact, along with prevailing high prices to consumers, which has brought about the great movement which aims at more economical methods of marketing crops.

An important consequence of greater proportionate demand for farm products in this country is the decline in our agricultural exports. Between 1900 and 1910 our exports of wheat fell off 100,000,000 bushels. Mr. G. K. Holmes, an expert statistician of the United States Department of Agriculture, summarizes conditions by saying that, 'most of the cereals and their products, all of the animals and most of the meats and their products, are going down in quantity of exports.' Food-stuffs now constitute only one fifth of our total exports. One effect of this change is that the prices of our leading farm-staples are becoming yearly less dependent upon European markets, and that, consequently, for the first time in our history the tariff is becoming more an object of direct concern to our grain and meat producers. A second effect, manifestly, is that we have come to a time when our imports must be paid for in other than agricultural products. In other words we are becoming preëminently a manufacturing rather than an agricultural nation. It would not be at all surprising, therefore, if our manufacturers should come soon to favor a low tariff.

A marked consequence of the rise in land-values and of higher prices for products is the utilization of inferior lands. Irrigation and drainage are reclaiming fertile spots otherwise waste,

and dry-farming methods have led to a great extension of the farming area (at the expense of the ranges) in all of our plains states; while at the same time there has been an extraordinary reverse movement toward the neglected farming regions of the East. The rehabilitation of the farming industry in the latter section, indeed, is one of the most important and pleasing features of the new era.

In fact a revolution is being effected in agriculture. However natural and often defensible, under the economic conditions of the free-land era, exploitive methods may have been, they are now not only unsuited to the present age, but are reprehensible from the standpoint of its needs and instincts. Instead, scientific methods are displacing the old as rapidly perhaps as we have a right to expect. The full effect of the movement toward a scientific, permanent system of agriculture will probably not be felt until the children and young people who are now being trained in the new agriculture take their places in life. No one who comes into contact with the boys and girls of our great corn-growing and bread-making contests and like movements, or with the earnest students in our agricultural colleges, can fail to appreciate the great renovation of agriculture which is preparing.

As a result partly of the widening influence of our agricultural colleges and partly of numerous coöperating agencies, a new set of ideals is being created with regard to country life. The nation as a whole, in fact, is making a reëstimation of rural life. With the coming of dear lands, city people have awakened to a new interest in country affairs and a new respect for country inhabitants. There is before us in the United States the opportunity to develop perhaps the finest type of rural civilization that the world has

ever known. The ownership of land in past ages has always been most honorable, but the working of it has been regarded generally as degrading. The actual farmers, equipped with their poor, pitiable instruments, and condemned to unceasing and disheartening toil, have been slaves, serfs, heathen, pagans, boors, peasants. But to-day the use of machinery and new facilities for communication make it possible for the same individual to be a tiller of the soil and a gentleman.

There is some question, however, whether this opportunity will be rightly appreciated and used. Farm-tenantry in the United States has increased twelve per cent in the last thirty years, despite homesteading. In some regions self-respecting farmers are being effaced by certain types of foreigners who have a 'more efficient standard of living.' The question is being widely considered, moreover, whether we are not tending to capitalistic ownership of land, and therewith to a tenantry system or to a system of managers and laborers. Some of our leaders of economic thought appear willing to condone the admitted social loss arising from such systems, under the plea of 'economic necessity' or the good of added production. It is true that the latter we must have, and it certainly behooves the individualistic pioneer farmer to recognize the new order of things, change his methods, and bring about greater production, if he would avoid ultimate extermination; but the history of land-tenure in the Roman Republic and in England suggests the very grave danger of allowing economic considerations undue control over social welfare. England is now trying to undo some of the evil working of 'economic necessity' by a forced breaking up of estates under the Small Holdings Act. If there is danger of capitalistic control of our farm-land,

it would be better now to begin to shape our rural system on right and enlightened lines than to hand on to future generations a problem vastly more intricate.

We may possibly find of advantage in the shaping of land-tenure the use of discriminatory taxation for the purpose of social control. Large tracts which are now held unutilized or only partially utilized by speculators — tracts which are a cause of grievous social retardation to some communities — ought to be so heavily taxed that the holders would be compelled either to put them to better use or to sell out. In the second place, taxation might be so arranged as to favor the man who lives on his farm to the disadvantage of the one who does not. And in the third place, we may see our way ultimately to tax the unearned increment, which is a great cause for speculation and instability on the part of our farming population. Forms of taxation such as these, moreover, might tend to keep land-values within reach of those wanting homes and to insure healthful and attractive social conditions in the open country.

Better credit facilities also promise great advantages both for aiding production and for facilitating acquisition of land by the landless. On one point, however, the betterment of rural credits ought to be severely guarded — that they be not used by farmers merely to buy more land. One main desire of most American farmers is to acquire another forty or one hundred and sixty. Lower rates of interest and better terms, if money were used for this purpose, might result simply in more slovenly farming and higher prices of land. Rightly used, however, improved systems of credit and other well-directed devices may bring about both a finer country life and a greater agricultural production — our goals as

we pass from the free-land era to the restricted-land era.

The transformation which is under way in agricultural life is but a part of the vast process of change through which we are passing. In this process the most far-reaching and vital problems have to do with the influence upon American democracy of the passing of the public lands.

IV

The growth of modern democracy has been closely identified with individualism; and in the United States both the *laissez-faire* theory and the occupation of the public lands in the era just closing combined to produce an extraordinary development of individualism. Now, individualism in relation to society has its good and its evil tendencies; and both were apparent in our public-land era.

The virtues of individualism were strongly accentuated in the inhabitants of our new regions. Men became self-reliant, hardy, aggressive. They learned to depend upon their own judgment, courage, and resourcefulness, and to scorn dependence and weakness. They were undaunted by obstacles and acquired the habit of overcoming difficulties. Power of achievement grew within them, and the call of a great country and of a large future impelled initiative and enterprise ever to attempts more bold and more vast. Under the spell which the West cast upon its children, they wrought with hope and enthusiasm and optimism; many a man was lifted by the new country from discouragement and weakness and littleness to valor of heart and health of body and breadth of personality. Hardships were cheerfully and at times heroically undergone, calamities and misfortunes were courageously endured and rapidly re-

paired. Little trammled by the past, the pioneers became versatile and progressive, skilled in adjusting both their lives and their institutions to new environments.

But the individualistic democracy of our era of public lands had also defects. It was often over-self-confident. Ours was the most glorious country in all the world. Our system of government was of such a high degree of perfection that we looked pityingly upon other less fortunate nations — overlooking, with a promoter's disregard, small defects like graft and municipal misgovernment. In free America, moreover, we needed no governing class, no specialists in government, for every American citizen was confident that he could step into almost any office and run it well. Mistakes of all sorts — economic, social, and political — were quickly cured by the unceasing expansion into the great public domain, and prosperity constituted an invulnerable argument in favor of all our policies.

Easily connected with over-confidence was the habit of running risks. An American was willing to take his chances in any sort of enterprise; he loved the excitement of hazard, whether in mining, gambling, real-estate deals, or politics. If he failed, could he not go to some new region and make a fresh start? He often became reckless, moreover, with regard to his own life and the lives of others. 'How about such and such a steamboat?' inquired one miner of another as they stood on the bank of a river in the far West. 'She is good enough for passengers,' was the response, 'but I would n't trust treasure in her.' We were reckless and over-confident in business also. We grew feverish in speculation, and every generation had to have its head cleared by a panic.

Along with speculation went haste

and waste. We boasted of the quickness with which we did things and reckoned not the cost; we reveled in the richness of our resources, and thought not of the morrow. We skimmed our mines and exhausted our soils and slashed our woods, intent only on immediate gain. We became a prey to 'nervous prosperity,' and each hastened to get ahead of the other in occupying and possessing and accumulating.

In the rush for wealth we grew disregarding of the rights of others. The wilderness was no place for weaklings, the prizes were for the strong and the successful. In the rapidity of our settlement of the public domain our population often outran government, and the instruments of social control in new regions were usually weak. We acquired something of contempt for the slow workings of government, and we learned how to evade or to cow the law.

These habits — over-confidence, recklessness, waste, disregard for law — we Americans of the new era recognize as evils which must be inhibited. We have come, indeed, to a time of larger social control. The democracy of the public-land era was individualistic; the democracy of the new time is to be a socialized democracy.

Notwithstanding defects in our pioneer democracy, however, it was a genuine and sincere democracy; and it was so vitally connected with our public lands, that their passing raises profound problems touching the very existence of our democracy.

It would probably be incorrect, nevertheless, to ascribe the growth of democracy in America solely to our public lands; for modern industrialism has permeated the nations with democratic leaven, and particularly in western Europe has produced democratic tendencies in nations which possess no public lands. Other forces also have been at work. Yet it may be worth

while to notice that the example of America has been a considerable incentive to European strivings, and that the escape of great numbers of emigrants out of European conditions has helped to make more impossible the permanent subjection of the European populace. The growth of democracy in European countries at least synchronizes with the great modern migrations to the United States — the greatest migrations known to history. And in this way the public lands of the United States may not have been without influence in the development of a greater measure of freedom in Europe.

Conditions, at any rate, were made favorable for democracy in the United States by our public lands. In the first place, they tended to cause a considerable degree of economic equality among our people. Out on the frontier the conditions were such as to produce a large measure of financial equality, or at least of financial opportunity. Poor men in the East could go out West and take up land or enter business in new communities and in a few years might have a good start in life. In the case of many a young man, the public lands took the place of wealthy ancestors. In thinking of the equalizing tendencies of our public lands, moreover, it should be borne in mind that they not only offered opportunity to farmers and prospectors, but that they gave chances in life also, in new and growing towns, to lawyers, bankers, merchants, carpenters, editors, and in general to men of various callings. The public lands absorbed the surplus in all occupations. The consequence was that not only were the individuals benefited who went forth upon them, but the supply of labor in the older centres, whether physical or professional, was proportionately decreased and therefore better recompensed. While the plaint of the poor

or of the aggrieved was not wanting, few were predestined to poverty without hope of substantial rise; such inequality of wealth as obtained was not felt by individuals or classes to be permanent.

Our public lands, in the second place, tended to produce social equality. On the frontier, a man's standing depended upon his personal prowess and character. 'Family' counted for nothing; one man was just as good as another. 'In the gulch,' observed the *Montana Post* in 1865, 'Major Blank wheels while Colonel Carat fills.' So long as men could migrate from the East to such communities, it was impossible for class-distinctions to become well established, and we had no permanently submerged class. The United States has known little thus far of those sorrowful problems of dire misery and degradation which have so perpetually haunted older countries; nor has it known such grave crises of social agitation. The public lands, in fact, furnished a safety-valve for social discontent.

An example of the healthful effects of the public lands was shown by the ease with which, at the close of the Civil War, our numerous soldiery reentered peaceful pursuits. Thousands of them took up free land or engaged in railroad construction in the West. Contrast our happy experience in this respect with the want and pain and disaster which befell the laboring population of Great Britain when, at the close of the Napoleonic wars, large numbers of discharged soldiers and sailors swelled the labor-supply.

A third tendency was the propagation of political equality. Our nation at its birth was decidedly more aristocratic politically than at present. One man in six then had the franchise, and a host of restrictions aimed to confine office-holding to the 'well-born.' In

the Convention which framed our Constitution there was marked distrust of a popular electorate. 'The people,' urged Roger Sherman, 'should have as little as may be to do about the government'; and Gerry, of Massachusetts, claimed that, 'The evils we experience flow from the excess of Democracy.' Our presidents for the first forty years of our nation were aristocrats. The forces, on the other hand, which have made for equality in our history — anti-federalism, Jacksonian democracy, populism, insurgency, progressivism — were generated principally in the West. The newer areas, likewise, have been areas of constant innovation and experimentation in governmental democracy — witness Oklahoma and Arizona. 'Thus we have from the earliest periods of the trans-Alleghany movement down to the latest period,' says Mr. R. T. Hill in his *Public Domain and Democracy*, 'constant democratic political movements which have successively borne marks of the social and economic conditions peculiar to a new country and particularly to conditions dominating the huge American Public Domain.'

v

If, then, the public lands have conduced to wide democratic equality, what will be in this respect the effect of their passing? Will the new era tend to inequality? Is such inequality inimical to democracy? Can tendencies to inequality, if such develop, be controlled by society? What forms shall social control take, and to what extent can it be healthfully exercised?

He would be very presumptuous indeed who should attempt now to answer these grave questions, but one may at least consider whether there are indications that stratification is proceeding. In the first place we may raise the question as to the so-called

lower classes. Is social distress becoming in our time more persistent and more difficult of amelioration? It is true that, in the past, numbers of the laboring class, caught by habits, occupation, or remoteness from the new lands, lived under conditions which were evil; but there was always a chance for escape to new environment, if not for the sufferers themselves, then for their children. So long as we had great areas of public lands, individuals could escape from untoward conditions, and the formation of a class in permanent inferiority was impossible. To-day the ownership of land, or such change in economic circumstances as will permit an individual laborer to step out of his class, is becoming more and more difficult. In the older time sons of poverty-stricken parents were urged to develop themselves and to aspire to rise higher as individuals; to-day young men are urged to become efficient employees, with the prospect of making a permanent living as employees. The very means of amelioration of bad conditions point not to a man's rising out of his class, but to his betterment as a member of his class. Of such nature are the various phases of social insurance, pension systems, and unionization.

Even in the sphere of education the question is already being raised whether trade and technical schools, indispensable in many respects as they appear to our new democracy, nevertheless may not induct the masses into careers dwarfed of initiative and aspiration. 'Shall we not in giving the vocational training,' suggests Professor A. D. Weeks, 'intensify vocational and professional distinctions and instead of a democracy, consisting, let us admit, of a certain equality of inefficiency, set up a society which will be administratively more perfect, but consisting of impenetrable strata?'

On the other hand, how about the tendency toward the formation of an aristocracy?

There is no doubt that to-day we have enormous inequality of wealth. The greater part of the wealth of the country, and to a still greater extent the control of the wealth of the country, is in the hands of a small minority of the people. That this condition is a result in part of the unrestricted individualism of the public-land era, does not alter the fact. Time was when we thought that the evil of great accumulation of wealth would cure itself; that which the father accumulated the son, or certainly the grandson, would scatter. Cases of this sort did occur in the ups and downs of the period when the wealthy man ran risks along with the rest of us. But present-day aggregations of wealth have been projected over from the period of rapid economic change to the period of greater economic fixation; our great fortunes now run few risks, their gambles are well-nigh sure things. Consequently, personal mediocrity or weakness on the part of the heirs of large fortunes usually cannot seriously endanger those fortunes. Certainly one of the most vital and menacing problems for the democracy of the new era is whether immense fortunes gained in a competitive era by exploitive methods shall be perpetuated and increased in an era in which for the masses there can be no opportunities for exploitation.

While, in general, conditions in rural regions point to the continuance of a middle class upon our farms, yet it is to be noted that the possession of a farm of from eighty to three hundred and twenty acres, with the expensive equipment now required to run it, is quite out of the reach of very large numbers of our population at present prices. It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that even in the country social stratifica-

tion is proceeding by insensible and natural steps; in the cities disparity of fortune and social cleavage are already clearly marked. The tendencies toward economic and social equality which, as we have noted, were marked features of our public-land era, seem fast vanishing into history.

Will the political equality survive? Can the democracy which was created in a period of industrial expansion and social instability, and infused with the *laissez-faire* theory, be effective in a period of comparative industrial limitation and social fixation?

This is our problem, and we are hard at work upon it. We are making use of our political equality to try to gain greater social and economic equality. The strivings of our national life in this endeavor are earnest and strong. Evidences of the effort occur in our reform of the civil service, our secret ballot, our direct primaries; in regulation of railways and corporations, in publicity requirements, in life-insurance safeguards; in employers' liability laws, income and inheritance taxes, and in schemes of social insurance and social betterment. Education is being transformed from the ideal of training for individual success to that of social competence and service. We are apparently beginning to realize also that a new period in the country's development calls for a new policy with regard to immigration. Our democracy must not be weakened by dilutions of poverty and ignorance from abroad if it is to solve the problems with which it is confronted.

In some respects our problems are made more pressing because of our having had public lands in the past. We have lagged behind older countries in making social adjustments. For example, in compulsory or state insurance of the working classes with regard to life, accidents, sickness, non-employment, and old age, we are a generation

behind Germany, England, and a number of other nations.

All along the line, however, our democracy is moving forward. Either voluntarily or through conscription, even our wealthy men are learning to march with the people, for it is one of the most encouraging facts in the outlook that our holders of great wealth are by no means unresponsive to tides

of social feeling. Let our democracy be self-controlled and sane, let it avoid war, let it limit excessive reproduction and immigration, let it redirect education, let it conserve the strength and health and well-being of its citizens, and we may hope for success in the delicate and complicated and trying adjustments which we are making as we pass from the era of public lands.

AN EXPOSITION OF SLEEP

BY FREDERICK PETERSON

'BUT I pray you let none of your people stir me. I have an exposition of sleep come upon me,' — says Bottom in the play.

What is this 'exposition of sleep'? A commonplace natural phenomenon which we accept as we do air and water,—a bafflingly mysterious condition in which we are compelled to pass a full third of our earthly life,—yet sleep, strangely enough, has been little studied or written about in all our compendiums of learning. In the thirty thousand pages of the encyclopædia, which may be looked upon as in a sense a microcosm, an epitome of all the accumulated knowledge of the world, there are but two pages devoted to sleep. This measures the general interest of humanity in the subject. One would think that psychologists would find a special field in this eclipse of the mind for eight hours every day, yet those huge tomes of Baldwin — the dictionary of psychology — devote half a page to sleep. The practical interest of medical men is in the disorders

of sleep, but they treat of it in their medical books almost wholly from the standpoint of therapeutics, seldom or never from that of etiology. The chief literature of sleep seems to be found among the poets, religious devotees and mystics. I shall not quote Shakespeare, but only say that his innumerable references to sleep and dreams and the disorders of sleep prove him to have been an extraordinary observer. An incomparable clinician was spoiled in him when he became a poet. But I shall quote some sentences from the writings of Iamblichus, the mystic, because they do present a theory of sleep that is never mentioned in the works of medical practitioners or physiologists, though believed in by multitudes at the present time.

'The soul has a two-fold life, a lower and a higher. In sleep the soul is freed from the constraint of the body and enters, as one emancipated, on its divine life of intelligence.'

'The nobler part of the soul is thus united by abstraction to higher natures,

and becomes a participant in the wisdom and foreknowledge of the gods.'

'Numbers of sick, by sleeping in the temple of Æsculapius, have had their cure revealed to them in dreams vouchsafed by the god.'

'The night-time of the body is the day-time of the soul.'

The argument is that since we have no knowledge of anything in existence but matter and spirit (force), and since neither of these rests or has need of rest, the only logical explanation of sleep is that it affords an opportunity for the re-creation of the soul by union during the unconscious period with the great reservoir of spirit outside of ourselves in the universe about us.

We must turn to the physiologists for records of the accumulated data on sleep. In these newest books on physiology we find what scientists have to offer at the present time in relation to the subject. The main object of this essay is to present their assumptions and facts with some critical comments.

Since most living things exhibit periods of rest alternating with activity, it is assumed that this is a law of living matter. But is it a true law? Matter itself is apparently never at rest, from the points of force which compose atoms, to the whirling planets and suns; and living matter is made up of the physical atoms that never rest. It is doubtless the phenomenon of sleep that has led the physiologists to the dictum that all living matter must rest.

Since in sleep so many of the most active functions keep on practically unchanged, such as the circulation, respiration, secretion, and digestion, the preformed hypothesis had to be supported by such statements as that the heart gets its rest between the beats. The physiologist says it is a mistake to suppose that the heart needs no rest; that it does need it and obtains it in the pause after the second beat; that

while the sleep of the heart is frequently broken, the heart actually does rest in point of time half of its life, whereas the brain rests only one third of its life, despite its longer periods of sleep! Thus the original hypothesis is even more than satisfied.

'The most important fact of sleep is the partial or complete loss of consciousness, and this phenomenon may be referred directly to a lessened metabolic activity in the brain tissue, presumably in the cortex cerebri.'¹

There are two pure assumptions in this paragraph: first, that consciousness is probably a function of the cortex of the brain; and second, that the phenomenon of sleep depends upon lessened metabolic activity in the brain cortex. I will not go over all the arguments against the first assumption, but merely point out that consciousness is certainly not present in all parts of the cortex at any one time; otherwise all of our memories stored up through the five senses represented in diverse parts of the brain would be in the stream of consciousness simultaneously. In individuals who have lost large portions of the cortex through accident or disease, even to the extent of a hemisphere, consciousness may be unimpaired. The arguments against the second assumption, that sleep depends upon lessened metabolic activity in the brain cortex, are also partly valid against the first assumption. Several experimenters have carefully extirpated the cerebral hemispheres of birds and other animals. Schrader's studies are the best with which I am acquainted. Decerebrated pigeons, after the first shock of the operation, wander about the room untiringly the greater part of the day, perfectly coördinated in flying or walking, with good space-perception, seeing, avoiding obstacles, awake all day and sleeping at

¹ Howell's *Physiology*, 1912.

night. Goltz's dogs without cerebral hemispheres presented the same phenomena of waking and sleeping, very restless when awake, and curling up like normal dogs when asleep.

In two cases of children observed by the writer, where little was left in either of cortex or brain, owing to disease, waking and sleeping conditions were noted. The child without cerebrum described recently by Edinger and Fischer¹ lived to be nearly four years old and lay 'motionless in sleep unless awakened.'

Apparently, then, neither cortex nor cerebrum is essential to sleep.

It is clear that we must restrict our definitions here. We cannot look upon the states of being awake or being conscious and of being asleep or being unconscious as equivalent or synonymous.

Consciousness now is regarded as related only to memory-associations which function in the cerebrum.

Thus, a creature may be awake but not conscious, as in decerebrated animals. On the other hand it may be asleep yet conscious (or, if you prefer, *sub-conscious*), as in dreams and somnambulism. For that matter one might quote James, who says that the quarrel between Descartes and Locke as to whether the mind ever sleeps or not is still unsettled.

Granted that consciousness and being awake are different states, the underlying anatomical and physiological conditions should be different. That summation of activities which we call being awake, evidently not cerebral, but determined by function in the basal ganglia and nerves, may by irradiation into the cerebral hemispheres arouse consciousness also. At any rate we must hereafter distinguish between the concept of sleep and the concept of unconsciousness.

¹ *Archiv für Physiologie*, 1913, p. 535.

Another dictum of the physiologists, emphasized in their latest works, relates to the dangers of sleeplessness. 'Sleep is more important to life than nutrition, and insomnia kills sooner than starvation,'—to quote the exact words of one. This has been a kind of tradition in medicine, and is reiterated again and again in these books, without any real evidence, so far as I know, to support it. Taught to every medical man of older generations and to every medical fledgling of to-day, it finds its way to general public acceptance, begetting in the lay mind terrors of insanity and death which haunt every unfortunate victim of insomnia. The fear of not sleeping is one of the commonest causes of insomnia. Yet I do not know of any medical evidence anywhere of disastrous results from insomnia, and have myself never seen any harm arise from sleeplessness, apart from the harm done by the fears and worries associated with the condition.

So far as I can discover, the only basis for the assumption that sleeplessness is more dangerous to life than starvation, is the experiments made over twenty years ago by Marie de Manasseine on ten young puppies that died after four or five days of provoked insomnia. I do not know what means she used to keep the puppies awake, or how far the methods employed were in themselves injurious, nor do I know of any repetitions of the experiments by others. But I should think that experiments on young puppies that tend to sleep a great deal more than grown dogs after their months of antenatal sleep, would be unsatisfactory criteria for conditions in adult human beings. Not only does our experience with patients with insomnia contradict these deductions, but we all know of long-lived normal human beings whose hours of sleep are far below the average eight hours. Humboldt with his three hours

a day, Edison with four, and John Hunter with three to four hours, are oft-quoted examples. Patrick and Gilbert kept three healthy young men awake for ninety hours, — nearly four days, — and at the end of this time a small extra amount of sleep beyond the normal caused complete restoration.

There seems to be such a thing as intensive sleeping, just as we have intensive gardening and farming. It has been shown experimentally that repose is deepest during the first hour or two, and that sleep becomes more shallow, more superficial, thereafter; and it is conceivable that by sleeping intensively for two or three hours we might secure as much actual rest as we now obtain by dissipating it over seven or eight hours. It would be interesting to know more than we do about comparative sleep in the various animals. The authorities state that birds, despite their enormous activities and more intense metabolism, sleep very little. The dog, which appears to sleep so much, is said to be the most wakable of animals. Man is regarded as the soundest sleeper and the least wakable among all creatures. It has been suggested that this sleep-relation between dog and man, companions from pre-glacial ages, which has been so conducive to their mutual preservation, is another example of that duplex kind of life that we call symbiosis.

Now to a consideration of the theories of sleep. The mystic theory of Iamblichus has already been referred to. Then there is the theory of the psychologist Claparède, that sleep is a phenomenon of nature in the shape of a reaction of defense against fatigue. The theories described in the physiologies will, however, interest us most.

One is that the accumulation of acid waste-products in the blood, especially from muscle-activity in the shape of sarcolactic acid, brings on a gradually

increasing loss of irritability in the brain-cells, finally resulting in unconsciousness. Lactic acid or lactate of soda injected into the blood brings on fatigue and finally unconsciousness. This theory assumes an action like that of a narcotic. One would think that one fact of normal sleep would invalidate the theory. That is that a sleeper can be instantly awakened and made as alert as at any hour of the day, in a few seconds of time and at any period of his sleep, which should hardly be the case if his blood is so charged with acid waste-products as to produce unconsciousness.

Another explanation is that the intra-molecular oxygen of the brain-cells is used up more rapidly in the waking state than the blood can supply it, and during sleep the store of oxygen is replenished.

The retraction theory had more vogue a few years ago than it has now. It was thought that the dendritic processes of the brain-cells, by retracting, broke connections so that the cells could be no longer stimulated. This mechanical theory assumes, like the theories just mentioned, that the brain-cells are the seat of consciousness, and that, connections being broken, they cannot be stimulated. But at least the cells of all the senses in sleep are not beyond the reach of stimulation, as the sleeper can at any time be awakened by their stimulation. The sleep-walker sees, hears, feels, walks, thinks, and is yet asleep.

The anæmia theory is pretty well founded. By observation of the brains of sleeping animals and of man also, through openings in the skull made by design or accident, and by the use of the plethysmograph, an actual diminution of blood in the brain and an increase in the extremities has been noted during sleep by many observers. Anæmia may be considered as a con-

comitant of normal sleep, but whether as cause or effect no one has yet determined.

This fact leads to the differentiation of another form of sleep from the familiar normal form. This is hypnotic sleep, in which the face is red, the retina hyperæmic, the arms diminished in volume in the plethysmograph, — conditions opposite to those of normal sleep. A curious condition too in hypnotic sleep is that none of the experiences during the unconscious period are remembered on waking. Many observers have noted increased frequency of respiration and heart-action and dilated pupils in hypnotism, as well as active knee jerks, all of which symptoms are in contrast with those of normal sleep.

I will digress a little further here, simply to refer to another variety or other varieties of sleep, namely, those due to anæsthetics and drugs. While some of the milder drugs induce an artificial sleep that simulates closely natural sleep, there are differences in certain effects of narcotics when we bear in mind the main features of normal sleep, which are, in brief, moderate slowing up of the general physiological functions such as circulation, respiration, digestion, and secretion, anæmia of the brain, contraction of the pupils, rolling up of the eyeballs, and, what is not mentioned in the books though certainly a usual feature of normal sleep, a certain easy wakability. It is much more difficult to awaken a person from these artificial sleeps. Henbane sleep has its special features of hallucinations, dilated pupils, and rapid pulse; haschish sleep its mildly manic exaltation and rapid flow of dream-consciousness; alcohol, ether, chloroform, opium, and so forth, each some distinctive quality in the sleep induced by them. These drugs and anæsthetics are supposed to act chemically upon the ganglion cells by some sort of loose evanes-

cent combination with the lipoids or fatty substances of the cells.

After this digression let us return to the question of the cause of sleep. The authorities seem to seek in vain some explanation of its periodicity. It has never seemed to me that sufficient attention has been given to physical causes outside of the organism, — for instance to the planetary rhythm of day and night, which ordinarily coincides with the periods of activity and inactivity, waking and sleeping. The biologists have been busy a long time with the tropisms which influence all forms of life, and among these heliotropism is probably of the greatest importance. Loeb, in his *Dynamics of Living Matter*, says that 'heliotropism plays a wide rôle in determining the behavior of animals, and there are animals whose life becomes, at certain periods of their existence at least, a function of light.' This is undoubtedly true of plants as well. The turning of plants toward the light is heliotropism.

When lower forms of animal life are experimented with in the laboratory, the tendency is to diminished activity or complete rest (sleep) in the dark and to increased activity in the light. This chemical effect upon protoplasm in general becomes rhythmic with the alternating day and night, and in the hundred million years that led to the evolution of man, the original terrestrial protoplasmic rhythm became an established function of animal life. With the development of a nervous system this regular periodicity of action and inaction was doubtless taken over to a considerable extent by the neurons, as has occurred with other functions of protoplasm. If this be so, may we not look upon sleep, which robs us of twenty-three years of activity in our short lives of three score and ten, as a bad habit, as an incident or rather accident of our existence on this

particular planet? One wonders for instance as to the relations of sleep and activity on a planet like Jupiter, with a ten-hour day (five hours of light and five hours of night), with six years of polar day and six years of polar night, and seasons each three years long. What about sleep on Saturn, with its luminous rings and eight moons, and also five hours of day and five hours of night? How about sleep on planets lit by duplex or triplex suns, or in the solar system of Theta Orionis with seven suns?

That the theory presented cannot be far wrong is borne out by the facts in another type of sleep which I have not yet mentioned, but which is conceded to be due to a terrestrial rhythm, namely the winter sleep and summer sleep of certain animals, — hibernation and æstivation. This seasonal rhythm of inactivity which is exhibited by many different species of animals, such as bats, hedgehogs, dormice, marmots, reptiles and batrachians, brown and grizzly bears, and so on, is physiologically only an exaggeration of normal diurnal sleep. All the functions are slowed down. Respiration, alimentation, and excretion are actually suspended in complete hibernation; circulation continues, but with enormous retardation, and temperature adjustment where such exists at all is in abeyance. The seasonal sleep of plants need only be mentioned as clearly a seasonal or terrestrial rhythm. If physical conditions of the planet determine the function of sleep, then we ought to find in Arctic experience some corroboration of the assumption. The natives of the Arctic regions spend most of the Arctic night in sleep. Nansen, in his *Farthest North*, tells of his companion

and himself sleeping twenty hours out of the twenty-four. They woke up simply for food and to make notes and registrations. Greely says he allowed his officers and men to sleep only fourteen to sixteen hours daily, keeping them employed the rest of the time. It is the oncoming dark, sweeping around the world with each diurnal revolution, that lays all creatures low, like the wind across a field of wheat.

The work of man is a function of light, and since the days of the cave-dwellers, all men have turned in to sleep when the light was gone and there was no stimulus to the senses to overcome the terrestrial rhythm. It is a rhythm that seems to be easily broken and not as important to life as nutrition, for instance. So that, when the need arises, man or animal may reverse the rhythm, work at night and sleep by day, to satisfy hunger or ambition.

Will it always be necessary to sleep the twenty-three years of our short span? With the ferment of mind now going on all over the civilized world, with increasing mental and spiritual work to do, with the introduction of newer and better methods of artificial illumination, will not the tendency be for the hours of sleep to grow shorter and shorter, and the time for the use of the mind longer? Does not the growing tendency to insomnia point to a transition period from the old-time periods of mental torpor to the time when man shall be able to use his cerebral engine every hour of his brief life? Need we worry about insomnia? Perhaps in time, by practice of ascetic economy in sleeping and eating, every one will be able to unlock those stores of reserve power described by James in his *Energies of Men*.

NEWSPAPER MORALS: A REPLY

BY RALPH PULITZER

THE striking article in the March *Atlantic* by Mr. Henry L. Mencken, on 'Newspaper Morals,' is so full of palpable facts supporting plausible fallacies that simple justice to press and 'proletariat' seems to render proper a few thoughts in answer to it.

Mr. Mencken's main facts, summarized, are as follows: that press and public often approach public questions too superficially and sentimentally; that the sense of proportion is too often lost in the heat of campaigns; that the truth is too often obscured by the intrusion of irrelevant personalities; and that after the intemperate extremes of reform waves there always come reactions into indifference to the evils but yesterday so furiously fought.

Mr. Mencken's fallacies are: the supercilious assumption that these weaknesses are not matters of human temperament running up and down through a certain proportion of every division of society, but that, on the contrary, they are class affairs, never tainting the educated classes, but limited to 'the man in the street,' 'the rabble,' 'the mob'; that apparently the emotionalizing of public questions by the press is to be censured in principle and sneered at in practice; that it means a deliberate truckling by the newspapers to the ignorant tastes of the masses when the press fights a public evil by attacking, with argument and indignation mingled, a man who personifies that evil, instead of opposing the general principle of that evil with a wholly passionless intellectualism.

A general fallacy which affects Mr. Mencken's whole article lies in criticizing as offenses against 'newspaper *morals*' those imperfections which, where they exist at all, could properly be criticized only under such criteria as suggested by 'Newspaper Intellectuals,' or 'Newspapers as the Exponents of Pure Reason.'

Mr. Mencken first exposes and deprecates the 'aim' of the newspapers to 'knock somebody in the head every day,' 'to please the crowd, to give a good show, by first selecting a deserving victim and then putting him magnificently to the torture,' and even to fight 'constructive campaigns for good government in exactly the same Gothic, melodramatic way.'

Now 'muck-raking' rather than incense-burning is not a deliberate aim so much as a spontaneous instinct of the average newspaper. Nor is there anything either mysterious or reprehensible about this. The public, of all degrees, is more interested in hitting Wrong than in praising Right, because fortunately we are still in an optimistic state of society, where Right is taken for granted and Wrong contains the element of the unusual and abnormal. If the day shall ever come when papers will be able to 'expose' Right and regard Wrong as a foregone conclusion they will doubtless quickly reverse their treatment of the two. In an Ali Baba's cave it might be natural for a paper to discover some man's honesty; in a *yoshiwara* it might be reasonable for it to expatiate on some

woman's virtue. But while honesty and virtue and rightness are assumed to be the normal condition of men and women and things in general, it does not seem either extraordinary or culpable that people and press should be more interested in the polemical than in the platitudinous; in blame than in painting the lily; in attack than in sending laudatory coals to Newcastle. It scarcely needs remark, however, that when the element of surprise is introduced by some deed of exceptional heroism or abnegation or inspiration, the newspapers are not slow in giving it publicity and praise.

Mr. Mencken finds it deplorable that 'a very definite limit is set not only upon the people's capacity for grasping intellectual concepts, but also upon their capacity for grasping moral concepts'; that, therefore, it is necessary 'to visualize their cause in some definite and defiant opponent . . . by translating all arguments for a principle into rage against a man.' Far be it from me to deny that people and papers are too prone to get diverted from the pursuit of some principle by acrimonious personalities wholly ungermane to that principle. But the protest against this should not lead to unfair extremes in the opposite direction. If Mr. Mencken's ideal is a nation of philosophers calmly agreeing on the abstract desirability of honesty while serenely ignoring the specific picking of their own pockets, we have no ground for argument. But until we reach such a semi-imbecile Utopia it would seem to be no reflection on 'the people's' intellectual or moral concepts that they should refuse to excite themselves over any theoretical wrong until their attention is focused on some practical manifestation of it, in the concrete acts of some specific individual.

May I add, parenthetically, that some papers and many acutely intel-

lectual gentlemen find it far more convenient and comfortable to generalize virtuously than to particularize virtuously? Nor does it require merely moral or physical courage to reduce the safely general to the disagreeably personal. It requires no despicable amount of intellectual acumen as well.

Mr. Mencken next proceeds to 'assume here, as an axiom too obvious to be argued, that the chief appeal of a newspaper in all such holy causes is not at all to the educated and reflective minority of citizens, but to the ignorant and unreflective majority.' On the contrary, it is very far from being 'too obvious to be argued.' A great many persons of guaranteed education are sadly destitute of any reflectiveness whatsoever, while an appalling number of 'the ignorant' have the effrontery to be able to reflect very efficiently. This is apart from the fact that the general intelligence among many of the ignorant is matched only by the abysmal stupidity of many of the educated.

Thus it is that the decent paper makes its appeal on public questions to the numerically large body of reflective 'ignorance' and to the numerically small body of reflective education, leaving it to the demagogic papers, which are the exception at one end, to inflame the unreflective ignorant, and to the sycophantic papers at the other end to pander to the unreflective educated.

As to Mr. Mencken's charge that he knows of 'no subject, save perhaps baseball, on which the average American newspaper discourses with unfailing sense and understanding,' I know of no subject at all, even including baseball, on which the most exceptionally gifted man in the world discourses with unfailing sense and understanding. But I do know this: that, considering the immense range of subjects which the American paper is

called upon to discuss, and its meagre limits of time in which to prepare for such discussion, the failings of that paper in sense and understanding are probably rarer than would be those under the same conditions of Mr. Mencken's most fastidious selection.

'But,' Mr. Mencken continues, 'whenever the public journals presume to illuminate such a matter as municipal taxation, for example, or the extension of local transportation facilities, or the punishment of public or private criminals, or the control of public-service corporations, or the revision of city charters, the chief effect of their effort is to introduce into it a host of extraneous issues, most of them wholly emotional, and so they continue to make it unintelligible to all earnest seekers after truth.' Here again it is all a matter of point of view. If Mr. Mencken's earnest seekers after truth wish to evolve ideological schemes of municipal taxation, or supramundane extensions of transportation facilities, or transcendental control of public-service corporations, or academic revisions of city charters, then, indeed, the newspaper discussions of these questions would be bewildering to these visionary workers in the realms of pure reason. For the newspapers 'presume' to regard these questions, not as theoretical problems, to be solved under theoretical conditions, on theoretical populations, to theoretical perfection, but as workable projects for a workaday world, in which the most beautiful abstract reasoning must stand the test of flesh-and-blood conditions; they regard emotional issues as so far, indeed, from being extraneous that the human nature of the humblest men and women must be weighed in the balance against the nicest syllogisms of the precise logic. And this is nothing that Mr. Mencken need condescend to apologize for so long as 'newspaper

morals' are under discussion. For it must be obvious that the honest exposition and analysis of public questions from a human as well as a scientific point of view is a higher moral service to the community than an exclusively scientific, wholly unsympathetic search after truth by those who regard populations as mere subjects for the demonstration of principles.

It is precisely the honorable prerogative of newspapers not only to clarify but to vivify, to galvanize dead hypotheses into living questions, to make the educated and the ignorant alike feel that public questions should interest and stir all good citizens and not merely engross social philosophers and political theorists.

But here let me avoid joining Mr. Mencken in the pitfall of generalizations, by drawing a sharp distinction between the great run of decent papers which do honestly emotionalize public questions and the relatively few papers which unscrupulously *hystericalize* these questions.

Mr. Mencken is entirely correct when he admits that this emotionalizing brings these problems down to a 'man's comprehension, and, what is more important, within the range of his active sympathies.' But he again shows a very unfortunate class arrogance when he identifies this man as 'the man in the street.' If Mr. Mencken searched earnestly enough after truth, he would find this man to be about as extensively the man at the ticker, the man in the motor-car, the man at the operating table, the man in the pulpit. In the same vein he continues that the only papers which discuss good government unemotionally 'are diligently avoided by the mob.' If Mr. Mencken only included with his proletariat the mob of stockbrokers and doctors and engineers and lawyers and college graduates generally, who

refuse to read these logical and unemotional discussions, he would unfortunately be quite right. It would be a beautiful thing indeed if we had with us to-day one hundred millions of 'earnest seekers after truth,' all busily engaged in discussing 'good government in the abstract,' 'logically and unemotionally.' If they were only thus dispassionately busied, it is quite true that things would not be as at present, when 'they are always ready for a man hunt and their favorite quarry is a man of politics. If no such prey is at hand, they will turn to wealthy debauchees, to fallen Sunday-school superintendents, to money barons, to white-slave traders.' In those halcyon times the one hundred million calm abstractionists would discuss the influence of Beaumont and Fletcher on bosses, or, failing this, the ultimate effect of wealth on eroticism, the obscure relations between proselyting and decadence, or the effect of the white-slave traffic on the gold reserve.

But in our present unregenerate epoch Mr. Mencken is quite right in holding that it is generally the specific evils of government or society that bring about reform waves, which in turn crystallize themselves into general principles. It is a shockingly practical process, I admit, but then we are a shockingly practical people, who prefer sordid results to inspired theories. And at that we are not in such bad company. For in no country in the world is there such a thing as a 'revealed' civilization. On the contrary, civilization has always been for the most part purely empirical, and progress will ever remain so.

There is, therefore, cause not for shame but for pride when a newspaper reveals some specific iniquity, and by not merely expounding its isolated character to the public intelligence, but also by interpreting its general menace

to the public imagination and bringing home its inherent evil to the public conscience, arouses that public to social legislation, criminal prosecution or political reform.

Mr. Mencken next assaults once more his unfortunate 'man in the street' by declaring that 'it is always as a game, of course, that the man in the street views moral endeavor. . . . His interest in it is almost always a sporting interest.' On the contrary, here at last we have a case where a class distinction can fairly be drawn. 'The man in the street' is a naïve man who takes his melodrama seriously, who believes robustly in blacks and whites without subtilizing them into intermediate shades, for whom villains and heroes really exist. He is the last person on earth to view the moral endeavor of a political or social campaign as a game. It is the supercilious class, with its sophistication and attendant cynicism, to whom such campaigns tend to take on the aspect of sporting events and games of skill.

But there is no need to go into the details of Mr. Mencken's theory as to the depraved nature of popular participation in political reform. Its gist is contained in his truly shocking statement that the war on the Tweed ring and its extirpation was to the 'plain people' nothing but 'sport royal'! Any one who can take one of the most inspiring civic victories in the history, not alone of a city but of a nation, and degrade the spirit that brought it about to the level of the cockpit or the bull ring, supplies an argument that needs no reinforcing against his prejudices on this whole subject.

Mr. Mencken justly deplores the reactions which follow upon reform successes, but unjustly concentrates the blame on the fickleness of 'the rabble.' This evil is not a matter of mob-psychology but of unstable human nature,

high and low. These revulsions and reactions are the shame, impartially, of all classes of our communities. They permeate the educated atmosphere of fastidious clubs as extensively as they do the ignorant miasma of vulgar saloons. If they induce the 'ignorant and unreflective' plebeian to sit in his shirt-sleeves with his legs up, resting his feet on election day instead of doing his duty at the polls, do they not equally congest the golf links with 'earnest seekers after truth' busily engaged in sacrificing ballots to Bogeys?

I wholly agree with Mr. Mencken's strictures on the public morality which holds it to be a relevant defense for a ballot-box stuffer 'that he is kind to his little children.' The sentimentalism which so frequently perverts a proper public conception of public morality is sickening. But here again the indictment should be against average human nature, educated or ignorant, and not against the 'man in the street' as a class and alone. To this man the fact that the ballot-box stuffer is kind to his little children may carry more weight than to the man of education and culture. To the latter the fact that some monopoly-breeding, law-defying, legislation-bribing, railroad-wrecking gentleman is kind to his fellow citizens by donating to them picture galleries and free libraries may carry more weight than to the former. Is not the one just as much as the other 'ready to let feeling triumph over every idea of abstract justice'?

Again, with Mr. Mencken's prescription for making a successful newspaper crusade there can be no quarrel, save that here once more he suggests, by referring to the newspaper as a 'mob-master,' that these methods are exclusively applicable to the same long-suffering 'man in the street.' These methods on which Mr. Mencken elaborates are the rather obvious ones used

by every lawyer, clergyman, statesman, or publicist the world over who has a forensic fight to make and win against some public evil — accusation, iteration, cumulation, and climax. If these methods are used by 'mob-masters,' they are equally used by snob-servants, and incidentally by the great mass of honest newspapers which are neither the one thing nor the other.

At the end of his article, having set up a man of straw which he found it impossible to knock down, Mr. Mencken patronizingly pats it on the back:—

'The newspaper must adapt its pleading to its client's moral limitations, just as the trial lawyer must adapt his pleading to the jury's limitations. Neither may like the job, but both must face it to gain a larger end. And that end is a worthy one in the newspaper's case quite as often as in the lawyer's, and perhaps far oftener. The art of leading the vulgar in itself does no discredit to its practitioner. Lincoln practised it unashamed and so did Webster, Clay, and Henry.'

Alas for this well-intentioned effort at amends! It is impossible to agree with Mr. Mencken even here when he praises press and public with such faint damnation.

A decent newspaper does not and must not adapt its pleadings to its clients' moral limitations. Intellectual limitations? Yes. It is restricted by a line beyond which intelligence and education alike would be at sea, and only specialists and experts would understand. But moral limitations? No. The paper in this regard is less like the lawyer and more like the judge. A judge can properly adapt his charge in simplicity of form to the intellectual limitations of the jury, but it will scarcely be contended that he may adapt his charge in its substance to the moral limitations of the jury. No more can any self-respecting paper palter

with what it believes to be the right and the truth because of any moral limitations in its constituency. Demagogic papers may do it. Class-catering papers may do it. But the decent press which lies between does not thus stultify itself.

And now to Mr. Mencken's condescending conclusion:—

'Our most serious problems, it must be plain, have been solved orgiastically and to the tune of deafening newspaper urging and clamor. But is the net result evil? . . . I doubt it. . . . The way of ethical progress is not straight. . . . But if we thus move onward and upward by leaps and bounces, it is certainly better than not moving at all. Each time, perhaps, we slip back, but each time we stop at a higher level.'

Why, then, sweepingly reflect on the morals of the press, if by humanizing abstract principles, emotionalizing academic doctrines, personifying general

theories, it has accomplished this progress? Granted that in the heat of battle it fails to handle the cold conceptions of austere philosophers with proper scientific etiquette. Granted that it makes blunders in technical statements that to the preciosity of specialists seem inexcusable. Granted that it mixes its science and its sentiment in a manner to shock the gentlemen of disembodied intellects. Granted that the press has many more such intellectual peccadilloes on its conscience.

But if the press does these things honestly, it does them morally, and does not need to excuse them by their results, even though these results are in very truth infinitely more precious to humanity than could be those obtained by the chill endeavors of what Mr. Mencken himself, with the perfect accuracy of would-be irony, describes as 'a Camorra of Utopian and dehumanized reformers.'

MARCO BALDI, OWNER

BY GINO C. SPERANZA

THE highway known as —th Street is justly distinguished merely by a number. Like so many other streets in the Bronx, it would be an offense to name it after anybody or anything, so utterly lacking in character is it. Yet it differs from its neighbors in the fact that it is sparsely built upon, and the wind and sun have more chance to beat down on the backyards of its few houses. In short, this particular street is still attractive to the realty operator and is so situated as to lead him to

seek his prey among the Italians of the neighborhood.

Marco Baldi had had his eye on one of these houses for a long time; somehow a building surrounded by empty lots makes an intending purchaser feel that he is getting a 'view.' Marco Baldi reasoned that, even though the adjoining lots might soon be built upon, he could for at least a year raise the rent of his hypothetical tenants on the ground that every window in the house could be put to practical use.

By which he meant that in each window there would be sun enough to dry peppers and corn and clothes, or to raise *basilico*, and from each window one could lean out and watch America passing by. Baldi had it all carefully calculated, with the aid of his son who could add and subtract; he had competent advice from his *paesano*, who was no less than a Notary Public of the State of New York, as to how to rent a two-family house to five families without getting into trouble with the building laws. In this he had no intention of defrauding his hypothetical tenants; he knew that they would prefer the sociability of a numerous tenantry to the austere segregation demanded by Anglo-Saxon health laws.

Yes, it was an excellent investment in which to place the five thousand dollars asked. But Baldi's exchequer held only two thousand dollars cannily distributed among five solid American savings banks. The broker, however, had most obligingly said that from such a purchaser a three-thousand-dollar mortgage at five per cent would be perfectly acceptable on a sale. A three-thousand-dollar mortgage! How many of us outside of the real-estate brokers know what a synonym of fear that word is to our Italians? It is not merely because of the unthriftiness of a transaction which involves paying interest on what you are supposed to own, but there is also a sort of traditional, bred-in-the-blood shame of such a precarious holding; it is not ownership — it is an evidence of a debt. Taxes seem to them an entirely different kind of burden; in a way, they are a recognition by the sovereign authority that you are a man of parts, of interest to the State; Italians are used to them.

How Baldi coveted that parcel of land! There was not a vineyard in sunny Sulmona as alluring, or a mountain-slope in all the Abruzzi as at-

tractive as No. 549 —th Street in the Bronx. Each day he labored computing possible income as compared with fixed charges; and what labor it was for a man who could not write his name and was only sure of his numbers as far as the count of his fingers. Here he was dealing in hundreds — yea, in thousands — even tens of thousands when measured by the currency of his native land! Oh, dizzying, oh, glorious finance — oh, land of boundless promise! He even forgave that barbarous American law which actually punishes parents who fail to send their children to school; he might have been at the mathematical mercy of strangers, without the aid of his son, a graduate of the primary department of the Clark Street school.

Now, let us see what it all figured up to. Interest and taxes, two hundred and nineteen dollars — there was no play for the imagination in adding up such items. But how limitless was fancy's outlook in computing income! Five families at five dollars each — and who could positively deny that they might be five such small families as to make a sixth tenant possible. Of course he would be a tenant, but his exact location was indefinite; it might be even in a shanty in the yard, to be built in the future.

The ground floor was big enough for two stores — yes, the seller would put up a partition without extra charge. Baldi saw a thriving business in each, and a wave of lordly greed swept over him: he would double the rent then, and it would be '*paga o muori*' for the prosperous shopkeepers.

There was also a space below the store, with steps to the street; foolish Americans called it a dark cellar for storing old things; but ice kept so well in such a place when ice was high and everybody wanted it; and coal and wood require no clean, sunny rooms, —

and no inspectors poke in their noses to see whether such stuff is fresh. How could Battista, his *paesano*, have gone into the milk business and hoped to succeed, with the *Autorità* all the time looking into his cans and a lot of ladies dressed all in white competing with him only five blocks away! *Cosa vuole!* Battista had always been a little queer.

Then there was all the backyard, the entire backyard, all sunny. Some one, — at one of those agreeable evenings spent in front of the counter of the dingy 'bank on Avenue A, when the *pros* and *cons* of America are so vividly discussed by the sociable *clienti*, — some one, he remembered, had said that Americans considered fifty acres the smallest farm a family could live on. The man who had said this had a half interest in the saloon half a block from the 'bank,' and only his exalted status saved him from being thought a daring impostor; but even he had strained the faith of his audience almost to the breaking-point. Now this incredible statement came back to Baldi as he mentally measured that Bronx backyard. 'No, I cannot believe it,' he was cogitating. 'I know the *signore Americano* would change his mind if he could see what I shall raise on my lot, on every inch and in every corner, watching every day. There will be enough for the family, and a bit to sell to neighbors; and in winter a few hens in snug, warm boxes.'

Still, under the most sanguine of mathematical computations things did not foot up to that fateful two hundred and nineteen dollars of fixed charges. Baldi's restlessness between desire and financial clear-headedness was accentuated by the almost daily eloquence of the real-estate agent. This personage was a specialist among his countrymen, an artist at his trade, possessed of infinite patience, avoiding hurrying

and obvious inducements, substituting therefor a somewhat lordly indifference regarding results, but losing no opportunity of speaking of the greatness of America in relation to the development of land-values. The *Reali di Francia* had nothing quite so marvelous as the sale of Manhattan by the Indians as depicted by this strenuous historian. No native writer has ever given us such vivid pictures of the early days of the Livingstons and the Schuylers, of the Jays and the Astors, as this Latin orator drew in describing the lives of the founders of these great families. You could actually *see* them counting out the money to unsuspecting Indian chiefs, who received, '*tenendo conto dei tempi*,' more than was now asked for some improved Bronx property. Yes, he admitted, it was incredible, but how could one doubt him when as a final argument he would say, 'You need not believe it just because I say it; the land is still there where it was — go and see it — some is where the "World" has a palace with a golden dome, and some is where the highest *grattanuole* downtown now stands.' How was it possible to doubt such evidence?

But this learned compatriot knew perfectly well that in Baldi's case the doubt was not as to the attractiveness of the investment but as to the totality of possible income. So he played an entirely different card. With the easy grace of one born to the purple, he invited Baldi one evening to go with him to an open-air cinematograph show. He gave as the excuse for such magnificence toward one with whom he had no possible business interests a friendly solicitude to cheer up his *paesano*. 'What do you worry about?' he asked him. 'There are one million houses in New York, and not one of them can run away. In five years, with what you are saving now, you will be

able to choose between a large brick tenement-house and an office-building. But if you worry and get sick all your hard-earned money will be eaten up by your heirs. Come, let us go to the theatre; they have a fine show of the *bersaglieri* landing in Tripoli.'

It was during one of the short intermissions that the broker said very casually, 'It is wonderful how everything in this country is made to bring in money. Just look at that side of the house back of the picture-screen, — there isn't a window there, just a blank space. In Italy we would plant a vine against it if we had such a thing at all, but here it's different.'

'Could n't they cut open some windows there and raise the rent?' asked Baldi interestedly, trying to fathom the mystery.

'Yes, but that would mean spending money with the chance that next day this lot where we are might be built upon,' explained his host, appearing somewhat bored at such an impractical question.

'*Ma come fare, dunque,*' questioned Baldi eagerly, 'to make a blank wall pay?'

'Don't you know, my dear friend, that there are large American companies that will pay for space like this, just for the permission to paint beautiful pictures in bright colors, with the name of the biggest stores in America?'

'*Davvero!*' queried Baldi excitedly, 'but painting comes high; who pays the *pittore*?'

'The company pays for the paint and for the artist, and you or whoever has the house sits back and gets a good sum of money for the permission.' The broker stopped a moment before delivering the staggering climax. 'Of course,' he quietly added, 'the painting becomes yours.'

Baldi mopped his head and swallowed hard before he essayed, a bit

huskily, 'How much can you get for it?' But the 'movies' had started again and conversation was forbidden.

As they walked home, Baldi asked the broker to state again all he had said about renting blank walls, and, at the end of the explanation, repeated the vital question, 'How much can you get for it?' The answer was maddening to a man whose desire for ownership was balanced by the wish for mathematical precision: 'So much per square foot — it all depends on your ability to bargain — exactly as we do at home.'

Baldi did not sleep much that night and was up very early the next morning. He went to measure visually the blank spaces on the lateral walls of No. 549 —th Street. He started early enough so as not to lose any time on his day's job, for that would have been bad economy. He walked cheerfully to his labor with the paradisaical vision in his mind of two large paintable spaces, for until the actual inspection of the early morning he had not grasped the fact that the possibilities of an income from American mural painting offered by the coveted property were *double* his expectations, as the house standing alone near the middle of the block could be artistically and financially utilized on *two* sides.

At the lunch hour he deferentially approached the foreman and, pointing to a large advertisement across the way, said, 'Scuse me, how much you pay for dat — avery foot?' The reply was not meant to be unkind but it shed no light on Baldi's researches. The whole day and evening he inquired; it was maddening how nobody seemed to know, not even the banker, not even the notary.

How he wished for that house! But two-hundred-and-nineteen dollars a year was a mathematical certainty against which no wise Italian investor

would take chances with an indefinite income that could not be footed up in actual figures.

Late that evening he went to take another look at his heart's desire. The night was bright and No. 549 rose like a dream of indestructible opulence into the starry night. It fascinated him; it held him; he passed and repassed it and again passed it. He looked up to it, and he looked down as if in his vision he could see each stone of the foundations. Yes, yes, he must see it from the back! He picked his steps carefully, almost stealthily, among the stones and rubbish of the open lots, with his eyes ever fixed on his coveted object.

From out the shadow of a house half a block away, a large form stepped forth quickly, crossed the street at a run, and for an instant seemed to swallow Baldi's aura in its own dark eclipse. The glint of brass buttons and a grip of steel woke the dreamer from his dream and made him realize the dangers of quiet, poetic strolling on the streets of New York City. Baldi, though not yet thoroughly assimilated to American civilization, appreciated the pomp and circumstance of the police power. He submitted quietly; he knew now as well as his captor that the police had been watching for so-called 'blackhanders' in that section of Little Italy, and a man, as he reflected, had no business to be loitering there at night.

The sergeant at the desk — that figure so infinitely more fateful to the captive immigrant than the highest judicial officer in the land — put to him a few questions without waiting for an answer; and Baldi was led to a cell. After some hours of dazed uncertainty and inactivity, Baldi kicked at the bars and shouted, 'Me want to go home.' The man who came to suppress the rumpus said something of which

Baldi understood one word — bail. He had heard of that often at the banker's, and to his mind as well as to his untrained ear it was the same word as 'bill'; he knew it was something involving 'a five-dollar bill,' or a bill of higher denomination. So from his pocket he dug out an envelope on which was printed the address of his friend the banker. The policeman instantly understood — he was no doubt one of the many sociologists and immigration experts on our municipal force. 'I'll 'phone him to-night,' he said, 'and he'll come in the morning; too late for bail now.'

It seemed an interminable night of waiting, for he was worn out by the excitement of realty-dreaming and the worry of being in the hands of justice to meet an unknown charge. How could he imagine that what he had done had been described on the police blotter as disorderly conduct? Might not a learned advocate justly urge that the prisoner had been but obeying the ancient legal maxim of *caveat emptor*?

At last the hour came when a friendly face appeared: it was the banker, an expert counselor in the ways of procedure in the lower courts. With him was Ernesto Castruccio, a flour merchant well known for his real-estate holdings.

'The *signore*,' said the banker, 'is entitled to fifty dollars for giving bail, but he is a friend of mine and so are you, and he has consented to help you for just fifteen dollars.'

Baldi had just that much on his person, wisely distributed at various points thereof to insure the minimum of loss in case of the remote possibility of being the victim of pickpockets. The banker, with that omniscience regarding his clients' habits which seems to characterize his class, had shrewdly guessed the amount Baldi carried and

fixed the cost at that. Baldi undoubtedly would have objected even in his present distress to paying fifteen dollars — a week's wages — except that it was presented to him as a handsome 'mark down' from fifty. So viewed, he gladly accepted Signor Castruccio's services and followed his liberators to the clerk's office. It was his first experience with the ancient English practice of leg-bail, and he watched closely its every step. The flour merchant took out a fat envelope from his pocket and handed it to the clerk who opened it and began reading aloud the description of the premises contained in the deed enclosed.

'Number five hundred and forty-nine —th Street,' and Baldi's breath came short. 'Is that right, house and lot at number five hundred and forty-nine —th Street, Bronx?'

Was it destiny? Was it that fateful power which had clutched all these days at Baldi's heart — was he being freed by his beloved mistress? 'Maddonna!' he whispered excitedly to the banker, '*e proprio quella.*'

He was out! A lawyer would attend to his case; his fears ceased. But he was in a very passion of desire; he hurried, he ran, to his friend the broker. And as he ran he thought,

'It may be sold, it may be sold!' And through his passion piped tunelessly the other note, 'Think how many people the cops arrest every day, every single day — and fifty dollars a day — and no reduction.'

The broker was in; of course he knew nothing of the affair, nothing! He was always out in the morning, but to-day something had told him to stay at home. It would be hard to say where the liar ended and the artist began with him, so natural and plausible was he in his fabrications.

He advised his friend against buying, but of course Baldi was not to be swerved; the contract must be signed this very day.

The broker finally rose, a look of benevolent concession on his face, as if he were dealing with a child who must not be crossed too much. An eloquent shrug and a portentous lifting of the eyebrows told Baldi that all opposition was won. '*Se insisti,*' said the broker, 'I certainly must not stand in your way.'

When the sun went down on that eventful day, Marco Baldi went to bed with the contract for the purchase of No. 549 —th Street carefully hidden in the mattress upon which he passed the happiest night of his life.

QUAI D'ORSAY

A PARISIAN DRY-POINT

BY JOSEPH WARREN BEACH

WHAT children dance by night in Paris gardens?

Black water long has slipped beneath the bridges.
Down the wide alleys of the Tuileries
Yonder the urgent drummer-boy has passed,
And the tall guardians of the public walks,
Inexorable and stern, have driven home
The lovers and solitary loiterers,
This fresh and eager night of June. O June!
Thy chestnuts and thy poplars and thy lindens,
Thy broad-leaved sycamores with mottled boles,
Thine ivy and thy tall aspiring lilacs
Have put on all their green. It is the fête
Of summer joy throughout the spacious city.
Yet was I not prepared for such a vision
In midmost Paris, near the hour of midnight.

Through the barred gateway of this high-walled garden,
Discreet behind its proud hotel, behold
A scene of mild and summer-golden radiance
Such as an airy child's heart might imagine
Along the floor of rosy summer clouds
And in the very embrace of azure heaven.
And truly 't is no paradise imagined
But real heaven to the troops of children
Who foot it lightly up and down the pathways
Threading geranium beds and heliotrope
(There is no wistfulness in childish laughter).

For while their happy little feet all bare
Deliciously do spurn the moistened gravel,
Or linger a moment on the cooler greensward,
And forward bound to strains of hidden music,
They are no longer little girls in Paris,
But charioteers and mettled steeds careering
Along the sunny arch of noonday heaven.
Or now with shifting lights upon them falling
And play of waving veils and sinuous motion,
They are transformed to elemental spirits,
Waters and winds and planetary bodies.
As when the earth, blocking the radiant sun,
Shoots into space its spectral cone of shadow,
And the bright face of the moon darkens and saddens,
So falls the dusk upon these fluttering fleeces —
For but an instant — and the moment after
You see the dazzle of light upon the ocean,
Welter of green and orange and blue and silver:
And ever the circling motion of steady planets
That wheel their orbits round the suns that bore them,
Girdled themselves with moons and phosphorescence.

And yet these are but little girls in Paris,
In midmost Paris, near the hour of midnight.
What little girls? and whence? — a throng of questions —
And whither from this garden to emerge,
From this enchantment into disenchantment?
Whose children? For she cannot be their mother
Who guides their motions in her foreign speech,
Her brisk and uncaressing English tongue,
Nor he the father who, in shrill Parisian,
Commands the shift of lights upon the dancing,
And from his balcony surveys the stage,
Reckoning up perchance his future profits.
From many firesides have they been gathered,
From hearths whereon the fire is extinguished,

CREDO QUIA POSSIBILE

Or hearths whereon no fire was ever lighted.
 How many griefs and shames lurk in the shadow
 For every sparkle of laughter in the light!

Our questions rest unanswered. Backward peering,
 Merciful darkness greets us, and pitiful darkness
 Forward, as this illumined garden stands
 Rounded with dusky Paris, and as life
 Upon our short-lived planet sparkles and glows
 Among the soundless glooms of eternity.
 Only this night of June we hear the voices
 And the fresh laughter of the witless children
 Lost in the joy of motion and sensation,
 And among all the riddles, this is certain,
 That children dance to-night in Paris gardens.

CREDO QUIA POSSIBILE

BY HENRY DWIGHT SEDGWICK

I

THERE is something almost unfilial in the stolid indifference with which we pass by old Christian dogmas. Earnest generations thought, prayed, yearned, over their interpretation of the meaning of life, and fashioned dogmas which they believed would light the steps of their children and their children's children to endless generations, yet we scarce look to see what these dogmas may mean. Creeds of a thousand years are no more heeded than old letters garnered in the garret; yet it may happen that among those old yellowing sheets, franked and seal-

ed, are love-letters which, however dull and childish they may seem to the fancy-free, rekindle old fires in the hearts of those who have loved and lost, or loved in vain.

The dogma-makers lived on our earth, they had faculties like ours, they loved and suffered, they were amazed and confounded; they, too, tried to discover a formula that should prove the key to the mystery of life. The same mystery that confronted them confronts us still. To some men those old dogmas brought peace, self-mastery, power; why may we not linger a little to examine them?

We are not free to use dogmas that

postulate facts inconsistent with the discoveries of science; but science and religion have different duties. Science seeks a formula that shall square with human experience and satisfy the reason; religion seeks a formula that shall minister to what in our ignorance we call the soul's needs and quicken the emotions. May we not find in the old dogmas something not forbidden by science that may still minister to the soul's needs?

The Christian creed says, *Credo in Spiritum Sanctum*. Is there nothing in human experience to justify this dogma? At one time in the Middle Ages there was a sect of men who came under the potent influence of this aspect of the Godhead. They believed that to each Person of the Trinity was allotted his period of divine dominion. God the Father had had his reign, God the Son was still reigning. Both reigns had had their special characters, but neither had been wholly adequate to the soul's needs, therefore there was ground for hope that the Holy Ghost would soon begin to reign, and that the season of children, of lilies, of good men triumphant, was at hand. Were not Abate Gioacchino del Fiore and his disciples right, in thinking that the hope of good tidings for the soul lay in worship of the Holy Spirit? The conception of God the Creator has its difficulties. The Beginning is the deep, permanent mystery; and the creation of a world in which pain and suffering mark every individual life, renders the claims of a Creator to man's gratitude very questionable. Also the idea that Jesus of Nazareth is God is very difficult. But when we turn toward the third Person, to that aspect of Deity which has never yielded to man's anthropomorphic needs, which at best has been represented by a dove, a bringer of peace, do we not discern more light?

II

We look through the telescope at night and see thousands upon thousands of suns, glorious in the surrounding dark. Their majesty inspires us with mingled feelings: fear before the vast unknown, reverence before the very great, exaltation at being a part of this mighty whole. But what, in the end, do we take away except bewilderment at the eternal commotion of the heavens, at the fiery progress of the stars and their restless whirling? There is no peace in the empyrean; there is turmoil, effort, energy. Do we perceive there the presence of God the Father or God the Son? Yet if there is a Divine Spirit, how fit a working-place is this majestic universe for its incessant toil.

We look through the microscope; physicists, chemists, biologists, pry into the inner recesses of matter, only to find energy — energy heaving, tossing, turbulent, imprisoned, perhaps, or bound to other energy, but everywhere, in the egg, in spermatozoa, in the minutest particles of matter, animal, vegetable or inorganic, restless energy, eternal effort. If we turn to the history of past life upon our globe, what do we find but records of energy, whether physical, chemical, or of that seemingly peculiar form which marks living organisms, everywhere energy leaving its trace in innumerable forms. In this history of life, according to our human standards, there has been a long procession, in which the principle of organic life, from the earliest period of vegetable existence, has advanced through manifold forms, upward, upward, in the depths of the sea, in the air, on land, by devious routes and strange passages, up, up, to the fish, to the bird, to four-footed beasts, and finally to man. Gradually, steadily, those mysterious forces which deter-

mine the nature of things, have been shaping gases and solids, crystals, drops of water, the pistil and stamens of the plant, the heart, lungs, eye, hand, and brain of man. In all organic life there are cells in restless energy; cells piled on cells, cells in many kinds of combination, all taking shape according to the will of some strenuous, persistent, experimenting force. The cells of the clover arrange themselves to fashion the flower which shall secrete honey, the cells of the bee to create an insect which shall gather it, the cells of the man to form a creature with an appetite for that honey and also with a yearning to find something divine in the universe. Everywhere that man can peer he finds energy intent upon changing all that is into new forms. This process, different as it looks in the very large and in the very small, in distant stars, in the tides of ocean, in the flora, in sea creatures or in mammals, seems to be one and the same, proceeding through myriad forms of activity, always seeking to effect a change.

If this seeming is true, if all our world, all our universe, is the work-room, or playground it may be, for the same energy, may we not judge it, must we not judge it, by the only part of the pattern that is open to our judgment, by human life within our experience? How can corporeal creatures like ourselves, busily at work turning food into living tissue, entertain but the most remote understanding of elementary gases? What do we know of the ambitions, the enthusiasms, the discouragement, of coral insects? All things that are, seem to be made of the same elements which, by their physico-chemical energy after infinite experiments, have given to the human brain consciousness; but we, who are the products of happier combinations, cannot understand these same potential

energies compounded in lower forms. We must judge the whole process by ourselves, by man. This is the inner meaning of the Greek saying, Know thyself. If we know ourselves, we shall know all.

If, then, this universal process, when we see it at work in the only matters intelligible to us, in ourselves, seems to be an effort to rise, to attain the better, to bring the nobler to birth, — seems to be a struggle to renounce the lower, and mount to a higher plane, — must we not suppose that the laborious energies at work throughout the universe are stirring to do the same? Let us look at bits of the pattern that we may perceive what is the design. Take a mother whose life is in her son's life, whose thoughts are all of him, whose hopes are his, who dotes upon his happiness; bid her choose for him between a higher life linked with pain and sorrow, and a lower life loaded with pleasures and worldly success, and will she hesitate? The upward energy that works through all her being will not let her choose a lower plane for her son.

*Fatti non foste a viver come bruti,
Ma per seguir virtute e conoscenza.*

Take the son of such a mother at a time when, young blood flowing through his veins, he has fallen in love. The law of all organic nature is, Be fruitful and multiply. The tree bears fruit, the vines bring forth grapes, the herring spawns, the lioness bears her cubs; all creatures obey the great command, all hand on the miraculous torch of life. But the young lover sees deeper into the heart of things:—

*I struggle towards the light; and ye
Once long'd-for storms of love!
If with the light ye cannot be,
I bear that ye remove.*

He hears the pulsing reverberations of the animal command; and he hears also commands less audible, yet to his soul

still more imperious. He must consecrate himself to the highest, he *must*, even if he is compelled to turn his back on all the happiness that looks so fair before him, the sweet blue eyes, 'the soft, enkerchief'd hair.' Here, in the mother's heart, in the young man's heart, where life beats at its fastest, the need of breaking free from the lower is most peremptory. Such is the pattern wrought by this energy as it appears in human life. Biologists call this force blind, but to the ignorant it seems to see its path 'as birds their trackless way.'

III

What can we infer of this energy which drives the stars headlong, which heaves the ocean, which pushes the sap from branch to twig, and determines the subtle movements in the cortex of the cerebrum, but that it is working to change what is into something higher? All this turmoil, this commotion of earth and heavens, is a discontent, and a struggle. May we not here see, in this endeavor to supplant the lower by the higher, a Holy Spirit at work?

What the source or origin of the universe may be lies beyond human guessing; but there seems to be an imprisoned power struggling to detach itself from base integuments, striving to dominate some hindering medium, aspiring to make the universe anew. Matter, or whatever we call the substance of the phenomena on which our consciousness has dawned, however far from any apparent sympathy with man, however muddy its vesture, however hideous its aspect, is under the control of some energy, which displays itself in heat, light, motion, thought, and love. Even if the proper dogmatic adjective for this energy is physico-chemical, may not the adjective divine be appropriate also? What limit can human foresight assign to its achieve-

ments? And as we watch this energy at work in what seems to us our best and noblest, may we not infer that love is the medium in which this upward impulse finds the least impediment, the least hindrance to its free motions; or, differently put, that love is the highest expression of the universal force which, everywhere and without ceasing, is striving to create a universe of a higher order?

It sounds arrogant and foolish for man to make himself the measure of the universe, to assert that his thoughts and acts are the fruit and crown of things; but he has no choice. He seeks everywhere, and finds nothing that he can call higher or nobler than the expression of this energy in good men. And there can be no more solemn or admonishing sanction for high endeavor than the knowledge that we are the standard-bearers of the divine spirit. It is ennobling to think that if we advance our standards, the divine advances; if we fall back, by so much the divine loses in the battle; that the divine energy manifesting itself in us is one with the energy that whirls the stolid worlds.

Is not this the Holy Spirit that Abate Gioacchino dimly apprehended? Is not this the force that dawned, as in a dream, upon the consciousness of those mystics who have felt a conviction that they were face to face with God? By some favoring juncture of circumstances these holy men suddenly became sensitive to the meaning of the cosmic process, and their souls cried out, Lo, God is here! Is not that which we call prayer the unconscious bending ourselves to act in concord with this universal energy, as heliotropic plants turn to the light? This potential element in the stuff that composes our universe has been able to evolve a lover's abnegation, a mother's devotion, it has created the imagination of

a Shakespeare, it moves to music, and clothes itself in light; surely it is divine. Would it be higher or holier if we could hear the rush of Cherubim or see the gleam upon a Seraph's wings?

Man cannot hope, within his narrow compass of sense, to feel the fullness of the divine spirit. He cannot open his soul wide enough to comprehend what this universal endeavor is, seemingly infinite in extent, infinite in patience, infinite in perseverance. But if of the divine we demand heroism in the face of danger, has there not been, even in the contracted limits of human history, heroism sufficient? If of the divine we demand suffering, we have but to let our thoughts rest for an instant upon the long ages of animal life upon this globe, one long track of blood, in order to shudder at the cruelty endured.

Is not this struggle of the higher against the lower, whether under the waters of ocean, in pre-glacial jungles, or in our own hearts, as wonderful and splendid as the conflict of Michael and the host of heaven against the rebellious angels? Surely, yes.

Suppose that man is the highest life

in all the universe, suppose that his race and all animal life is doomed to destruction as our planet cools off, is it not better to have endeavored and suffered than never to have endeavored at all? Possibly, somewhere, a memory may live of how the human race rose from bestiality and lust, to devotion to beauty, truth, and love. But even if no memory of man shall continue after he has perished, still, throughout the universe, the restless energy that animated him will continue undaunted, making its experiments, striving to change that which is into that which, according to our human judgment, shall be better. Is not this a Divine Spirit, whether it works through visible, tangible, ponderable things, or through spiritual essences; whether it be an archangel or physico-chemical activity that has created the soul of man?

Is not this the aspect of the Trinity that must, as the disciples of Joachim believed, outlive the other aspects, and do most to satisfy the yearning desire of man to find something holy in the universe? May we not all repeat: *Credo in Spiritum Sanctum?*

THE SURVIVAL OF ABILITY

BY ROLLO OGDEN

ALL the way from Cherbourg, the three had, in their after-lunch corner, emitted more talk than smoke. By the time they were nearing New York, they had reknit old friendships and had arrived at a fair notion of each other's way of looking at the world. It was at their final foregathering in the smoking-room, the last day out, that Burgherson remarked to Gray, —

'You'll hardly know your own country, after living abroad twenty years.'

'Oh,' said Gray, 'I've tried to keep myself posted. You must n't think that you've grown and changed "unbeknownst." Even in Madrid we are pretty familiar with the way lower New York looks to-day. The camera and the illustrated papers don't let one fall far behind the times. If I give any little gasps of surprise as we approach the Battery, it will be out of a polite regard for your expectations, not because I shall be seeing so much that is startlingly novel to me.'

'But, my dear fellow,' protested Burgherson, 'it's not that kind of thing I mean at all. What I had in mind was that you will find the spirit of the American people, the trend of public sentiment, entirely different from what you knew when you went away in 1892.'

'Have you changed all that?' asked Gray lightly.

'Yes,' broke in Erskine, 'and the more we have changed it, the more it has remained the same thing.'

'Don't you believe it,' warned Burgherson. 'We have done much more

than alter in externals during the past twenty years. Our whole national consciousness has been transformed. We have acquired skyscrapers, to be sure, and subways and parks and all that, but the great thing is that we have acquired a new soul. That's something the camera can't tell you anything about.'

'Very true,' said Gray, 'yet you know that I have been in the habit of meeting an occasional fellow countryman in Europe. He usually brings his new soul along with him.'

'Yes,' observed Erskine, 'I saw more than one of him this summer making an indecent exposure of his soul.'

'No one man can exhibit to you the soul I am speaking of,' cried Burgherson. 'It is a collective thing. The change that Gray, here, will find is one in the air that we all breathe, in that attitude of *tout le monde* which is more significant, if not wiser, than that of any single man or group of men.'

'Examples, please,' said Erskine dryly.

'Why,' rejoined Burgherson, 'you know them well enough. Take the new view of corporations that has come in like a flood. Consider the way in which the community now looks upon wealth. We have a common point of view in all these matters entirely changed from what it was a generation ago.'

'I asked for bread, and you gave me a stone,' interposed Erskine. 'I asked for examples and you gave me abstractions. Do come down to the concrete, if you can. Put the thing personally,

so that Gray will know what you are driving at.'

'I will,' said Burgherson. 'It was his father, was n't it, who built the Bay to Forest railroad? Gray has told us how the people of the region could n't do enough for his father. They praised him and fêted him and gave him the freedom of their cities and made him presents. That was scarcely thirty years since. Well, where can you find anything like that attitude to-day manifested toward a railway promoter or manager? It is dead and gone. If Carlyle were alive, he would n't need to utter vociferous laments over the monuments erected to railroad kings like Hudson.'

'That's true,' said Erskine, 'what they want to erect now is a gallows.'

'Do you mean to say,' inquired Gray, laughing, 'that if I went to the scene of my father's triumphs, they would want to hang me?'

'Oh, no,' replied Erskine, 'you are not the original malefactor. All that Burgherson and his kind would wish to do to the second generation is to take away their property.'

'But the Constitution still forbids confiscation, does n't it?'

'Tax, the wise it call. Of course,' went on Erskine, 'they won't strip you of everything. You can fight them off during your lifetime, but I don't know what Burgherson will tell you is likely to happen to your son.'

'He will have to do some useful work,' said Burgherson warmly, 'be a genuine producer and of actual value to society, or else society, instead of letting him clip coupons, will clip his wings for him. Seriously, my dear Gray, I'm not such a desperate radical as Erskine is pleased to make me out, but I see what I see. When the whole world has had the new element injected into its blood it is not to be supposed that the United States can stand

apart, immune. We, too, are in for mighty changes. They are already upon us, in fact.'

'*Música! música!* as Gray's Spaniards say,' exclaimed Erskine. 'Again I ask for particulars. I know that the miserable details are anguish to fellows like Burgherson, but, really, we can't get on without them. Let us take the case of Gray's boy. Being his father's son, we are bound to believe that he has great talent and boundless energy. Oh, don't mention it! I don't know the young rascal, but, for the sake of argument, I am willing to assume that his little finger is thicker than his father's loins. And what I want you to tell me, Burgherson, is exactly what has happened since his grandfather's day, to prevent his ability and ambition from having room and verge enough in the United States.'

'I said nothing,' answered Burgherson, 'to imply that any man is hampered in the vigorous use of his powers, whatever they may be. All I contend for is that the common stock is now the first consideration, and the personal achievement, with the personal reward that goes with it, of less account. If it follows from this that the career is not so open to talent as it once was, then so be it. We cannot be blind to the process going on before our eyes, the individual withering and the community becoming more and more.'

'That sounds very modern,' said Erskine, 'but you will admit that it dates back to that exceedingly antiquated and objectionable person, Early Victoria.'

'What I admit,' rejoined Burgherson, 'is that there were, of course, Socialists before Socialism. But what I want you to admit is that the times have so changed that the individual can no longer run riot. Come now, give us your views about the whole matter. Do it as the last of the individualists.'

'Oh, don't for goodness' sake, call me anything so archaic as that,' protested Erskine. 'I like to think of myself simply as a realist.'

'By that,' said Burgherson, 'I suppose you mean that you keep a keen eye on the actual fact. Very well, go ahead upon that basis. Tell us what you think of the present outlook for high individual endowment and great personal energy as compared with their opportunities forty years ago.'

'I am afraid,' said Erskine, 'that I should only bore you — or else make you angry. However —'

'Let me add my pleadings,' interposed Gray. 'Here I am returning to my own, my native land, and I don't know whether my heart ought to be burning with joy or fear. Enlighten me.'

'I doubt if I can do anything for you,' said Erskine. 'You and I are too old. But there is your *Wunderkind* to think of, and you might pass on to him what I say to you. Well, then, let us suppose, to begin with, that the miraculous son of a commonplace father wants to fling himself into public life. Is there anything in all this stuff that Burgherson has been getting off his chest to show that the very highest political power is less within reach of the political genius to-day than it was in our fathers' time? The pieces on the board have changed, I admit, but the game is what it always was, and the skillful player can win as before. I grant you that nowadays the born political manager has to adopt new methods. He now studies how to deal with masses rather than units. You remember, Gray, your father's friend, Blaine. He was an adroit politician, in his day, but he worked, as it were, on the atomic theory. It was his boast that he could detach here and there an individual voter from the ranks of his opponents. Much was made in 1884 of the occa-

sional 'Blaine Irishman' — a sort of unnatural monster. Well, we have lived to see a successor of Blaine in the leadership of the Republican party who reached out and annexed Irish Democrats by the thousand, who got the support of not merely a stray priest or two but of nearly the whole Catholic hierarchy, and who stretched forth his hand and captured the Hebrew vote in huge blocks. That consummate political talent did n't find himself hampered by the new conditions, did he?'

'No,' answered Burgherson, 'but he confirmed what I say about the vast popular movements of the day being the things that make the biggest political leader look puny. Roosevelt knew how to swim with the tide.'

'Yes,' went on Erskine, 'but he made a big suction where he was swimming. The flotsam felt it! It is not impossible to appear to be merely going with the people when you are really making them follow you. Don't forget what Emerson said about the man of native force being able to bend the oldest and mouldiest conventions to his will. So he can the newest and most dewy reform contrivances. I sometimes smile to think how all those new-fangled popular elections and direct primaries and solemn consultations of the people's will at every turn may be but so many tools in the hands of great political manipulators. If I were a boss I should chuckle over them as devices at once to solidify my power and to give it at the same time a kind of holy authority.'

'Ah,' objected Gray, 'but it must be a ticklish thing to profess to be guided in all things by the people, and yet to shut out the crowd long enough to do your own thinking and planning.'

'Not at all,' rejoined Erskine, 'if you only shut out the crowd in the name of service to the crowd! I seem to recall that our latest President used

to assure the people that he would want them all at the White House, yet they say that he keeps himself very close to his job, and will see only those who he thinks will help him to get on with it.'

'Well, I must say,' remarked Burgherson, 'that I don't see anything very admirable in that.'

'Not at all admirable,' said Erskine, 'to have given the impression that he could do his work in the midst of a mob, but highly admirable to ignore what he had said in order to wreak himself upon the thing to be done. But all this is not to the point. What I was arguing was that your surging masses could be handled as easily by the man with a gift for it as can your separate individuals and your smaller groups. If you accustom yourself to thinking in terms of the million, your problem works out as readily as if you were figuring with hundreds. Human nature remains human nature even among the Brobdingnags.'

'You talk as if you had been among them,' said Gray, 'for, like Gulliver after he had got back, everything looks small to you. But I will concede you the politics of it, if you like. I doubt if any son of mine could be so little true to type as to be able to get on in public life under any conceivable conditions. Business is another affair, however. And I wish you would tell me honestly what you think of Burgherson's views on that subject. Is it the fact that the old chances are gone forever? Some of my father's old friends have written me occasionally about this in the most dejected way. No more big fortunes to be hewed out; hampering laws; an air of general suspicion and jealousy of great wealth; attacks on property rights; the powers of corporations sheared away — and so on. What about all that?'

'You said old friends,' replied Er-

skine, 'and I can well believe you. That is the way the men of seventy talk. They recall the "glorious days" of your father, when railroad presidents, as I have heard one of them say, had no law of either State or Nation to bother them, and could be both the law and the profits unto themselves; and because that special kind of opportunity has passed, these men, of lowered vitality and narrowed outlook, think that there will be no more cakes and ale. But you don't hear the men in big business who are under forty talk that way. As a matter of fact, they are not talking very much at all, but they are thinking hard, keeping their eyes open, and their wits about them, and are, so far as I can see, just as hopeful of large achievement, with its fitting reward, as were their fathers before them.'

'If they are,' protested Burgherson, 'they are living in a fool's paradise. However it may be with politics, and, mark you, I do not give in even there so weakly as Gray did, the spirit of a new life has been breathed over business. The old greed and selfishness and extortion and preying upon the needs of the feeble, and exploitation of the common resources, and monopolistic practices, have gone for good. They are not even defended any more. A new civic conscience has been created under the ribs of death, and even if a man were able to-day to coin money out of the wrongs and sufferings of his fellows, he would be ashamed to do it. He could not hold up his head in the community. Piling up wealth without any sense of social obligation or any service to humanity has become the great modern turpitude.'

'Hold on!' cried Erskine, 'Let us stick to the argument. I am not talking about what a man is to do with his money after he has made it. He may give half his goods to feed the poor and

found theological seminaries at will, for all I care. What we were discussing is the question whether the skillful man of affairs can accumulate a fortune today and to-morrow as easily as the trick was turned yesterday. It comes down to this: given a brain applied to business, will not the superior brain prove really superior? To deny it is to deny the survival of ability. And ability in large business at present is in no way more clearly shown than in adjusting itself to existing conditions. Gray's father, in building his railroad, had to think only of cuts and fills and tunnels. Railroad managers of the present find their obstacles of a less physical sort — laws, commissions, public opinion. But the latter can be surmounted as were the former; and the new-style railway men are learning how to do it. The great thing is command of the material with which you have to work. It is of one kind for one generation and another for another, but the really able man in either knows how to get along. Never fear that the world will cease to be organized with the better brain on top. And if Burgherson is so sure of all the new spirit having come in, he must n't suppose that the astute and attentive minds in the great business are not as fully aware of it. They know that they must reckon with it and make their plans to accommodate themselves to it; and that is exactly what they have been doing. The new civic conscience? Bless your simple heart! They understand all about that. They are already capitalizing it! Have n't you noticed that the cleverer among them are now talking nothing but full publicity for all corporations? Why, they fairly pine for it, Burgherson, and you must not deceive yourself into thinking that they do not know precisely what profit they are going to get out of it. Your devotion to the

service of society does not exceed theirs a whit. It is almost laughable to note how the current shibboleths are being caught up and put into financial prospectuses and annual reports. The thing gets even into names. One of the snuggest little monopolies I know calls itself the Public Service Corporation. You think this impudence? No, it is only art, though not very magnificent. Have n't you seen more than one People's Bank, or Mutual Trust Company? They are merely trifling signs of the thing I mean — the infinite adaptability of a genius for business to changed conditions. You can't get away from it. The clearest head and strongest wills of any generation simply will be the clearest and strongest. When you concede that, you concede that they will outstrip the men who are muddled and uncertain. None of your changes or artifices can prevent power from cleaving to him who power exerts. If that is obsolete individualism, make the most of it. It will certainly make the most of *you*.'

'Your doctrine,' said Gray, 'is more hard than comforting. I don't know whether it is good news for my son or not.'

'You remind me,' said Erskine with a smile, 'of old Thomas Fuller poring over the genealogies of the Hebrew kings, and discovering that a bad father might have a good son, which, he said, is good news for my son. But I suspect that we'll have to leave that youth of yours to open his own oyster. Nothing is more likely, however, than that, when he is an old man, he will look back upon these decadent and despondent times as a period when it was bliss to be alive and very heaven to be young. But my cigar is out, and my *Lied* was *aus* long ago. So now for a last turn on the deck and meet you at dinner.'

WANTED: AN AMERICAN MINISTER OF MARINE

BY ALEXANDER G. McLELLAN

I

IN view of the lamentable state of the American mercantile marine and the probable early opening of the Panama Canal, one is forced to the conclusion that American legislative efforts, instead of fostering the growth of foreign-going shipping, are a positive encumbrance to it and subject it to hardships such as no maritime nation of Europe would be guilty of imposing upon its own merchant shipping.

In certain directions, it is true, American maritime efforts have been equal in value to those of any nation. A cruise along the Atlantic and Pacific seaboards, a sail up a few of the many navigable rivers, and a call at many of the principal seaports, will soon convince the observer that the lighthouse service of America cannot be excelled, that the channels in the navigable rivers lack for nothing in the way of dredging and buoyage, and that harbor and port facilities provide a quick dispatch when loading or discharging freight. Everything that assists navigation and the quick handling of cargoes is guaranteed to the shipping industry, irrespective of class of vessel or nationality. A fair field and no favor is offered to all who obey port laws and follow a legitimate trade.

Within a very short time America will throw open the Panama Canal to the world's shipping. With certain equitable modifications in favor of American coastal vessels, all shipping will operate on an equal footing. What

this will mean to the world's shipping industry, it is too early to predict. However we look at it, it means at least progress. But progress for whom? The early future, with no uncertain voice, will speak for itself. Conditions for American deep-water ships must alter rapidly if the boon, soon to be conferred on the shipping world, is to benefit ocean-going vessels under the American flag.

The proceedings of the last Congress prove once more that America is too self-centred and cannot see beyond the horizon of her domestic trade. To allow her coastal vessels to ply the Panama Canal free of tolls seems in many ways a wise measure. It may mean, however, that the coastal trade will prove so profitable that capital will fight shy of deep-water ships. If America's ocean-going tonnage is left to paddle its own canoe in view of the concessions granted to coastal vessels, then its plight will be worse than before. As matters stand, its many grievances and handicaps seem to attract but little official notice, while, on the other hand, coastal vessels, already protected by tariff laws, loom large on the official horizon and benefit accordingly. A man used to shipping problems is taken completely aback when confronted with the paradoxical genius of a people who can build a Panama Canal, maintain a chain of efficient ports in two oceans, discover a North Pole, but who have not the wit to own a fleet of ships employed exclusively in the foreign carrying trade. One

hardly knows where to search, or where to turn, for an explanation of this inconsistency. I think myself that the explanation lies in some such whimsical freak of evolution as that which the eugenisists describe as a 'throw back.'

The dead speak! It would seem as if the dead hands of American legislators who were in power as far back as 1792 still grip as in a vice the ocean carrying trade of the United States. Laws which a century ago were designed to compass the exclusion of foreign-built tonnage from the American registry are now quite out of date and positively harmful under the absolutely different economic conditions of the present day. These antiquated tonnage laws frighten capital from the American merchant marine, for it is safe to assume that investors fight shy of an industry that is heavily handicapped by irksome restrictions which breed stagnation.

At the British inquiry into the loss of the Titanic Mr. Ismay, in his evidence, admitted that, in substance, the Titanic was an American vessel flying the British flag. The trust which owned the Titanic — the International Mercantile Marine Company — also owns or controls a million tons of shipping represented by five British lines and two American lines. What is the object of an American trust managing its ships under British laws? Economy in building, running, and manning expenses appears to be the reason. If it is true, as Senator Cummins of Iowa recently pointed out, that the American makers of iron and steel products are taking from the public a hundred million dollars a year more than is needed to maintain present wages and pay a reasonable profit upon the capital invested in the business, then the leakage in the economy of building is easily accounted for and can as easily be rectified. Were economy in building the

only question at issue, we should soon see the Stars and Stripes once more flying in foreign harbors as of old. But obviously it is not the only question. Economy in the running and manning of ships represents a factor quite beyond the control of trusts or individuals. These expenses come directly within the jurisdiction of the National government.

It seems to have escaped official notice that the evolution of maritime law must keep pace with the evolution of ship-building. If the pace of ship-building is forced, the pace of legal reform must be forced. Types of vessels, methods of propulsion, dock, harbor, river, and canal facilities, shipping problems, and the volume of ocean traffic, have all passed through many forms of evolution. During the past sixty years the progress of maritime evolution has been steadily and well maintained. One need not be much of a sailor to know that the laws enacted for the benefit of hard-case Yankee main-skysail-yarders cannot serve the requirements of modern leviathans and toiling tramps. The naval strategy of 1792 will scarcely do for a squadron of 1914 dreadnoughts, so why should the marine laws of a century and a quarter ago be allowed to hamper the movements, and stultify the growth, of modern shipping? Yet America, with certain inadequate modifications, still clings to the tonnage laws of 1792, laws which, obviously, penalize American ocean shipping and are in open conflict with modern business methods and requirements.

The repeal of the enervating marine laws of 1792 appears to be the only way of beginning to resuscitate the American merchant marine so far as ocean-borne commerce is concerned. Repeal is necessary but not sufficient. It must be backed by other measures framed by legal experts and shipping

specialists who have shipping problems at their fingers' ends. Taking into consideration America's great maritime wealth and her natural fitness to fill the rôle of a great maritime power, one is inclined to believe that if, instead of remaining satisfied with her present spirit of Oriental fatalism which manacles her to the marine laws of 1792, she were to follow Canada's lead and appoint a Minister of Marine, much valuable legislation would ensue. A country so rich in seaports, coastline, and rivers, a country which controls the Panama Canal, has no right to be subjected to the unguided whims and idiosyncracies of the legislative branch of a government composed for the most part of men wholly ignorant of the sea. Its case is a special case calling for special legislation, and this can be best secured by the appointment of a Minister of Marine. No cowpuncher, soldier, lawyer, or parson — no matter what his official position in the government may be — is capable of knowing how to set about forcing the American shipping industry into its rightful place. The case is one for a group of specialists formed into an administrative body piloted by a Minister of Marine. No nation can be truly great without an efficient navy, and no navy can be efficient without a merchant marine to support it in time of war.

II

At the present time, the Panama Canal is looming above the horizon and great things are expected of it in the way of redeeming the errors of the past. The control of the Canal is to be vested in a governor and such other officials as the President may deem necessary to discharge the various duties connected with the completion, care, maintenance, and operation of the Canal and the Canal Zone. For the time being

this will serve the purpose, provided that, later, the Governor is placed under the orders of the Minister of Marine, and provided, also, that this office is placed beyond the curse of party politics. In the early days of its career no doubt the Canal will be played with as a child plays with a new toy. This is inevitable. However, of itself, the Canal will not force the pace of shipbuilding. Here, too, wise legislation is essential. It must not be forgotten that, whatever advantages the Canal may confer upon American tonnage, foreign tonnage, also, will reap its share.

President Wilson is in favor of intrusting the management of the Panama Canal to the administrative rather than to the legislative branch of the government. So far, good! If the management of the Canal calls for special favors in the way of administrative control, surely the crying needs of the American merchant marine have a lien on the affections of those in a position to distribute administrative favors. When navigation through the Canal is an accomplished fact, so tremendous will America's maritime interests be that they will require specialized control. It would be absurd to jumble them together with those of the vast American continent.

In America, as in most countries, the need of the day is a business government. Were private industries handled with the same lack of business enterprise that most governments show, chaos would result. From time immemorial, sailors and ships have been the playthings of some landsman holding office, whose only qualification for his position is veneration for the official tradition which insists upon treating sailors and ships as irresponsibles. I trust we are nearing the end of this era. If we are, reform when it comes must come from within the government.

Many public-spirited Americans view with justifiable concern the almost total disappearance of the Stars and Stripes from ships engaged in the deep-water trade. Time, instead of improving matters, only aggravates the evil. Conditions for American ships grow no better. American sailors, like their flag on deep-water ships, are disappearing. And all for the lack of what? American business enterprise? No! American business enterprise is sane enough to keep capital out of ships because it can see only chagrin and loss under the present alarming state of affairs.

There are four factors responsible for the decline of America's merchant service — the Civil War, the substitution of iron and steam for wood and sail, the development of America's internal resources, and the lack of official enterprise, which includes the operation of the navigation laws of 1792 in the year 1914. To-day only one of these adverse factors remains in existence, — America's antiquated and harmful maritime law.

III

At this point in our discussion a comparison between the United States and Germany may prove instructive and leave us with a moral to digest. Harking back to 1860, we find that Germany had no merchant ships, while as a maritime power America was at the zenith of her career. In those days hard-case Yankee main-skysail-yarders ploughed every ocean and haunted every harbor and creek in the world. Yankee seamanship was unsurpassed and Yankee ships made the smartest passages. It is even doubtful whether Germany's shipping at this time equaled half the tonnage of deep-water ships now flying the American flag.

In the early sixties America fought her Civil War, while in the early seven-

ties Germany was at death grips with France. From about 1860 to the present time both the United States and Germany have been developing their internal resources, but, with this difference: The United States lost sight of her external industries — shipping, for instance — while Germany included in her forward policy the building of a merchant marine of sufficient tonnage to carry her own products from sea to sea. From a position of obscurity in the shipping world Germany has forced herself into the front rank, while America has fallen from her lofty position, and at present seems indifferent to her state of dry rot and insignificance. In sailor vernacular, American merchant marine is stripped to a gantline.

America seems inclined to charge her decline to the losses sustained during the Civil War and to her inability to develop internally and externally at the same time; but the excuse does not cover the facts. What of the Franco-Prussian War? What of Germany's internal developments? And what of Germany's present magnificent merchant marine? History tells us that both nations fought devastating wars, that both passed from the dependent to the independent stage through the development of national resources; and that both built for themselves mighty navies. But during the period under review Germany built a merchant marine and America lost one. Explain this away who can! Remember that Germany's coastline, navigable rivers, harbors, seaports, cannot compare with America's immense endowment in these essentials of sea-power. America too has wealth of her own to fall back on, while Germany's economic fabric is mainly supported by credit. It is only logical to suppose that if America, during the years mentioned, could, in spite of competition, force herself into a position of prominence

in the world of industry and commerce, she could, if interested, reclaim some of her lost glory and move again in the front rank of shipping nations. A fair field and no favor is all that she requires, and a fair field implies freedom from legislative handicaps which discourage enterprise and the investment of capital in ships.

To a plain sailor — not a sea-lawyer — it seems that the Federal government of America cannot devote the necessary time to shipping when such a vast continent demands all its efforts and time. The marine interests of America are so enormous that their requirements cannot be fairly studied and met by a Board of Trade department also held responsible for the safe working of mines, factories, and railroads. The very fact that America is self-supporting may be the cause of the decline of her shipping. But Germany is self-supporting, too, and yet she keeps guard over her merchant tonnage. It is true that Germany is not possessed of a Minister of Marine, but, to all intents and purposes her Emperor fills that office. When a nation is self-supporting the need of a Minister of Marine is imperative, for, in the nature of things, external industries, such as shipping, when not absolutely essential to life and well-being, are apt to be cold-shouldered, and left to work out their own salvation. We find for instance that in 1855 the shipbuilding yards of America turned out three hundred and eighty-one full-rigged ships, barques, and barquentines, together with six hundred fore-and-afters. In 1905 the output included not a single square-rigger and less than two hundred fore-and-aft schooners. With respect to steamship construction, America is not a whit more favorably placed as compared with European nations, for in 1869 she built but one hundred and thirty-four screw steamers, and in

1909 the total increased to only six hundred and forty-two for that year. Furthermore, the great majority of these vessels were built to ply in the coastal and inter-coastal trades. Very few of those added to the American registry, of late years, are intended to serve the purpose of deep-water commerce. Owning to foreign competition and unwise national maritime laws, they could not if they would, and would not if they could. Coming down to 1902, the Frye-Hanna-Payne bill, designed to afford subsidies to American ships, passed the Senate, and seventeen ships for the transoceanic trade were built in American yards in anticipation that the provisions of that bill would become law. The House of Representatives threw out the bill. Since that day not another steamer of the class contemplated by the framers of the bill has been built in America.

The full story of those seventeen vessels added to the American registry under a misapprehension, is instructive and heart-breaking. Three of them are to-day sailing under the Belgian flag, to insure cheaper running, while the ownership remains the same. Three are engaged in the South American coastal trade. Three are laid up in San Francisco, two now belong to the United States government and are employed in connection with the work of the Panama Canal, five are engaged in the transpacific trade, and one was recently lost. Hence we find that after a lapse of a decade only eight of these seventeen vessels remain to the American merchant marine.

IV

Turning to the story of Britain, we find that her merchant marine represents over fifty per cent of the world's shipping. In spite of its being watched over by a department which is bur-

dened by the supervision of mines, factories, and railroads, it has maintained a steady growth throughout the many vicissitudes of the shipping industry. Some may jump to the conclusion that in bringing Britain and its merchant marine into the argument I am forging a weapon that can be turned against myself. This is not so! As an island nation dependent upon other countries for its foodstuffs and raw materials, Britain must keep a watchful eye on her ships and legislate with a view to keeping her course clear of antiquated laws. The President of the British Board of Trade may be without knowledge of the sea, but no matter what the man's credentials may be, it is comforting to know that he is swept along with the flood and must starve with the rest of us if the merchant marine of Britain cannot perform its national function. So, irrespective of party politics, Britain's economic position forces her into her paramount position in the maritime world. In certain unessential details, a British Minister of Marine, instead of a President of the Board of Trade, would prove valuable; but, in essentials, the issue does not lie in his hands, for we Britishers must starve if we cease to interest ourselves in shipping problems. When a nation lives by the sea, the protective instinct which forces its ships into all the nooks and corners of the world is an inheritance which brooks no interference from politicians who have personal axes to grind.

Now, my contention is this: that so vast are America's maritime interests from the Atlantic to the Pacific seaboards, *via*, and including, the Panama Canal, that they call for special legislation and an administrative department governed by a Minister of Marine vested with liberal powers to alter laws which are out of sympathy with modern needs, and to institute new

laws that will aim at putting a stop to the prodigal waste of America's maritime wealth.

As before pointed out, the proceedings of the last Congress were all in favor of ships engaged in the already protected coastal trade. No real concessions were made to deep-water tonnage. The new laws aim at increased safety at sea, but they do not point the way to increased American tonnage. Still they are a sufficient index to prove that if their framers devoted their time to investigating the true causes responsible for the decline of the American merchant marine and were free of the baneful influence of trusts, the American tonnage problem would soon be solved.

Let me call the roll of some of the handicaps, imposed by law on American shipowners, which need no high-power microscope to show their unsympathetic nature:—

A ship may not be purchased from foreigners and placed on the American register.

Owners of an American merchant ship must be American citizens, or a legal corporation organized and chartered under the laws of the United States or of any state thereof, the president and managing directors of which shall be citizens of the United States.

Masters, officers, and pilots of American ships must be American citizens.

American ships, of the tramp class, are required to carry seven hands more than British ships of equal tonnage, and this number increases *pro rata* with tonnage.

The hydrostatic tests which American steamships must periodically undergo ruin boilers and add enormously to the already heavy running expenses.

All foreign vessels of a certain class—and in certain countries vessels of every class—receive bounties and mileage money, while American ships

of every class have to shift for themselves.

The foregoing are but a few of the many evils which hamper American efforts in the maritime industry.

Commissioner Chamberlain devotes a considerable portion of a recent report to a masterly exposition of the methods employed by maritime nations which promote foreign commerce and shipping by means of subsidies. He considers this kind of expenditure as practiced by the majority of maritime nations, and arrives at the conclusion that the United States might do far worse than adopt certain of the salient features of these methods in order to give life and encouragement to her languishing merchant navy. 'American capital,' declares Commissioner Chamberlain, 'is not predisposed toward the sea at present, much less is labor so predisposed.' And he goes on to say: 'Repeal [of obsolete laws] may be advocated as an academic proposition; it may be advocated because the law is at least a dead letter, and it may be advocated in order to clear the way for subsidies when the inadequacy of the present laws has been shown by actual experience.'

A Minister of Marine unhampered by general legislative work could devote his time solely to shipping problems. As a free lance in the American shipping world he, as well as his subordinates, could within a very short time fully grasp the situation and decide what is worth retaining and what should be dumped overboard.

Germany, like the America of the last half century, is an ardent supporter of the protective principle, yet she has an eye to business, and though she may deplore the necessity of having certain of her ships built in British yards, she can yet see that by admitting these foreign-built ships to the German registry she increases her prestige

and over-sea commerce. Foreign-built tonnage has the same earning capacity as tonnage built in domestic yards. Every day Germany is adding lustre to her flag and breeding sailors, while every day American sailors and shipwrights are becoming scarcer. Norway affords us a splendid example of a poorly equipped country creating a merchant marine through purchasing and building ships.

Soon after the American Civil War, the centre of effort in shipbuilding shifted from America to Europe. The shipbuilding industry travels to positions of equilibrium where the cost can be reduced to a minimum without depreciation in the output and quality of the work. Experience and evolution govern the class of work and the size of new tonnage. So we shall find that when the day dawns for America once again to establish herself in the shipping world, her shipyards, plant, and business methods will be hopelessly out of date owing to the tremendous increase of the tonnage of individual vessels and the methods now employed to run modern leviathans.

In a recent speech the German Emperor said: 'Germany's future is on the sea.' As an intelligent man, he sees that the sea can return a rich harvest. Where is the man in America who dares say that America's future is on the sea? Let America produce such a man and place him at the head of a department that will work fearlessly for the shipping cause. There is tremendous leeway to make up, although American shipping is not yet on a lee shore.

V

It may, I believe, be taken for granted that the internal industries of America are fundamentally in a sound condition and can be trusted to look after themselves for a time, while a little

more time, thought, and money are expended on ships and sailors. The duties falling within the jurisdiction of a Minister of Marine should include wardenship over all the seaports, harbors, rivers, and canals of the United States; maintenance of the lighthouse, life-saving, and revenue services; power to enforce by-laws regulating river, canal, and ocean passenger services; inspection of hulls and machinery; prevention of shipping trusts and freight monopolies and preferential tariffs; examination of masters, officers, and pilots; control of the hydrographic department; furthering of nautical science; protection of fisheries and the maintenance of a limited lien on the revenue derived from ocean commerce; supervision of training schools and ships for boy seamen; power to direct the attention of Congress to old shipping laws which penalize any particular trade or class of vessel, and to suggest the substitution of new laws for old when, thereby, they will encourage shipbuilding in all its branches; power to hold courts of inquiry into wrecks and strandings, and the right to recommend the building of nautical colleges in order to encourage American boys to study American nautical history and take an interest in modern nautical affairs with the idea of, later, following the sea as a calling. In fact, the powers vested in such a minister ought to be not a whit less than those grant-

ed to the head of the army and navy. No Jack-of-all-trades can watch over the welfare of a merchant marine such as America is justified in possessing.

Many contend that the prodigality of America is but a sign of her youth. The excuse is a pitiful one. What of Germany's youth? What of Japan's youth? What would Captain Perry think of Japan to-day? And (what is more to the point) what could he help thinking of America to-day? Refusing to face one's obligations is an extravagance of which only America could be found guilty. When the majority of American citizens appreciate the seriousness of the calamity clearly, as do a few public-spirited men, they will never again have to submit to a humiliating indictment from the Commissioner of Navigation. It deserves quoting, word for word: *'During the year we had but seven steamships regularly crossing the Atlantic to Europe, and recently two of these have been transferred to a foreign flag. Crossing the Pacific regularly we have but six steamships, and we have no steamships under the American flag on routes to South America below the Isthmus and the Caribbean Sea, to Australia, or to Africa.'* Further, *'For several years past we have virtually ceased to build ships for the foreign trade, and the industry owes its existence almost wholly to the laws restricting domestic transportation by water to vessels built in the United States.'*

THE WAGE THAT ATTRACTS CAPITAL

BY RAY MORRIS

I

WHATEVER may have been the sociological and political defects of the *laissez-faire* policy under which modern industry has grown up, the system had at least this merit, that it offered alluring speculative inducements to capital. Investment in railroads, mines, and factories, in the things that we mean when we speak of building up the country, was unstinted, under the old rule of the game that rewarded risk by placing no limits to the profits of success. It is an exceedingly important question whether the new rule, which tends to limit profits without any corresponding abatement of risk, is going to succeed, or whether it is going to break down because new capital cannot be had in adequate amounts for the wage which the government will allow it to receive. As a matter of fact, we are confronting some new problems, of first-rate importance, which have yet to be thoroughly tried out anywhere in the world.

The Hadley Railroad Securities Commission brought this point out rather emphatically, in its bearing on railroad development. The report of the Commission to President Taft (November 1, 1911) shows how this development is now endangered by the 'reluctance of investors to purchase new issues of railroad securities in the amounts required,' and goes on to say:—

'We hear much about a reasonable return on capital. A reasonable return is one which, under honest accounting

and responsible management, will attract the amount of investors' money needed for the development of our railroad facilities. More than this is an unnecessary public burden. Less than this means a check to railroad construction and to the development of traffic. Where the investment is secure, a reasonable return is a rate which approximates the rate of interest which prevails in other lines of industry. Where the future is uncertain the investor demands, and is justified in demanding, a chance of added profit to compensate for his risk. We cannot secure the immense amount of capital needed unless we make profits and risks commensurate. If rates are going to be reduced whenever dividends exceed current rates of interest, investors will seek other fields where the hazard is less or the opportunity greater. In no event can we expect railroads to be developed merely to pay their owners such a return as they could have obtained by the purchase of investment securities which do not involve the hazards of construction or the risks of operation.'

It is interesting to look into this aspect of the question a little further and see if we can determine what capital is requiring to-day; what wage attracts it, and what has occasioned some of the recent variations in its point of view. Indeed, the extreme recency of the existence of liquid capital in really sizable amounts, is one highly important factor in the situation, and one which has received comparatively little

attention. Bagehot, writing in England, in 1873, says:—

‘We have entirely lost the idea that any undertaking likely to pay—and seen to be likely—can perish for want of money; yet no idea was more familiar to our ancestors, or is more common now in most countries. A citizen of London in Queen Elizabeth’s time could not have imagined our state of mind. He would have thought that it was of no use inventing railways (if he could have understood what a railway meant) for you would not have been able to collect the capital with which to make them. At this moment, in colonies and all rude countries, there is no large sum of transferable money; there *is* no fund from which you can borrow, and out of which you can make immense works.’

Liquid capital, available for investment in general development work, as distinct from its intensive use on the farm or in the local industry which created it, depends clearly on three basic factors: order, good communications, and credit in a more or less highly organized form. These factors, in combination, are very modern—considerably less than a hundred years old, and their effect has been cumulative and unprecedentedly rapid in the last fifty years, through the piling up of marginal profits on credit transactions.

This process is thoroughly familiar to all of us, yet at this time it seems worth restatement and analysis, since the attitude of governing bodies is being directed sharply toward these marginal accumulations at two points: at the store of capital in individual hands, through various forms of super-taxes and death duties; and at the source of production, through rate-regulation and the control of monopoly and trade agreements. Thus we have to-day the contrast of an immense supply of floating capital, so harassed by regulative

propaganda, all over the world, that it is harder than it has been in many years to finance enterprises of the most constructive and conservative sort. Nor must we forget, in speaking of ‘liquid capital,’ that this essential characteristic of fluidity, or availability, has been increased out of all proportion to the world’s total store of capital, by credit organization in connection with the basic factors mentioned above.

When the Fuggers, of Augsburg, built up their banking aristocracy that financed popes and emperors, capital available for development work was much more nearly synonymous with bullion. The Fuggers equipped fleets to trade in the East; they operated mines, and dealt in gold, silver, and copper, as well as in the cloth stuffs that were the foundation of their greatness; and their business was exceedingly profitable: the capital of the house increased from 200,000 florins, in 1511, to 2,000,000 in 1527 and 5,000,000 in 1546. But when they developed a mine, or traded in the East, without the modern distribution of risk and profit attendant upon the use of stock, bonds, or parcel loans, their capital worked slowly, although the profit margin was so high that a modern merchant-banker, who turns his capital over twenty times as often, would scarcely do as well. Modern banking, in fact, works exactly the other way, and seeks quickness of turn-over for a small marginal profit, with risk distributed through the re-pledge of purchased securities, so that a million dollars of banking capital (which is, or should be, the most liquid kind) will probably serve to float as many ventures to-day as twenty millions would have done in the sixteenth century.

But the very perfection of the devices for assembling capital and getting the utmost service out of it, has

undoubtedly been a cause of social friction; money has seemed to flow into certain channels too readily, as compared with the individual worker's difficulty in obtaining it. Meantime, with ever-widening suffrage and ever-increasing newspaper appeal, the world has about given up the doctrine of *laissez faire*, and is forging ahead pretty rapidly in social experiment. Since the beginning of the second Roosevelt administration in this country, programmes of governmental control and restriction of enterprises that depend on the constant influx of new capital, have played a new and a highly important part, and there is every indication that they are going further. The wage which commercial enterprise holds out to capital has been modified, perhaps more than we realize; modified so much that certain kinds of development have been retarded seriously, pending determination of the point where capital, when eager for employment, will or will not work under the terms and conditions established by the government.

II

The extent of these changes is easy to forget, unless we make a general survey of the investment field and note what has happened to each component part of it during the last few years. Thus, we might fairly group the bulk of general, unspecialized investment in this country, somewhat as follows:—

Land and buildings.

Government, state, and municipal obligations.

Transportation companies and other 'public utilities.'

Industrials.

Of these classifications, real estate has probably been affected least, but increases in taxation have been progressive and exceedingly rapid, and we

cannot feel that our governing bodies will be likely to work either more cheaply or much more efficiently as the years go on. Indeed, there are indications, both strong and numerous, that public benefits at the taxpayer's cost are in their infancy in this country, and have much further to go even in those parts of Europe where the tax rate is already far higher than it is in the most reckless American communities. We have yet to contend with any substantial programme of municipal housing, for example, although it has been really forced on many congested foreign cities, usually at a very considerable net cost to the taxpayer.

Land and buildings bear the brunt of this sort of thing. They pay the bulk of the taxes, owing to their unhappiness in ability to be concealed; and their owners recognize the likelihood that they are pretty sure to be prominent contributors to all the programmes of social betterment arising from the changing tendencies of civic responsibility.

In the case of transportation and other public-utility investments, the present-day changes are, of course, very marked. We see a clear governmental disposition to limit profits to an assumed normal interest rate (as described in the Hadley report) in spite of the economic absurdities which the process may entail. For example, the United States Supreme Court, in the so-called Minnesota Rate Cases, specifically permitted the Minneapolis and St. Louis, which was not earning what the court considered to be a fair return on the investment, to maintain a higher schedule of rates than the Great Northern and Northern Pacific in the same territory. Of course this permission was not worth much to the Minneapolis and St. Louis, which, in open territory, is economically and commercially obliged to maintain rates at least as low as its competitors, or even

that business which it has will be taken away from it! Yet this unique commercial maxim, that the proper procedure for weak competitors is to charge more than their strong competitors do, is the goal you must needs arrive at if you determine rates in competitive territory by limiting invested capital to a fixed return; there is no escaping it. The rate that will just permit the best located, best built, and best operated road to earn six per cent, will quite certainly fall short of a living wage for the less fortunate roads in the same district, although they are sure to be performing indispensable transportation services to the farmers and manufacturers along their lines.

Turning this question around, the investor naturally asks why he should contribute any capital to the upbuilding and extension of the weaker roads, and the government has, as yet, no answer to give him. Nor is any inducement held out to capital to perfect the stronger roads. In the *Kansas City Southern* case, decided in November, 1913, the Supreme Court held that portions of a railroad abandoned in the process of grade-revision work cannot be counted as part of the capital investment (on which the court in the *Minnesota* cases computed the normal interest return).

Let us see how this works out. The Central Pacific Railroad, as originally located, ran around the north end of Great Salt Lake, through mountainous country, where grades and curvature put a constant burden on traffic. After the Union Pacific consolidations were completed, and the credit of the Central Pacific, through its affiliation, had become strong, the company's engineers undertook and carried through to successful completion a most extraordinary exploit. At a cost of some \$9,000,000, they built a new railroad, 104 miles long, straight across Great

Salt Lake on an immense trestle and embankment, and thereby cut off almost 44 miles of linear distance besides taking out some four thousand degrees of curvature and reducing the maximum grade from 89.76 feet to 21.12 feet per mile. The old, crooked, roundabout line naturally lost most of its utility after the cut-off was built, although it was built as well as the resources of its period permitted, and undoubtedly represented an investment of a sum comparable with that which was spent on the cut-off, when we take into account both the first cost and the heavy rehabilitation work which took place under the Harriman control.

Now, to intensify the illustration, let us regard this section of the Central Pacific, from Ogden to Lucin, as an independent railroad, and let us assume that the old roundabout line was, in fact, discarded and dismantled as part of the transportation machine. Under these circumstances, the application of the Supreme Court's *Kansas City Southern* ruling would apparently require the Ogden-Lucin cut-off to carry freight and passengers free. • It could charge rates which would net six or seven per cent on the capital invested in the new line after deducting the cost of the discarded line. But as the costs of the new and the old lines were substantially the same, such deduction would wipe out the new investment, and a seven per cent return on zero equals zero!

The reader will observe that an escape is provided from this dilemma if the useless mileage be kept alive technically, and if occasional trains are run over it, although this kind of operation is exceedingly costly. The vital point remains, that the discarded-mileage policy set forth in the *Kansas City Southern* decision encourages piecemeal improvement work (since betterments which do not involve abandon-

ment of line can be added to the investment account on which interest and dividends can be paid if earned); but we cannot doubt that it tends sharply to discourage the root-and-branch reconstruction which has brought about the rapid building up of the American transportation system to its present efficiency.

It is no part of this study to enter into the controversial field of railroad-rate regulation, and enough has been said to show how the inducements for new capital to enter railroad development have been cut down. Indeed, the issuing of share capital for new construction has been all but shut off, partly for the reasons outlined and partly because of the difficulty, under various state laws, of getting stock out below par. The promoter and speculative developer have been forced away from stock, which is what ought to be sold for hazardous development, and into bonds, which ought not to be sold for hazardous development. It has been the inalienable right of the American railroad developer, from the earliest times, to be wiped-out for the benefit of the community, but the bondholder recognizes no such privilege. He is a creditor, not a proprietor, and when his bonds default he stands squarely in the path of progress and readjustment until he is taken care of.

It must not be overlooked in this connection that the recent noteworthy extensions of governmental supervision over American industry, the effects of which have undoubtedly been cumulative in the last two years, have fallen concurrently with a world-wide period of economic readjustment, and that the two things have no necessary connection with each other, although it is clear that both have worked together to depress securities and alarm the investor.

Thus an analysis of the present rail-

road situation discloses many familiar points, mixed up with some of the new ones to which reference has been made. Ever since the recovery from the panic of 1907, operating expenses have pressed net earnings hard, so that the immense increases in gross earnings have been almost entirely absorbed by the increased cost of labor and materials. So far, this is entirely familiar; it had a counterpart in 1903, and has quite regularly followed our successive periods of industrial activity, as in 1890, 1884, and 1873. In each of these years there was the same discouragement, the same feeling that the railroads were being obliged to go ahead very rapidly in order to remain in the same place. In each case, also, the readjustment followed promptly. Industry declined; traffic fell off; labor became abundant and efficient instead of scarce and inefficient; the cost of materials (especially those in which the labor cost is relatively high) fell off, so that the roads did a diminished business at less cost, and in many instances were able to give a good account of net profits.

Then, in each case, the return of industrial activity yielded a few exceptionally profitable years, before increasing costs neutralized the traffic gains. This much is familiar, and history can be counted on to repeat itself. The new factor to-day is the double government supervision under the Interstate Commerce Act and the Sherman Act, both of which are duplicated and reduplicated in their essentials by a mass of state legislation. The Erdmann Act, in its application to wage-increases, is also a new factor, but scarcely a first-class one.

The reluctance of the Commerce Commission to allow rate advances has received abundant comment; much less attention has been paid to the reluctance of the railroads to enter into

rate wars, as they habitually used to do in periods of declining traffic. The fact that they are no longer free to make voluntary advances has made them give up entirely the struggle for temporary gain through voluntary decreases, such as characterized the demoralization of the whole rate structure in the early eighties. Most happily deprived of the rebate weapon, the weak roads have sometimes been able to gain special traffic by giving special service; in other instances they have gone along a narrow path with little in prospect but ultimate starvation, but their struggles have not embroiled the whole competitive situation, as they used to do.

The matter may fairly be summed up with the comment that the early conception of the Interstate Commerce Commission as a St. George to the railroads' dragon—as it has been well characterized—seems to be working around to a point where public policy is beginning to distinguish between regulation and chastisement. Yet it is quite plain that the 'fair-return' doctrine is in for a trial, and will carry with it a full measure of indirect chastisement for the unoffending weak roads; the very ones that have never yet been able to pay a legal rate, if indeed they have paid any rate at all, on their original cost of construction.

From an investment standpoint, however, there are certain important offsets to be considered. The gradual development of the 'fair-return' point of view (which, of course, does not propose that the receipt of the fair return shall be guaranteed to anybody) has been exceedingly discouraging to new enterprise. This is bad for the country, especially for the undeveloped portions of it, but in so far as it checks speculative movements for competitive railroad building, as, for example, the paralleling of the New York Central by the West Shore, it will be viewed

with complete satisfaction by the existing roads. With an embargo on new ventures, it would not take many years for normal traffic growth to make profitable railroads out of most of the country's weak mileage.

Thus we have presented the clear paradox of a governmental policy which elaborately goes to work to break up railroad combination (as in the Union Pacific case) in the supposed interest of competition, while it effectively shuts off the real, virile competition which follows new construction, by removing the incentive to construct. Many observers see government ownership as the only ultimate solution for difficulties of this sort; difficulties which crowd one another's heels when safety regulation, wage regulation, and rate regulation, on the one hand, are combined with stock and bond regulation and restricted return on investment, while there is constant effort to find means of disrupting existing railroad systems under the Sherman Act.

III

But government ownership is not a question that specially concerns the investor to-day. The financial programme which would be involved in out-and-out purchase of the lines seems unworkable just now, although a system of leases with a guarantee of dividends on an agreed basis, perhaps lower in some cases than existing rates, might possibly be worked out. This, however, is clearly a matter for future years; neither the necessity for so hazardous an experiment nor any real demand for it is apparent now. In no case should the prospect hold any special terrors for the investor.

I cannot avoid the conclusion that railroad securities in this country are going to find their way back again, cautiously but surely, to the place of

preëminence. It is worthy of note that, if the government makes a serious attempt to restrict the total of interest and dividends to a specific return on capital invested, most of the mileage of the country will fall short of a fair return, to-day, on its total investment, so that most roads have room for legal progress upwards, while the inducement to new competition would not be apparent. Moreover, I should rather anticipate the gradual growth of a public policy that would permit rate-increases to balance wage-increases, on honestly managed roads, up to the standard of the statutory six or seven per cent. How this is going to be accomplished, nobody knows, for, as has been pointed out, the rate scale that will just enable the strong road to earn its seven per cent will usually bankrupt its weaker competitor — and bankrupt roads are not a campaign asset for the party that did it. But if we make the daring assumption that the government, through physical valuation, can fix the rate of return as a statutory principle, I cannot see that it menaces the security holders of the strong roads. Viewed as a matter of public policy, the idea seems almost ludicrously bad, but with that we are not concerned.

The inferior position of the weak roads has already been discussed. But here rises traffic density as a silent, unnoticed champion for them, if only new capital can be kept from competing. Traffic density rests on population, not on legislation, and is, in fact, quite unterrified by the latter. The number of roads which the growth of the country has taken from the weak group and definitively placed in the strong group since 1900 is quite extraordinary; that phase of the situation has received but little attention.

It must be noted that the rehabilitation of some of these roads, such as the Northern Pacific, the Union Paci-

fic, the Santa Fé and the Kansas City Southern, was immensely facilitated by the pouring into them of great sums of speculative capital, which will perhaps be less easy to come by when the next group of weak but growing roads seek rehabilitation funds from their bankers. The difficulty which such roads have had, during the past two years, in getting any sort of financial accommodation has, of course, been apparent to everybody; but it is impossible, just now, to separate the respective weights of government policy from those of world-wide credit strain, in determining the final cause of this. I think it would not be hazardous to assert that both factors have worked together.

If the roads mentioned above had abundant resource to speculative capital, however, another group, almost equally successful, has been able to develop without it, by the use of current earnings supplemented by short-term borrowings. The Southern Railway, the Seaboard Air Line, and the Erie, have done this with conspicuous success, although the Erie perhaps came as near bankruptcy in 1908 as any road that has ever escaped it.

Given a deterrent to competitive speculative enterprise, and a rapidly growing country, and I am inclined to think that the railroads will work out their problems successfully, even with the curious economic handicap of a public policy which seeks to limit capital's maximum return to a low percentage, without any compensating guarantee of a minimum return. It may be taken for granted that we shall have to face, as we have already faced, much that is crude, in the outworking of the governmental policies; much, too, that is unnecessarily harsh, and, in places, grossly unfair. But there is just as much precedent for thinking that the details of administration will become

progressively less burdensome and more intelligent, after they find their way into routine channels, and are removed from the sphere of active political discussion.

Thus, I should imagine that capital seeking a high degree of security as its wage (coupled with a broad market and ready convertibility) would find these essentials in railroad securities in the future to even a greater degree than in the past. On the other hand, if speculative capital, which has played so vital a part in building up the country, is to be, for a time, driven away from new ventures, it can still seek its profits in the swings of the market on existing railroad shares, and in purchase of railroad securities which seem to be on the verge of going from the weak class to the strong, with consequent likelihood of appreciation. Few speculative investors are as much concerned with dividend rates as they are with appreciation of principal; a point of view which is entirely sound, in relation to the larger chances of profit.

IV

Government, state, and municipal securities have also been affected profoundly, although in quite a different direction, by the socialistic drift of the last decade. Governmental extravagance, resting on the easy principle of spending somebody else's money, has increased progressively to a point where the annual output of securities to provide funds for public betterment work looms up out of all proportion to what would have been regarded as a normal increase, even a few years ago. Public obligations of the best grade have always commanded the highest prices of all investment securities, but for many years past, the holder of such bonds has seen new issues come on the market in ever-increasing amounts, while

prices have steadily declined. This fact, combined with the world's tremendous conversion of capital into fixed forms, has had the practical result of lessening the market for public obligations at the same time that the output has increased. The holder knows that his security is unquestioned, but he does not want to lose his profits by buying in a falling market, and he is well aware of the fact that state and municipal bonds of the highest grade, bought ten years ago and sold to-day, show a loss of ten to twenty points; a loss which would, in many cases, reduce the total return on the investment close to the vanishing point.

Moreover, the buyer of state and municipal bonds must close his eyes to degrees of bad book-keeping and uneconomic finance which would never be tolerated in the administration of a railroad. State highway bonds, issued for a long term to pay for roads which motor-traffic may be counted on to destroy in about three years, are a case in point. Nor is there any relief in sight for this general situation of heedless, irresponsible public finance, except, perhaps, in an extension of the 'city manager' plan of government, which has been utilized abroad with conspicuous success, and has already made small but hopeful beginnings in this country.

Just now, the market for public obligations is better than it has been in several years, although prices are far from former levels. The stimulus was given by the provision in the income-tax law which not only exempts our government, state, and municipal securities, but does not require them even to be reported in the taxpayer's list. The feeling is undoubtedly widespread that the government is, in effect, conducting an inquisition, and that future social legislation is apt to utilize the information brought out, especially as

affecting the surtax. As a matter of fact, local taxes, at the present time, are nominally much more burdensome than the income tax, but the investor, except when handling trust funds, does not ordinarily disclose his list to the tax-collector. Instead, he often compounds on an arbitrary assessment, which local authorities fear to press to the limit because of the ease with which legal residence can be changed, or bonds converted into tax-free stocks. But the payer of the income surtax feels singularly friendless and devoid of representation, and does not altogether like the look of things ahead.

The matter may perhaps be summarized fairly by saying that public securities owe much of their new-found popularity to the fact that capital does not have to admit owning them, but that their broader economic status leaves a good deal to be desired.

v

The ramifications of the new democracy have reached industrial investments from still another angle. Bonds and stocks of small industrial companies have always been regarded as extra-hazardous, for a number of reasons. The ability of the management is a factor of immense importance, and may change overnight. But fully as serious an obstacle, from the investor's stand-point, has been the risk attendant upon changing market and competitive conditions. And it is frequently as difficult to sell a hundred shares of local industrial stock as it is to sell the company.

For these reasons, and a good many others which need not be enumerated here, investors have usually preferred large industrial ventures to small ones, although it is not much more than fifteen years that the securities of industrial corporations have been regard-

ed as suitable investments for general funds in this country.¹

But the recovery from the 'long drag' after 1893, brought with it the conception of industrial consolidation and finance on a grand scale, — and it was grandly overdone. In 1901 and 1902, it seemed as if any sort of consolidation would be sure to break new barriers of prosperity if only you could get everybody into it, so that prices could be controlled, trade-arrangements dominated, and 'overhead' reduced, by concentrating in one super-human office the problems that had kept fifty offices busy. It was amazingly easy to sell the securities of these ventures, and the arguments for their existence were plausible, and in many cases correct. Only within the last year or two have the doubters openly maintained that great consolidations do not necessarily gain in efficiency what they lose in flexibility, although 1903 and 1904 demonstrated how slight their control of prices was apt to be.

Yet in the condition of pandemonium now enveloping the great industrial companies because of the hit-and-miss character and application of the Sherman Act, there can be very little doubt that the thing they are being punished for (that is, alleged price-control) is just the thing that they have been least successful at, although it would be greatly to the advantage of trade if they could manage it. Healthy competition has a great deal better chance of staying healthy in a trade where prices tend to be stable than in one

¹ This statement like most generalization about investments, needs qualification. The New England textile stocks furnish an excellent example of small industrials, and they have been regarded in New England almost like semi-trustee investments, for nearly half a century. Brewery shares had a similar vogue in Great Britain until they suffered a series of reverses, partly due to increasing temperance on the part of the British public. — THE AUTHOR.

where price wars periodically demoralize the industry and kill off the little fellows.

The upshot of the matter seems to be that the industrial organizers of a dozen years ago went too far in their assumptions of the efficiency and the potential trade-control of immense aggregations of manufacturing and distributing units, while they clearly overlooked the fact that they were generating a feeling of suffocation on the part of the small dealer and the consumer which would sooner or later lead to legislative retaliation. On the other hand, any observer of the erratic interpretation and administration of the Sherman Act would be apt to feel that the government, in its efforts to break up trade-conspiracy, has been chasing a good many economic butterflies, and that its harsh utilization of a law which comes near making it unlawful for two competitors to discuss together any programme of mutual trade-benefit, has been of more service to politics than to honest business.

We are not at present concerned with any aspect of the Sherman Act except its effect on the innocent and bewildered investor, but I think nobody will dissent from the proposition that the law and its sensational methods of enforcement have come near removing entirely from the field of conservative investment a considerable group of industrial enterprises which would otherwise attract capital, to the benefit of all concerned. Nor is there any prospect of real relief from this situation until the public ceases to believe that the ideal state of affairs exists when steel companies and coal companies and beef-packers are educated to overproduce, break one another's prices, and rush down a steep place into the sea of bankruptcy. The salient point is that the investor is quite clear in his desire to avoid the kind of

situation which the Sherman Act, as at present interpreted, seems to foster.

Attention is being concentrated, just now, on the interests, or supposed interests, of the consumer, and nobody is thinking much about the producer. Yet when we try to find the consumer and congratulate him, he almost always turns out to be producing something himself. We are pretty sure to reach the conclusion, eventually, that the consumer who does not also produce is as insignificant, numerically and politically, as the man who pays the surtax. In fact, we find ourselves face to face with the terrible suspicion that the non-producing consumer is nobody in the world but the surtaxpayer himself—and surely nobody intended to give him legal protection.

Yet when capital cries out in a loud voice that it will be forced to remain inactive because of the new hazards which have been attached to investment by socialistic governments engaged in the pursuit of votes, we know that this threat, while logical, will not be carried out. Whatever else capital does or does not do, it can be counted on not to remain idle, except during temporary periods when it is severely frightened. It must go out into the world as any other worker does, and struggle for its wage, even though all governments (to paraphrase Professor Sumner) shall unite in authorizing A and B to instruct C how to spend D's money. But there are a great many parts of the world where capital can find profitable and safe employment to-day, and it seems to me that the tendencies of national development, in this country and elsewhere, are going to be governed to a somewhat larger extent than we realize, by the respective pains which are taken to keep visiting capital well fed and well housed, and, in general, satisfied with the conditions of its employment.

A SCOTTISH GARDEN

BY SARAH N. CLEGHORN

LOWLAND garden,
Sunk in beechwoods,
Lichen-walled,
Espaliered, ivied;
Where the wee burn,
Bridged and arbored,
Winds through blue-bells:
In its dulcet
Wave, reflecting
Rhododendron,
Oleander:
Here at even
Dimly wandering,
Shadowy forms
Of olden ladies
Pass and hover:
Soft the trail of floating panier,
India muslin:
Faint the scent
Of heaping baskets,
Sweet geranium,
Cinnamon roses:
Silver fall
Along the beechwood,
Mingled voices,
Hidden calls
And dream-like laughter: —
“Arabella!”
“Theodora!”
“Juliana!”
“Leonora!”

IVY OF THE NEGATIVES

BY MARGARET LYNN

MALDY was away for the afternoon. That was a very rare thing, for Maldy clung to the place as if it were a citadel left to her guarding. She held all visiting in contempt,—partly because of her own long experience with visitors,—and as for her scanty shopping, she summarily relegated that to my mother, her only requirements in garments being that they should wear well and should look just like her last ones. But at one point my mother demurred: she would not buy Maldy's shoes,—so she said after a few experiments,—and have her hobbling about in toe-pinching or heel-rubbing foot-leather. So twice a year, after Maldy's needs had for many days been pointed out to her, she, with many postponements and great final reluctance, went to town with my mother. This was one of those occasions.

She had looked back many times before she was out of sight, and we, out of sheer kindness to her, had maintained a virtuous state of conspicuous idleness on the front porch as long as she could see us. It would be a comforting vision for her to carry with her to the unacceptable experiences of the afternoon.

With Maldy out of sight and a change of atmosphere, we immediately relaxed. Meditation fell upon us. We were not really casting about for anything lawless to do; but still so rare an occasion as this deserved some unwonted employment. It would be unappreciative and tame not to use it appropriately. Uneasiness sat even on

Henry, while we all tacitly and inactively awaited a worthy inspiration.

Our meditation was interrupted by the appearance of Ivy Hixon, the daughter of one of the renters, coming on one of her borrowing errands. I had heard my father say that the Hixons were practical Socialists; I don't know what he meant, but it was obviously connected with borrowing customs. Ivy now carried a black-cracked teacup in her hand.

'Mom wanted to know would your ma borrow her some saleratus,' she delivered herself.

Questioning revealed that she wanted some baking soda. I arose with as good an imitation of my mother's air as I could manage, and led the way into the house. Mary followed us, and finally John. Henry, who found no delight in the freckled Ivy, and had in fact compared her appearance to that of a grass-burr, sent an indifferent glance after us and then took himself off to the stables. For Henry the company of horses never staled.

In the big store-room off the kitchen—a mere pantry could not hold stores for a household of our numbers—we found the soda, and with as many manners as I could take on, I gave Ivy a liberal helping.

Ivy lingered to look around. 'You've got lots of things to eat,' she said.

That had never seemed to me a cause for pride, but I tried to look affluent. However, I thought it better to edge Ivy back into the kitchen. My mother never talked to the renter women

about the things we had. But even in the kitchen Ivy found much to comment on and linger over. I was uneasy at first; my mother was full of kindly attentions to the renter families, but the children never came to the house much. However, that prohibition appeared to belong to Maldy's administration, and to allow Ivy to remain for a while seemed to be a privilege of the day. Soon we were all talking freely, and enjoying Ivy's admiration of the number and size of our kitchen utensils. She applauded the kitchen stove especially. Maldy's stove was no doubt a thing to admire, although at that time, not having the housekeeping point of view, we did not realize its praiseworthiness.

The fire had been left, in Maldy's hurried after-dinner departure. Even its heat, as we assisted Ivy to admire it, seemed of a peculiarly efficient sort. Assuming technical knowledge, we displayed dampers and drafts and oven-depths. Ivy looked appreciatively into the still warm oven.

'Mom made a cake onst,' she said, 'when Uncle Jake's folks come.'

It was not for us to speak of cakes.

'Can you cook?' she asked me.

'Some,' I answered conservatively. I had once mixed up corn-bread under Maldy's impatient direction.

'I can fry side-meat, and potatoes, and make saleratus biscuits.'

We had heard that renters lived chiefly on hot biscuit; when I add that they called bread 'light bread' always, I have sufficiently indicated their social standing in our eyes.

'We could make a cake right now,' said Ivy. She spoke as one suggesting an enterprise, but a merely natural one to undertake.

I was silent, as of course Mary was also.

Said John in a moment, 'Let's make a cake.'

John had no culinary self-respect to preserve. Anyway, he was thinking less of the adventure than of the desirable result.

'You put eggs in it, and milk and lots of sugar and flour and butter if you got it, and lard if you ain't,' said Ivy glibly. 'I bet you folks got all them things.'

'Oh, yes,' I answered hastily. 'We've got everything.'

That seemed to be acquiescence, and we stood somehow committed to the undertaking. Anyhow adventure, the more lawless the better, had been calling to us.

However, Ivy Hixon was not going to dictate to us in our own kitchen. Having made the suggestion, her officiousness expanded and threatened to take control of us all. I prepared to assert myself.

'You beat the eggs first,' said Ivy. 'Mom took three.'

While I considered, Mary, the methodical, climbed to a shelf and brought down a cook-book. The possession of a cook-book was merely a concession to convention on Maldy's part, for she was never seen to use it and had been heard to speak contemptuously of it. Mary's little forefinger traveled down the index column to cakes.

'There's a good many,' she said.

'What kind do we want? Here's Brown Stone Front and Nancy Hanks and Five Egg and Good White Cake and Jelly Cake and Chocolate Layer and Marble and Fairy Lily —'

'Let's have that,' I said.

Mary turned to it. 'Whites of seven eggs, cup and a half of sugar,' she began.

'What do you do with the yolks?' I interrupted. I had supposed that an egg was a unit in cooking.

Mary laboriously followed through the list of items and figures. 'It don't say,' she said.

'Mom put 'em in,' said Ivy. 'Mom's cake was yallow. It was n't no lily cake,' she finished contemptuously. With the advent of the cook-book authority seemed likely to slip from her. 'Mom put three whole eggs in hern.'

'Let's make a big cake,' said John.

'Read the five-egg one,' I dictated.

'Five eggs beaten separately —' began Mary.

'That's awful funny,' said Ivy.

We all looked dubious, in fact.

Mary finished out the proportions of the cake, — conventional enough, I suppose. The final statement, that the recipe would make a very large cake, was decisive for every one.

'All right,' I said briskly.

I really was not, for my part, eager for the result, but the situation began to please me.

'John, you fix up the fire, and don't take Mady's cobs. Mary, we've got to wash our hands first.'

That was not sheer virtue; a look at Ivy's had suggested it. Ivy joined us in common ablution, and I think saw the complexion of her hands for the first time in many a day.

'We must clean our finger-nails,' added Mary gently, to my surprise.

Ivy plainly thought that unnecessary, but followed suit, matching the novel enterprise from her own experience, however, with, 'Mom digs out the baby's nails sometimes.'

But that concession to elegance over, Ivy quickly resumed her place. I turned from the towel to find her setting out a flat crock for a mixing-bowl, a row of five tea-cups, and a fork.

'What are those for?' I asked.

'To beat the eggs in. The book says so.'

I had never seen a process like that, and was doubtful; but still, many an operation went on in the kitchen on which I did not trouble to cast my eye. I was not in a position to contradict,

but I tried at least to awe Ivy by reaching down an egg-beater instead of the fork. Ivy looked at it a moment, tested its movement and, unimpressed, accepted it as a matter of course. She hung over the cook-book, business in her mien, energy radiating from her elbows.

Nature had dealt but meagrely with Ivy. Her hair was sandy, — sandy to the touch, too, I fancied, — her face was sandy, her hands looked sandy. Her dress, to my embarrassment, was an old one of my own; I tried to act as if unconscious of the fact. It hung loosely from her round shoulders and — although she was nearly as old as I — was far too long for her; but as she was barefooted, that was a good thing. Her scratched feet looked sandy too. Her hair was tied with a white string, which was braided in for two or three inches from the end. I had suggested that means of security to Ellen when she braided my hair, but she did not accept the suggestion, although it would doubtless have saved me from many a reproof. Whether because of this device or not, Ivy's scrawny little braid turned sharply outward from her meagre shoulders and, with her quick, jerky movements, bobbed about like a question-mark incessantly questioning. Before we got through with our enterprise, that curled-up arc of hair seemed to me to be making the cake, it was so active, so ubiquitous.

Ivy turned briskly from the cook-book and disappeared into the store-room. She was back almost instantly.

'Say, there ain't but six eggs, and if we'd take them they'd know for sure. You go and get some more. I bet there's a plenty.'

Dignity compelled me to pass the order on to John. Assuming initiative, I proceeded to get out the other ingredients, but always with Ivy at my elbow, making additional suggestions.

'When you're gettin' get a plenty. That's what Aunt Em says. But Mom says when you ain't got no money — Say, ain't you folks got lots of sugar! Say, you could have a cake every day.'

Her eyes saw every article in the store-room, and her tongue commented without trammel. Between times she issued orders with freedom and decision. I was always just going to, but Ivy steadily forestalled me. It seemed as if, whenever I turned to do a thing, Ivy's arc of braid was always bobbing just ahead of me. Information which I imparted to her became her own as completely as if it had never been mine. Within a few minutes she knew all the household equipment as well as Mary and I put together. It need not be supposed that I acquiesced readily in this system of precedence; but when there is no crevice in the front of authority where one can interpose opposition, and when one is hampered by hospitality besides, where is one going to begin to assert one's independence?

The mixing-spoon was hardly ever out of Ivy's hands. She stirred and beat and sifted and stirred, in a housewifely ecstasy of creation. The words 'a plenty' rolled lusciously from her tongue constantly when she caught sight of our household stores. Only steady self-control kept her from altering the proportion of ingredients, when abundance of butter or sugar came into view. It seemed a pity not to use more when there was 'a plenty.' Her imagination reached forward, and she hinted at something else to be done when the cake was off our hands. But this time even John did not rise to the suggestion.

I should not have supposed that one person could find sufficient orders for three. I found myself obeying in a sort of bewilderment. Mary was kept busy washing dishes, because, as Ivy said,

the elders would not want to find the kitchen 'all gaumed up when they come back.' It did seem wise to remove our traces. The eggs were beaten separately — that is, individually — and the process took some time. John thought it unnecessary but Ivy overruled him with the words of the book. For one of comparatively limited acquaintance with literature, Ivy had remarkable reverence for the printed word. She seemed to take pride in having cooking thus connected with her stunted accomplishment of reading.

At last everything was in, stirred and beaten, and beaten and stirred. Everybody, even John, had been allowed to take a hand at this; but it was Ivy's freckled little arms which gave the last loving strokes. At this moment Henry strolled in.

We had got so used to Ivy that we had forgotten to miss Henry. But John, going out to find another egg to replace one which somebody had dropped on the floor, — we regretted it, but Ivy said there were plenty more, — had mentioned to Henry that an enterprise was afoot within. After a little time for consideration, Henry decided to enter. He came loafing in, his hands in his pockets and a general air of mature leisure about him. I had just got out a cake-pan and Ivy had taken it from me and was buttering it with flying whisks of her fingers. She was putting a good deal of butter on it.

Henry eyed the process a moment with a remotely critical air. I think it was the first time he had noticed the operation at all, but it was for him to suggest improvement now that he was here.

'You're putting too much butter on that,' he said briefly, without introduction.

Ivy paused and looked at him, every freckle darting out surprise. She rubbed her nose with the back of her

hand and eyed him above her buttery fingers.

'You never made no cake,' she answered.

'Cake should n't taste of butter,' said Henry, speaking calmly but succinctly, as an expert authority. 'It'll make it fall,' he added.

Ivy, determined not to be impressed, continued to eye him as she ran her fingers round and round the pan. Henry took one hand from its pocket, lifted the mixing-spoon and let the batter drip from it while he scrutinized the compound intelligently.

'It's too thin,' he delivered judgment.

'It's just like the book says, I guess,' returned Ivy forcibly.

Ivy was really misnamed. We were all responsible for the cake, but Ivy seemed to be its natural defender.

His attention called to the cookbook, Henry turned to peruse it. He wore the air of a passing authority who had no personal interest in pointing out error. He did not keep us waiting long, however, before he spoke again.

'Lots of cakes have raisins in them. Let's put raisins in this.'

Let us! Even we who knew Henry well had never seen him adopt an exploit with greater promptness. But then we were used to Henry; many a time had he gathered us to his banner as sheep to a cause. Ivy alone found him a novelty.

'The book never said nothin' about puttin' in no raisins,' she said. 'This ain't that kind of cake.'

With the air of one who was bloodied but spiritually unbowed, she stirred the cake again and bade me look at the fire. A few minutes before she would have given the order to John. Whether she acknowledged it or not, masculinity seemed to be in a stage of readjustment.

Mary, returning, reported that there

were no raisins in store. It was embarrassing to us to admit that there was anything we did not have. Henry considered. Was there a substitute? He detained the putting of the cake into the oven with a glance and a wave of the hand, while he meditated.

'Raisins are nothing but grapes,' mused John, 'but grapes are n't ripe yet.'

Henry turned his eye on the window. The rest of us indicated the stages of our mental processes by discussion. Henry merely announced his results.

'We'll get some cherries,' he said.

Ivy, who had been impatiently heeling and toeing beside the kitchen-table, burst forth, 'I never heard of no cherries in no cake. I bet they'd spoil it.'

'They'll make it thicker,' said Henry, conceding a reply to her evident depth of feeling.

Ivy continued to stand by the table, smoothing and patting the surface of her cake — her cherished cake — while Henry marshaled the rest of us out to the Early Richmond cherry trees. As a precaution he added her to the party, although she declared that the cake would fall while we were gone.

It took only a few minutes, however, for the five of us to gather and stone a quart or more of cherries. Henry dumped the lot, reeking juice, into the batter and stirred them in.

'It's thinner'n ever,' wailed Ivy, 'and it looks like all git out.'

Henry scrutinized it carefully. 'It is n't any thinner, but it's too thin yet. We'll get some more cherries.'

This time we got two quarts. Henry stirred them in.

Another wail broke from Ivy. 'It's thinner'n ever,' she almost sobbed. 'You've done and spoiled it.'

'You did n't put flour enough into this,' said Henry. 'That's what's the matter.'

'We put all the book said,' said I.

Between wrath and grief Ivy was almost beyond speech.

'Well, it takes more of some kinds than others. I guess this is a thin kind.'

We put in three more cups of flour, while Ivy stood in the background, a mute angry spirit of protest. When the flour was all in, we each inserted — not the first time — a finger at the edge of the batter and tasted our compound. It tasted queer, and floury. Ivy frankly made a face.

'You did n't put enough sugar in this,' said Henry. 'Cakes take a lot of sugar.'

'We put in all the book said,' we answered once more.

'It ain't sweet enough,' said Henry, tasting again. 'We'll put in more sugar.'

We put in two more cups of sugar. The batter was now almost running over the crock, and needed very careful stirring. The cake-pan which had been ready before was now out of the question; Henry found a small dishpan and bade me grease it. Mary washed the other and put it away. John made up the fire once more and the cake went into the oven. We thought it polite to offer Ivy the crock to scrape, but she briefly declined it. Half an hour before each of us had had an eye on that crock; but now no one cared for it. Mary washed it and put it away. She also washed up the table and everything else, and as far as we could see there was nothing to tell the tale of us except the cake in the oven.

At the end of ten minutes, as the cake did not seem to be near baked, we settled down in various ways. No further enterprise seemed desirable. We really wished that Ivy would go home, but as she did not seem inclined to do so I read her *Ali Baba*. She interrupted occasionally to say, 'I bet that ain't

never happened.' Her attitude surprised me; I did not mind its apparent discourtesy, but I did not see why anyone should demand fact in a narrative.

Any occupation we had on hand was interrupted frequently while we looked into the oven. Mary took a doll and went about some serious maternal business. The rest of us collectively looked into the oven every three minutes. If that cake had ever intended to do itself credit, it lost its chance through the embarrassment of our steady watching. As it was, the baking process was curious. We watched eagerly for the moment of rising, but it never came. It did once break its temporary shell to spout up in the middle with a small geyser-like formation, distinguished from the hopeless depression of the rest of the surface. The rest of the time it sank and sank, until it seemed likely to go through the bottom of the oven. The substance of the whole was of such consistency that it would have taken a chemical analysis to tell whether it was baked or not. Like other Benjamin Wests we nearly decimated the newest broom for straws, — each of us used several every time we opened the oven door, — but every time we withdrew them gummy and unpalatable.

Time was wearing rapidly away. They might be home at any moment. Ivy declined any further tales and crouched steadfastly by the oven door.

At last the cake began to recede from the sides of the pan and Henry, returning from a brief visit to his pony, announced that it was all drying up and must be taken out immediately. Anticipation swelled among us. We forgot to watch the drive. Eagerness secured a burnt hand for each of us. But at last the cake was transferred from the oven to the kitchen-table. One last problem arose. How did one take a cake from the pan? The natural thing seemed to be to take it by the little knob in the

centre and lift it out. That proved unsuccessful. Henry and Ivy each had a theory; it is needless to say that Henry's was to be tried first, even over Ivy's final protest.

'Now you all stand back,' Henry was saying, as he selected a knife, 'and I'll —'

Voices and wheels were heard outside. We looked at each other in consternation — consternation quite out of proportion to the offense. Panic fell upon us. Henry snatched up the cake, pan and all, and with his usual quickness of resource, made for the regions of the kitchen-garden, which lay near. It was on the other side of the house from the drive, and was screened from it by some lilac bushes. At the very nearest place to the house, a bit of soft, fine-delved ground lay waiting a later sowing of something, turnips probably. Henry seized a hoe which was conveniently at hand, made a hole in the soft earth, and in an instant that cake, with all its promise unfulfilled and its suspense still unanswered, was in its tomb. The dishpan was thrown to a convenient place under the lilac-bushes, and, the whole affair cleared up, we turned back to welcome the home-comers with as interested an air as if we had spent the afternoon merely waiting for their return.

Ivy had stood looking on at the interment as if she were the embodiment of all possible mourners. Tragically sat on her brow and grief trembled on her lips. The moment anticipated all the afternoon was snatched from her as the child of her hands went under the soil. Even her braid had uncurled itself and hung straight and pendulous as any braid. As we turned away, I had a glimpse of pursed-up lips and hard-winking eyes, and I suspected that a tear fell on the unworthy grave of that cherry cake, the first and last of its kind.

For us it was all over. We should have liked to see how that cake tasted, but Maldy always got an unusually good supper when she came back from town, as if to show her scorn of all she had seen in her absence. Anyway, we had had doubts about the cake from the first. I never had believed that we could make a cake, even when we were doing it.

As we went into the house again, everybody eagerly assisting in carrying in the packages, — with surreptitious squeezes and fingerings to help surmises as to contents, — I saw Ivy darting homeward through the orchard. Her braid hopped up and down on her shoulders, and her slim skirt wrapped and flapped about her thin legs. The impetuosity of her movement suggested more than mere hurry, I thought, remembering certain moments of my own.

The evening went off very well, considering everything. After my mother had been away for a whole afternoon, we always had a very good time in the evening, and were allowed to sit up a little later than usual. And yet I went to bed with a sense of something impending. Certain matters had already called for remark. Henry explained that we had the fire on in order to have it ready when they came home. Such thoughtfulness should have brought out approbation, but Maldy made no comment. As for the cup of soda — well, Ivy Hixon had come for it, but why she went away without it, no one knew. Maldy was no questioner, I will say that for her. But she went about the kitchen that evening with a roving eye which promised no good for us. Our sin, which had seemed mild in the beginning, hardly equal to the occasion in fact, began to assume the appalling proportions of a crime. I went to bed meditating confession.

Mary lay still for a while in her usual

little fashion and then went off to sleep. Our room was at the back of the house, and I could hear Maldy moving about below, setting all ready for the morning. Who knew what she might be discovering? Had we put away the flour-sifter and closed the sugar-bin and restored the baking powder to its place? I followed her steps in my imagination, picturing what she was looking at. Her steps seemed to grow heavier and more portentous. What was she seeing now?

Even when everything grew quiet underneath, I still listened for signs to reassure or terrorize. I sat up in bed embracing my knees, while my strained attention was fixed below. But everything was so still down there, that my alertness finally relaxed and my eyes wandered to the moon-lighted spaces below my window. Even the corner of the kitchen-garden which I could see, had a sort of agreeableness, with the moonlight and the moon-made shadows upon it. I mused awhile, watching the glorified lawn, and finally, with elbows on knees and chin on hands, began to make up a story about what I was going to do when I was twenty-five.

Suddenly I sprang from the bed and ran to the window. Out in that garden corner some one was moving. I could n't see very plainly at first, but undoubtedly there was a moving figure there. How had Maldy ever discovered? But as I looked I saw that it was Ivy. She was groping around for the hoe we had used in the afternoon. I was indignant. Of course somebody would see her — and then! She did not find the hoe, and stood for a moment undecided. Then she dropped to her knees and began to dig away at the soft earth with her hands. I condemned her entirely. She had got us into this and now she was going to get us caught. And digging up cake out of the ground, too! I felt contempt.

A step sounded heavily on the porch below. Maldy always walked with a curious unbending tread. She stalked straight out by the path and around by the lilac-bushes. Now Ivy Hixon *had* done it! She, too, heard by this time, and sat back on her heels to listen. Thus she was when Maldy rounded the lilacs and came upon her. Then she jumped up with a cry. I was almost sorry for her then, for I knew Maldy's summary handling of the renter children. Still, Ivy had brought this on herself.

Maldy questioned abruptly and gruffly, standing with her hands on her hips and her elbows squared. Ivy answered, her speech all running together, until it ended in a high little wail, with a tragic gesture toward the ground at her feet. Maldy questioned further, her attitude tentative. Ivy answered again, her voice each time running up to its pathetic little wail at the end, and her hands making their tragic movement. This was not the effective Ivy of the afternoon. I could imagine her ending with, 'And I never got none of it!' To my relief, however, Maldy seemed to be relaxing. She spoke briefly, but with reserve.

Presently she turned toward the house, Ivy following her, evidently at her bidding. Ivy waited on this side of the lilac-bushes while Maldy went into the kitchen, to get the cracked cup and the soda, I supposed. I really was relieved, though not on Ivy's account alone.

Maldy returned, her bearing still amicable. But what was this she was bringing? The cup of soda, to be sure, and with it the remnant of the fresh sponge cake she had beaten up for supper — and a piece of *fruit cake*! I nearly fell out of the window as it came to view. Fruit cake was Maldy's choicest and best-concealed treasure. I suspected that even my mother asked her

permission to use it. It was the top-most crown of our rarest social occasions. Maldy seemed always to have some, but we never caught her making it. When I have said that we never even asked her for it, I have said all.

She was giving it to Ivy. She said, 'Don't you eat this to-night, but you put it away and have it some time.' Then she relapsed into her renter-children tone, 'Now you better go right along home. Don't be hanging around here.'

Ivy went, cutting across the lawn and down through the shadowy orchard spaces. Her disposing of the

sponge-cake as she went did not seem to interfere with her speed.

The next morning Henry himself slipped the dishpan down to the yards and washed it in the watering-trough. Unfortunately Maldy happened to be in the kitchen when he cautiously brought it in, and her eye required an explanation of him.

'Why, I took this out yesterday to pick cherries in,' he began —

'Huuf,' said Maldy, and turned her back on him. She gave the dishpan a proper washing with soap and hot water, and hung it up in its place without another word.

AN EXPERIMENT IN COÖPERATIVE LIVING

BY RANDOLPH S. BOURNE

I

THERE is developing in England a movement which seems to suggest in an extraordinarily fruitful way the solution of some of the most difficult of urban problems by what might be called the practical application of private socialism. Much has been written about the 'garden city' in a way which presents the idea as rather in the nature of a fad, of a dilettante effort of a few fortunate people, slightly over-developed aesthetically, who wish to surround themselves with flowers and gardens and play at building villages which are sternly impossible to the majority of the great human herd. But an examination of the strands, economic, artistic, and sociological, which are uniquely combined to form such a

community as the Hampstead Garden Suburb, for instance, in the north of London, convinces me that there is much more than playing going on here, — that we have rather an experimental laboratory offered in coöperative living which, if successful, is bound to affect profoundly our conceptions of city life, and to make over gradually some of the squalid deserts of English urban communities.

Assuming a certain familiarity on the part of the reader with the 'garden-city idea,' as worked out sporadically in England and America, and with the town-planning movement in Germany, it will be my purpose here to analyze the methods by which the effects are brought about which culminate in so beautiful an expression of community life as Hampstead, and to suggest the

practicality of the widespread imitation of the socialist and æsthetic principles by which it is built, to the new towns of the future in America or the new environs of the old towns.

For if the English city presents in its congestion, its ugliness, its discomforts, a horrible warning to American life, experiments like this at Hampstead present a hope and an inspiration, and a way of avoiding the urban evils which followed in England the mad deluge of the Industrial Revolution. For the chief value of building beauty into the collective life of a city is that thus the ideas and principles which animate that beauty are given the most effective and dramatic form. Every one can feel the charm of open spaces, of effective vistas and the harmonious grouping of buildings; a village like Hampstead attracts immediate and widespread attention, and becomes the leaven which leavens a broad lump. Though it is the external forms and not the inner spirit and motive which are being copied, already in the countryside about the village are to be seen the inspiration of the model: new building estates are being developed in the frankest imitation of the Hampstead principles, while pioneer rows of unregenerate brick villas stand tenantless, unable to compete with the new ideas. And if a village composed on these principles can permeate its own vicinity so quickly and so completely, it almost guarantees itself as a model and inspiration for the builders of the cities which men of the twentieth century will find fit to live in.

Those principles are partly artistic, partly economic, and partly sociological. It was largely from the artistic side that the proposer of the garden city, Ebenezer Howard, made his appeal, and it is perhaps on account of the over-emphasis on this aspect that the whole idea got itself surrounded with a cer-

tain dilettante atmosphere. But in the newer villages like Hampstead, the original 'garden' idea has coöperated with the very beautiful science of town-planning developed in Germany, and with the copartnership building societies, which owe their origin primarily to workingmen. That the fusion of these strands makes possible a practical city, embracing all classes of the population and all industrial and commercial pursuits, is shown by the experience of the famous town of Letchworth, which is already in successful operation. Many other new building schemes and model villages express these principles partially, — in particular the workmen's villages of Bournville and Port Sunlight. But these latter, having been built as quasi-philanthropic enterprises by capitalists, differ radically in economic principle from those we are discussing, and do not suggest the step in private socialism which makes Hampstead and Letchworth so peculiarly significant.

The urgent need of finding some solution for the problems of congestion and confusion caused by the haphazard extension of the English industrial cities in the last century, had attracted the attention of English architects to the work of scientific town-planning carried out in German cities like Frankfurt and Cologne, and the garden city represents the application of some of the principles there discovered. By the coöperation of the architect and the landscape gardener, the engineer and the urban administrator, and given drastic powers of regulating the purposes for which land shall be used, and even of altering boundaries in the interest of the general scheme, the whole plot may be designed in advance to meet in the highest possible way the sanitary needs, the comfort, and the amenities of the community. What this new attitude means is evident to any one

who feels keenly the apparent lack of any really indigenous feeling for civic art in either England or America.

The English cities are well-known monuments of barrenness, congestion, and discomfort; Boston and New York, with all their artistic possibilities, have very few fine vistas or open spaces, and Washington, designed in the stately French style of the eighteenth century, is distorted from what might have been developed in the spirit of the original plans. On the other hand, the continental towns are full of beautiful vistas and cunningly composed pictures, many of them consciously designed, but many of them also seemingly unconscious, and testifying, it would appear, to some deep-seated social sensitiveness to communal beauty and civil design. There is often a homogeneity of material, a unity of effect, combined with a charming picturesqueness of variety, which makes the town or village as perfect a work of art as the most classic painting or statue. The plans or maps of some of the towns of Germany and Italy show a balancing of parts and a combination of details that make them notable achievements in the way of pure design.

It is an attempt to revive this vanished art which animates the artistic efforts of the builders of our new garden cities, and to that end they have made a careful study of the means by which the effects have been produced in the mediæval models of Europe. For in the towns of Hampstead and Letchworth, which we are taking here as our fittest examples of the movement, it is evident that the designers have been most deeply influenced by the villages of Southern Germany. The extraordinary charm of this countryside lies in the effect which each village makes as a clear-cut unit, separated sharply from the surrounding

fields either by a city wall or by a line as sharp as one. The red-roofed and white-walled village, clustering about its oriental church-steeple, and set in a fair and flowing environment of yellow fields, broken only by the dark green cluster of a thick forest of firs, presents the model for the outer visage of the new garden village, which shall express in this tangible, compact way the homogeneity of the social life within it, and not suggest, as does the struggling American town and loose countryside, the sprinkling of feebly coöperating individuals over the land. That charming effect of overlapping and culminating roofs on a flat perspective which the village presents when seen from afar has been reproduced in the English villages with rare fidelity and sensitiveness, though one may feel, looking over Hampstead from a nearby hill, the superiority of unconscious over conscious art. Just something spontaneous seems to be lacking, though the effect of the mounting roofs and the harmony of tones and lines is beautiful enough.

Within the village the streets are found grouped in relation to a central market-place, which is usually closed, so that, though several streets may pass into and out of it, no outlet is visible from the centre. Surrounded by buildings of a homogeneous picturesqueness or dignity, surmounted by the tower of the church or municipal building, the closed place signifies a sort of inner shrine of the community, its social heart. Standing in a market-place such as that of the Hôtel de Ville at Brussels, one gets an overwhelming sense of social cohesion; this place is not merely a spot where produce is bought and sold, but the centre of a community, with a tenacious interwoven life of its own, ministering to all its members and sufficient unto itself. No house is isolated; each depends for

its beauty and meaning upon its grouping with others. The little church-tower of the smallest village attains a dignity of effect, by rising not from its own slender body but from a clustered group of houses. Everything gains by being seen as part of a designed whole.

These principles can be applied in our new garden cities because the organization of the village in a central trust or corporation ensures the control of the whole design by one expert. This economic foundation I shall discuss later; just now we are concerned with the artistic benefits which this possibility of prevision insures. The tract of land is laid out according to a prearranged scheme. The direction and width of the streets is regulated according to the volume of traffic. The allotment of open spaces and the restriction of certain buildings, such as factories and shops, to certain areas, the natural existing features of the landscape, the existing trees, and even the direction of the prevailing winds, are taken into account in the designing of the streets and the blocks. In order to insure homogeneity of design, it is stipulated that the individual houses must either be designed by the community architect or approved by him; in this way the harmony of the surroundings is secured, while scope is left for a large measure of individual judgment and taste, to the builder or tenant.

Nothing is perhaps more opposed to the ideas of rapid individualism and callousness to the social appeal, under which our modern cities have grown up, than this central supervision of taste, and yet nothing is more necessary — in default of that instinctive feeling of the past centuries which we seem to-day to have lost — if we are to live in beautiful surroundings. We cannot afford, in this twentieth century, to let men inflict their own depraved artistic taste upon the community,

any more than we can afford to let them give expression to their debased moral sense.

II

Coming a little closer to the details of planning and ornament of the new village, one finds that a walk about a community such as Hampstead is like studying the art of a well-composed picture. It is attended by the delight which comes from seeing any clear operation of intelligence; for what is good art but the expression of a luminous intelligence lighting up and interpreting a stodgy mass of experience which would be worthless and meaningless without the long opening vistas which the touch of the master hand reveals?

In the new village there is none of that checkerboard arrangement of streets that makes our American towns so depressing with their long vanishing perspectives. There is instead a graceful swelling curve, so that one has constantly ahead of the eye a cluster of houses and gardens. Or, if the street happens to be straight, it is closed at the end with a picturesque building or house-corner, so that the vanishing perspective culminates in some arresting figure, and achieves a climax instead of a defeat. There is one street at Hampstead which leads straight up a little slope to the brick clubhouse. Though the houses are monotonous and the street line is without variation, this charming little building with its two plane trees before the door gives character and tone to the entire street, and satisfies the eye which would otherwise roam fruitlessly out into empty sky.

Where the street, however, runs down hill into open country, it is left open, in order that the vista of green fields may block the picture. I shall never forget the vistas at Quebec down the long hill on the east, into sweet glimpses of fields and winding roads studded

with white houses. It was the revelations of that day in what is perhaps the only composed and artistic town we have in America, which opened my eyes to this most beautiful of arts, town-building.

A large part of the charm of Quebec and the continental towns is due to the fact that the houses are not detached, as in American suburbs, but that the street instead presents a long, connected, if irregular, line. The houses in our new village are thus built in blocks of four or five, and a unity and solidity is given to the village street, which is absent both from the rows of detached boxes in the American town, and from the monotonous sameness of the average English street. For, by building thus in blocks, the building line may be cunningly varied, and combinations of overlapping gables and projecting fronts secured, which increase the effect of pleasing picturesqueness. In some places a block of a dozen houses will be set back at some distance from the road and fronted by a long unenclosed lawn of green turf. Sometimes the houses are built in the form of a stately regular quadrangle about a lawn and surmounted on the street side by an arched gateway.

Much attention is devoted to the street corners, for these are usually the keystones of a vista. Where the streets form an acute angle, a little grassy open space may be left, surrounded with low brick walls upon which climb vines and flowers. Where the angles are less acute, houses are built, not rectangularly in the uncompromising way of cities, but diagonally across the corner, while the triangular space is filled with grass or flowers. And even a right-angled crossing can be made into a centre of considerable dignity and charm, simply by rounding the corners concavely. By these simple devices the corner gives a picture, no

matter from what point of the intersecting streets it is seen, and the blank uncertain effect of the ordinary street corner is avoided. And even the unimportant right-angled corner one finds treated here with many a charming little detail, — a small grass-plot indenting the house, or a picturesque gable which relieves the straight corner line. Everywhere the street line is drawn with a skillful hand comparable to the drawing in a picture.

The effect of the street line is, of course, enhanced by the brick walls and hedges and gardens which distinguish the garden city. It is one of the principles of the village that each house shall have its garden plot behind it, bounded by a characteristic English hedge, while in front of the house is a similar courtyard, usually covered with a riot of flowers. The effect of the low, broad, red-roofed, and wide-gabled houses, their white walls covered with nasturtiums or roses, even in November, has a charm almost too great to be conveyed in words.

One of the important officials of the village is the gardener, who provides expert advice as to the selection and arrangement and planting of shrubbery and vines and flowers. The result of this coöperative gardening is that the village at Hampstead, though only six years old, already presents the mellow, well-planted look of an old-settled community. The small number of houses permitted to the acre allows at the centre of every block a playground or tennis court which is shared in common by the inhabitants of the houses surrounding it. And these recreation grounds are reached by winding footpaths which intersect the block and, besides making communication easier, reduce the number of roads required. From these footpaths one gets the view of the real garden city, — the hedgerows, the flower and vegetable

gardens, and the playgrounds, the inner life behind the houses, which are as charming when seen from the rear as from the street.

The central square toward which all the main roads take their trend is placed at the highest point, and at Hampstead, with its two imposing churches facing each other across the little park, affords many a beautiful vista up a long street or over a pile of clustered red roofs. This Hampstead square is to be surrounded eventually by shops and public buildings, toward which a beginning has been made in the way of an Institute. The houses in the vicinity of the square assume the statelier character of the solid Georgian style in red and gray brick, in contrast to the homely white stucco of the ordinary houses, which, with their overhanging eaves and expanse of roof, suggest the old English thatched cottage, modified by a touch of the German. From this commanding square one has charming views of the rolling country of Middlesex, with spires and towns in the misty distance. In another direction one looks out over a tract of land owned by the village trust and destined to be built upon eventually as the village grows from its present population of six thousand to its ultimate twenty-five thousand.

Such are some of the artistic principles in accordance with which the village has been built. Almost every one represents an idea which, though it might have been applied in developing a private estate, is practically unique in its public application. The economic foundation of the village seems no less revolutionary and important.

III

From one point of view the land system of the new village — and this is the case not only at Hampstead and

Letchworth, but at all the smaller estates organized on copartnership principles — is simply an extension of the joint-stock company. But few people realize how extremely socialistic an institution the joint-stock company or corporation is; and as a joint-stock company, the economic organization of the village represents a radical experiment in the purely socialistic ownership of land. For none of the land is owned privately. The freehold is held by a trust, which is itself a joint-stock company, and the land is leased by it to building companies or individuals.

These building companies are, most of them, organized on what is called the copartnership plan. The tenants of the village, or of the tract which the company has leased, do not hold the lease, but hold stock in the company. Each prospective tenant must become a shareholder in the company and subscribe to a certain amount of stock, — in the Hampstead companies, fifty pounds. The shareholders elect the board of management, but no individual may hold more than two hundred pounds' worth of shares. In this way an approximately equal distribution of wealth and power is insured. The tenant pays a fixed rent, but receives — out of the surplus profits of the company, after sums have been set aside for sinking fund, interest on shares and loans, repairs, upkeep, and administration — a rent-dividend which in 1910 amounted to one shilling sixpence in the pound in one of the Hampstead companies.

When the tenant moves away, he disposes of his stock to the new tenant investor, and thus the coöperative landlord system is kept intact. It is true that at Hampstead the trust will lease to individuals, and the companies will receive investments from non-resident investors. But in practice, most of the land is held by the co-

partnership companies, and the shares in the companies are practically all held by tenants, so that the application of the socialistic principle is for once more rigid than the theory. And though in theory the tenant may continue to hold his stock after he moves away, he receives for it only a minimum of interest, while the new tenant receives the rent-dividend out of the company's surplus.

Now it is evident that we have here something approximating the socialistic ownership of land on what may be called a private scale. For the village represents a federation of companies in each of which the tenants hold equal rights of ownership in the land, represented by shares in a joint company which possesses the legal title. The important economic advantage which the tenant-owner derives is that he shares as a member of his group in the increasing value of the land; the unearned increment does not pass away into the hands of non-resident landlords to be lumped together into a landed fortune, but remains as a social value to be expended by the group in public utilities, or to be returned to the tenant in the form of rent-dividend. Such a system of organization evidently represents a long step toward the application of socialistic principles to land-ownership. To the Englishman it suggests little more than the extension of coöperation — which has been so successful in England with societies of consumers — in the ownership of land and the building of homes.

To the American it will suggest inevitable affinities with the single-tax idea of Henry George; but it differs of course from this in the fact that his system involved the coörganization of the land-owning group with the governmental powers, so that rent and taxes should be synonymous. But in England there is no attempt yet to give the

new village political powers, though it seems inevitable that a complete city like Letchworth, when it attains its full development, will demand urban organization; then perhaps some approximation to the single-tax would be made. It is rather from the socialistic point of view that this copartnership of land and building is so important. For the difference between private unrestricted ownership of capital and coöperative ownership by actual users, represents almost the totality of the contrast between the individualistic and socialistic ideals.

IV

Besides the economic advantages derived from the social ownership of the land increment in the copartnership village, there are economies due to the building of a large number of houses by one builder and under the supervision of one architect; these are said to be between five and ten per cent. Actual economic advantage flows to the tenant-owner from the limitation of the number of houses to the acre — an important feature of all town-planning and garden-city schemes. By limiting this number to an average of from twelve to twenty per acre, not only are all the artistic details and open spaces made possible, but the saving in the cost of the roads is enormous. So much less land is required for road-space that tenants living on land supporting only twelve houses to the acre actually pay rent on a lower expenditure of capital than if the same land were laid out in straight rows of houses set back to back, fifty-six to the acre, and involving the use of a third or more of the land for expensive roads, laid out in accordance with the demands of the English by-laws. And the town-planner is enabled to make still greater economies of road-space by employing

footpaths and narrow carriage roads where little traffic passes; whereas the ordinary builder, with long lines of houses on both sides of each street to serve, must make his roads all equally serviceable and complete.

The sociological possibilities of a community organized on such artistic and economic foundations are evident. For not only is there the *esprit* arising from the possession of so novel and notable a dwelling-place, which attracts visitors and strangers and wins almost unstinted praise, — this popularity and pride would be sufficient to create a public spirit, even if the social institutions did not cultivate it, — but there is also the permanent gain in central control and in social wealth which enables public enterprises to be developed from the beginning. In the original scheme at Hampstead, for instance, the Club and the Institute took an important place. The Club, which is democratically open to all the residents, provides a meeting-place for all social gatherings, sports, dances, exhibitions, and so forth. The Institute provides classes in practical arts and languages, lectures, concerts, public conferences and conversation groups, kindergarten, dramatic societies, amateur orchestra, and public reading-room.

These interests are not imposed, but are offered freely; one cannot but feel the immeasurable advantage of the common social ownership and initiation of these institutions, in contrast with those poor halting ones of the ordinary individualistic community, which must wait, not only until some group has felt the need of some cultural interest, but until it has persuaded a very much larger body around it to give it financial support. Instead of waiting until the clash of private interests has settled into an equilibrium, the socialistic community can incorpo-

rate these interests in the very body and life of the society from the start.

Coöperative living is in operation, too, along the most practical lines at Hampstead. A large quadrangle of small apartments, built primarily for intellectual workers of small means, possesses a common kitchen and dining-room and domestic staff. This plan seems very simple and practicable, but when thought of in connection with the mania for privacy which afflicts the Anglo-Saxon, and with the derided Utopias in which this very form of co-operative living has figured largely in the past, the idea appears little short of revolutionary. Organized in a somewhat similar fashion is the Orchard, a quadrangle of apartments built in the most charming way around a lawn and walks which were rioting with nasturtiums in November, and intended particularly for elderly people or people living alone. Outside galleries run all around both stories of the low brick quadrangle, and the life suggested is rather that of an Oxford college than of a series of separate homes. And the houses of workingmen's flats, charmingly situated on the edge of the open country, with their broad unfenced allotment gardens stretching behind them, suggest similarly a more closely unified communal life than even the centred English village, and so infinitely much more than the ordinary English workingmen's district, that one feels almost a different civilization. The thorough application of these principles of coöperative living, I feel sure, would produce a different one.

I have scarcely had time to do more than sketch the outlines of this new and beautiful sociological movement which finds its best expression in such a garden village as Hampstead. The three coöperating strands, — the garden-city idea of a community of cottages surrounded by open spaces and

flowers; the town-planning idea, involving the designing of the entire territory to be built on, and now made possible by the Parliamentary act of 1909 to all the municipal authorities of Great Britain and already in process of adoption by more than a hundred of them; and the copartnership-tenants idea, which, beginning as a workingmen's building society, has proved so popular and feasible that there are now over forty societies in Great Britain, with over eight thousand houses already built, — brought together in such a community, present an experiment in private socialism of the utmost importance.

The immeasurable superiority of this scientific provision and design, the artistic details, the collective ownership, the social spirit, expressed in such a community, is evident when comparison is made with the work of the building-and-loan societies which are so popular in the United States. Valuable as they have been in providing families of small means with homes, they are inferior at practically every point to such organizations as these in England. Building individually, they are wasteful economically, and lack all the artistic and social advantages of the co-operative community. It will not do to say that they do provide the artisan with a home, while the garden city is only for the wealthier man. The first copartnership society was composed of artisans and developed its small estate at Ealing in the thoroughly orthodox and benighted way; but the new ideas were adopted immediately on their appearance, so that Ealing today stands as a practical object-lesson

of the feasibility of the garden city for workingmen.

It would greatly enrich American life, if some means were found of making over the building-and-loan society into a copartnership society, working on the lines sketched out above. There would be little purpose in sketching them if one did not believe that institutions which already exist for providing thrifty persons with homes could be made infinitely more valuable if they were to be socialized and permeated with a true coöperative and artistic spirit.

I have called it an experiment, because the experience of seven or eight years does not of course put the final seal of approval upon success. One can hardly doubt, however, the soundness of the principles involved, or the ability of the managers in charge of the societies and communities. The latter include distinguished publicists and social workers in England; behind the communities are responsible associations for publicity and financial aid. The copartnership societies of the kingdom are strongly federated into a central council, which exercises supervision and gives advice and organizes new societies. The garden cities and town-planning associations keep in touch with the movement in other countries by means of conferences and congresses, and issue literature of real scientific value. One feels one's self in the presence of a big idea which has caught hold in the world, and which if it does not prove the entering wedge of a new civilization, at least cannot fail immensely to fertilize and beautify the life of the old.

REDWOOD CANYON

BY HENRY SIEDEL CANBY

I WAS weary from toiling all day long over the sharp ridges which border the south fork of the King's River, and uncertain of my way, when I came by chance into the sequoia forest of Redwood Canyon. The air was only dimly luminous beneath the vast red columns of the trees, but through the gloom I could see bright bars of sunset sky, and hurrying onward among the great trunks I came to a tiny meadow between their knees, bright with grass and white violets. At the farther end, two sequoias met in the sky to make an arch through which the eye ranged in purple sunset air to nameless peaks and snow-clad cliffs of the high Sierras. I dropped my pack and scrambled up a fallen sequoia which stretched like a wall across the meadow.

Sitting there, listening to the distant wind among the high plumes of the sequoias and the quail fluting mournfully in the manzanita, I felt an almost personal regret that Audubon and Thoreau, those lovers of American woods, had never seen this great forest. And Wordsworth, what would he have made of it? When his spirit was still fiery, he might have put Redwood Canyon into words! By moonlight, the shimmering stream bathing the feet of that ancient company of giants, the meadow gleaming softly, — by moonlight, Keats would have caught the magic, for in this California forest there is the beauty of proportion, the easy grace, the classic touch which he could turn into romantic verse. Cole-

ridge's imagination was too fantastic for such a scene. Tennyson would have made of it an English park. Milton might have given these lofty shades to his fallen angels for their high discourse on

Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute —

Certainly the vast trunks that glowed now intensely red in the evening sunlight, were companions more fitting for a Satan as tall as a mast and thunder-scarred, than for a mere manling, whose tiny form was lost in their shadow, who shivered and lit his pipe, glad of the little circle cast by the friendly blaze of the match.

How should the poet give life to this American forest? Dryads, nymphs, Bacchus and Artemis, are too tiny, too slight for its great spaces; elves and gnomes too grotesque. I do not know what mythology we may use for the Sierras; and yet, like all stirring scenery, it calls for some kind of anthropomorphism to interpret the human imprisoned in its beauty. There must be some spiritualizing of the natural forces at work there; some play of the imagination over the powerful trees and the stubborn mountains, before they can enter into our life like the English country, or the Alps, or the headlands and fountains of Greece. But, great God, — to quote from Wordsworth's sonnet, — I'd rather see a dozen poet-lings fill these magnificent vistas with inappropriate figures from outworn faiths, than find — as now in the tourist groves — the names of local celeb-

rities tacked to the knees of each noble redwood.

Our poets of American nature have lacked vigor for the task. Our sweet singers of nature were left behind, like piping seabirds on the sands, when the last great tide of the romantic movement swung outward. It would be well for many of them if they could be purged and strengthened in Redwood Canyon. For here one cannot be content to pipe; one cannot blink the immensity of the world or the scope and sweep of nature's plan. The work of wind and water and heat is clear; the great trees grow by law where moisture lets them; their seeds die on in the slopes which the swing of the earth or the sun has made sterile for their kind. In the placid home country of the lowlands, or in the hacked and brush-grown forests of the East, the imagination is easily dulled or frozen by realizing that the cliff is only worn calcium carbonate, and the tree a compound hydrocarbon. Here one comprehends without disillusionment the immutable laws of matter. Here the symbolic beauty of the great trees carries the thought into further speculation; drives it from the petty sentimentality of the mere nature enthusiast into serene breadth. A French decadent would write verse as noble as beautiful in the Sierras — if indeed he could write at all. A magazine poet of the undergrowth would rise above sentiment and egoism. A scientist would reach beyond facts into beauty, as is proven by the work of such pioneers in these splendid mountains as John Muir and the geologist Clarence King.

It is not easy for us to feel the quivering mystery, the immanent spirit of the world in nature, as Wordsworth felt it. The whole of nineteenth-century science lies between his day and ours; and though we have rejected the easy solutions of materialism, we are more likely

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to analyze than to worship. We know far more of the force which built his mountains, dug his lakes, and made his cowslip. We know too much for easy wonder. We know too little to pass easily beyond the consciousness of mechanism in the waterfall, of chemistry in the plant, and slavish reaction in the animal, to a contemplation of the mysterious power behind or an application of the symbolic beauty of the result. Forests where Wordsworth found the mood

In which the burthen of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world,
Is lightened, —

where he felt

a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man, —

such forests must first appear to us as mere coteries of cell-forms each following inevitable laws of growth, inevitably conditioned by heredity and environment. And by the time we have traced out the natural causes which make one cliff vertical and another sloping, or which determine the location of pine and cedar, cactus and wild rose, the mind is weary and the mood of wonder and spiritual refreshment may escape.

This mood of disillusionment, — so I thought as I sat on the ledge and looked down through the temple aisles where the great sequoia trunks glowed in the forest twilight, — this modern disillusionment should be brought to the Sierra forest. Redwood Canyon is medicine for minds sick of tracing cause and effect. We moderns who have seen nature go into the laboratory and come out in elements, who know the history of the world for a million years, and can explain the shape of that godlike peak by the action of

water and fire, or repeat the formation of the river-bed below in a box of sand, — we find the sense of the sublime elusive; for us the burthen of the mystery is in the text-books we have to study. The world has become a picture puzzle. When we have put together the few pieces that science has given us, we are often too pleased with our success to be impressed by the result. We seem to need an excess of natural beauty, if any real exaltation is to follow. We need trees far larger, far more graceful than the hemlocks which thrilled us as boys. We need vast cliffs and dazzling peaks. We need such triumphs of nature as this Redwood Canyon, which has been maturing for five centuries, and has reached its ripest beauty just as we are craving a stronger stimulus lest our sense of the wonder of the world be submerged in a puny knowledge of the cogs and cranks of the great machine.

As I sat on the great log, my mind freed itself from the dullness of routine labor, rose above analysis, and triumphed in the beauty of Redwood Canyon. A young sequoia soared gracefully before me, and flung its great arms proudly into the high air; the forest floor glowed with flowers; the thrushes sang more loudly in the wild lilacs; and a flight of little birds swung through the last sunshine above the dreamy meadow, curved upwards, and shot out into the space above the great valley of the King's.

Redwood Canyon, so they tell me, is utterly destroyed. This spring the lumbering railroad was pushed around the headlands of the greater canyon of the King's River and reached its foot. Saw and axe have fallen upon its trees; the redwoods have crashed down, smashing the forest and themselves; the vast logs, hauled by a screeching donkey engine, have ripped and torn the undergrowth to ruin; the meadow

is a desolate pile of bleaching, broken lumber; the stream has spread out in slimy mud; the canyon walls are scarred and channeled deserts; the flowers are dead, the birds gone. Where the arch looked outward over the deep King's valley, the slovenly shacks of the lumber crew surround a pile of tin cans and dry-goods boxes. Redwood Canyon is an ugly scar on the face of the Sierras.

A thousand years will not remake this little canyon. Was it wise to destroy it? I followed last year the logs from an earlier onslaught upon a less beautiful valley, down into the lowlands. At \$30 a thousand feet they were building houses, shingling roofs, doing a hundred useful things for the multitudes crowding in on the Pacific Coast. Each thousand-year sequoia toppled from its twenty-foot stump helped to make prosperity for swarming towns whose population doubles each decade. Hundreds of thousands of feet of fine timber came from that lumbering, — all marketable, all needed, all used in making the world more comfortable. Our forestry service, whose duty it is to conserve our resources of timber, would have approved of the turning of those ripe trees into commodities for man's use, although they might well have deplored the wasteful methods of the lumber-men. Was the devastation of Redwood Canyon, then, expedient, necessary, inevitable?

I try to put out of my memory the solemn glories of the Canyon forest, and to forget the clear blue air of the Sierra washing through the sequoia arch and rippling over the deep meadow grass, so that I may consider fairly the ruin of this mountain garden. It was a great cutting, in which hundreds of Greeks and Slavs earned their three dollars daily through a long summer. It was a plenteous river of rich red boards sent flowing down the mountain flumes; dividends for a few, roofs

and walls for many. The total results will look well in the pamphlets advertising Fresno County next year; and they mean that a good round sum has been drawn from nature, the earth's savings-bank, and put to active work. For each forest cut down, for each river dammed, for each wild valley ploughed, the population can increase or live more easily. An economist might reckon a sequoia grove in terms of children, one baby more allowed for each tree turned into timber and then into cash; or a redwood valley as equal to a new village in the lowlands. He would scarcely exaggerate. You can see the little towns clustering north and south along the great forest belt of the Sierras, sucking on its fatness; and they get but the first runnings, — the bulk of the nourishment goes on below, and east and west as far as Australia. We cannot eat our forest and have it too. We cannot make the world more comfortable without hacking and hewing; and the swarming multitudes pouring over the railroad passes (and soon through the Canal) must be sheltered, must have materials with which to work. Only the sentimentalist fails to approve the sacrifice of dead beauty for the vital needs of humanity. But was the beauty of Redwood Canyon dead, incapable of active good; is redwood timber at \$30 a thousand one of humanity's vital needs?

I think that the ruin of this little canyon was a tragedy, — slight in itself perhaps, but great in its significance. I am radical (or conservative) enough to deny that there is anything great, or godlike, or even intrinsically useful in the increase of population. The 'doubling each decade' of the census-rolls of the coast cities seems to me just as important or as unimportant as the decline in the French birth-rate. It all depends upon the results. To make two blades of grass

grow where one grew before, is surely no achievement unless the grass is good grass. Undoubtedly they are striving to raise the quality as well as the quantity of the population in the West; striving harder, it appears, than in the East, or in much of Europe. But did the death of Redwood Canyon help them? You can knock out the stained-glass windows of a cathedral, and thereby get more light; or dig out the gravel bottom from a garden pool, so that it will hold more water. But is the result worth the sacrifice?

The case of Redwood Canyon is typical. Its loss is the loss of one more resource of inspiration and idealism, swept away by the rising tide of vulgar needs. I laud, I praise democracy. I see, as every man must, that the many must be vulgar in the good old sense of the word, must delight in the common things before the uncommon. And yet, what will become of democracy if all our Redwood Canyons are destroyed in making it? How shall its average be raised if we vulgarize all art, all literature, all religion, all thought, and even all nature, until the round world contains nothing popular but mediocrity? Whence will come the salt to savor it? Will an overpopulated world be worth the gain, and the loss?

The dreamers who see visions by day and night of doubled incomes, boosted towns, and jumping census-rolls, are a menace to America. They dream that a big city is better than a small one; that ten people with a million dollars each are happier and more useful than one; and they cut, burn, dig, level, — and occasionally cheat and lie, — in the pursuit of a fallacious ideal. But the practical man considers that it is easier to breed and support ten men than to make one good member of society. He realizes that a love of nature, or a sense of humor, or a taste for reading, or merely a knowledge of the difference

between what is worth while in this life and what is not,—all have a determinable value. An old house in a Connecticut town preserving the standards of a more tasteful generation, is an asset. When it is wrecked to make room for a moving-picture theatre, he figures up the losses. When the fields beside the railroad lines begin to be choked with banal sign-boards, he figures up the losses. When America seeks quantity instead of quality, he cannot fail to figure up the losses.

The practical man wants, not more brute life swarming on the globe, but a life better worth living. He would have seen that the meadow garden beneath its thousand-year sequoias had a cash value in terms of rest and inspiration for the finer minds who think and feel for the democracy. He would have seen the power it had to touch the hearts and lift the thoughts of the campers swarming up in summer from the hot plains; simple folks,—farmers, mechanics, clerks,—the vanguard of

democracy, seeking relief from routine, seeking without knowing it an escape from mediocrity. All this he would have weighed against the net returns of capitalist, retailer, and ultimate consumer of redwood timber,—and his conclusions would have come rapidly.

It was an economic error to cut down the trees of Redwood Canyon, since it is always an error to destroy great ultimate values for smaller immediate gains. A more imaginative race than ours would have fancied strange shapes of ancient grandeur hovering over the broken trunks of that forest; and shimmering spirits darting like frightened birds from the flowers of the torn meadow. But the practical American should be sufficiently moved by still another instance of beauty turned to ugliness without due returns to the race; another pattern shattered which cannot be replaced; another reservoir of inspiration emptied uselessly in a night. Lavish, wealthy America is still too poor for such extravagance.

THE MILLS

BY JOSEPH HUSBAND

FROM the car-windows, as the train crosses the arched stone bridge, you can see the mills piled high above the south bank of the river. Vast and dingy, the broken roofline notches high against the blue Minnesota sky. Like the battlements of some feudal castle, the stone and brick walls tower upward, here and there the square shaft of a grain-storage tank rising turret-like above the roofs. At the foot of the

cliff, although the mills seem to rise abruptly from the very edge of the water, the river courses in bent and broken streams, diverted and trained in the harness of industry; through a hundred mill-races in thick black torrents; a white blue shimmer over the apron-dam across the river.

Gathering strength in every mile of its course, the great river, rising in the silent waters of Itasca to pour a

torrent twenty-five hundred miles away into the Gulf of Mexico, pauses here for a brief minute to stroke into life the mighty turbines of the flour-mills. Above the dams that hold the river in check, the water, deep and silent, floods back between wide banks; below the tail-races of the mills it spurts noisily in a shallow bed, far down between high bluffs of weathered stone. But at the falls the mills, silent and apparently devoid of life or activity, mark the measure of its flow. And from that ceaseless flowing energy comes the power to grind the grain for a nation's bread.

Like a shelf against a wall the railroad tracks cling to the cliff. Above the clanking of freight cars and the mutter of the river, a vibrant murmur of myriad muffled wheels fills the shadow of the mills. Beside the tracks thin streaks of wheat gleam yellow on the grimy ballast. Here two great floods are meeting! From the flat reaches of the Dakotas, from the wheat lands of Minnesota and the rolling fields of Montana, from Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and the banks of the Athabaska, the tide of grain is at the flood. Unceasing, mightier by far than the 'father of waters,' one hundred thousand freight cars, fat and heavy with their rich lading, are emptying the season's harvest. And from the shipping platforms fifteen million barrels of flour go out each year into the markets of the world.

The freight cars are unloading. From the wide doors the scoops are pushing a stream of yellow grain. Like liquid it pours over the car-sills and down between the steel grills beside the tracks. Never has the touch of human hands defiled it. Born of the soil, it has been reaped and winnowed by the clean blades of wood and steel; never in the long process which will transform it into flour, will the touch of man's hand stain its perfect purity.

From bins below the tracks, endless conveyors were already gathering the grain in a long flow upward, up above the mill-roofs, far up to the tops of giant elevators, there to fall, a vast measured treasure, into the storage tanks beneath. With the assistant head miller, I climbed slowly to the top. The windows were misted with the dust of harvest, and even at that great height there was a fine powder of ivory flour on the floor and ledges. He pushed up a window. In the warm afternoon sunlight the mill-roofs lay below me. Far down beyond, the river, blue and sparkling, swirled in soft eddies about the dams and forebays. Beyond, the city stretched away to the rolling green of the low hills. And above was the blue of a cloudless sky.

Here, almost two hundred and fifty years ago, the captive Hennepin dedicated to his patron, St. Anthony of Padua, these falls where for so many years, in a cavern beneath, had dwelt that Great Unk-te-hee who created both man and earth. Gone is the guileful father of the Recollets; gone are the Sioux, whose tepees clustered about the cataract; gone even is that sheer leap of the river down forty feet, where now the low slant of the apron-dam smoothes the water in its descent. The ranges of the buffalo are rich with golden grain. It pours through the grills beside the elevators. From the skein of mazing tracks the wail of a freight engine shrills loud and clamorous.

A conveyor was lifting grain from one of the tanks; on an endless belt it passed through a long high-swung gallery from the elevators to the mill. We followed to watch its progress. At the far end of the gallery the crawling belt with its steady rivulet of grain entered the top floor of the mill and disappeared in a ponderous machine. Above the roar of belts and wheels the miller called to me. His hand was filled

with stones and nails and little flakes of wood, a heterogeneous mass of refuse. Here the grain was cleaned, all foreign impurities removed. Across the low ceiling, up and down, slanting at every angle, the 'legs,' long box-like tubes through which the flour is carried from floor to floor, cluttered the great room. Down the centre a battery of strange objects, bristling with rings of pipes like spokes in a row of rimless wheels, fluttered with unseen life. They looked like a misshapen organ, and I half expected to hear the notes of some strange music echo from the pipes. The dust-collectors.

On the floor below, the maze of the legs grew more bewildering. Here the purifiers were ranged in mighty companies, and the fine white smoke of flour tinged the air. Like soft snow it dusted my shoulders. The miller pushed back a slide in one of the machines; within, a reel of silk was slowly turning, and through its fine meshes the flour sifted continuously. He scooped up a handful and held it out to me. It seemed fine and white, but the grinding and purifying were only half completed.

Every machine was in quiet motion. But the mill seemed deserted. On the vast floors a few men wandered in and out among the machines. In the mel-low half-light and the comparative stillness, unaided, almost unattended, these stolid workers of wood and steel performed their laborious functions. In the apparent confusion of a perfect system, all natural order seemed reversed: up a floor or two through the twisting legs, the flour flowed to the next machine, then back again, and again up to a higher floor. It was incomprehensible. The scheme was lost in the multiplicity of operations.

The monotony of the murmuring machines was suddenly broken. Wear-

ied of only the silent turning of hidden wheels, a roomful of huge barrel-like creatures suspended between roof and floor had burst suddenly into impassioned life. Reeling and swaying like drunken dancers, the bolters vibrated with angry tumult. In their allotted places they dizzily shook their dusty sides, flinging madly about in a rotary motion.

The days of the big mill-stones have vanished; corrugated steel-rolls have usurped their places. In aisles, the roller-mills filled the floor, like stocky pianos in a salesroom. Between the fine teeth of the long steel rolls, the clean grain flaked to flour. Here a series crushed the outer husk of the wheat berry; another battery ground fine the clean meal; and still others there were, each grinding finer and finer, endlessly. And between these grindings came the processes I had seen above, scouring, bolting, separating, and purifying.

Beyond the open doors of the shipping platforms long lines of freight cars were waiting, half filled with sacks and barrels of flour. Here at last was life and activity. In white caps and uniforms the millers were packing the finished product. Between high-piled sacks, trucks trundled noisily. The floor was white with flour. On slow-moving belts the filled sacks passed out from beneath machines which filled and weighed the contents to the fraction of an ounce. With long looping stitches the sewers fastened the tops.

Beside the door two huge mill-stones lay half buried in the earth. With the wandering father of the Recollets, they were already but memories of a mighty past. Behind the city the sun had set in a strong clear yellow light. Up in the mill-windows, electric lights were twinkling. The night run had begun. Ceaselessly, day and night, forever, to grind corn for a nation's bread.

SUNDAY IN ANDALUSIA

BY GRANT SHOWERMAN

As you pass from the shadow of the great Rock with the British guns upon it, to begin your first day's journey in Spain — ah, Spain at last! — the sun is just rising over the sandy neutral zone to its north, and the first fine thing he does for you is to illuminate the girl with flame-colored hair who stands on the pier with two baskets of strawberries in her hands, and trays of carnations and lilies beside her. She has a lily herself — in her bosom — and carnations and a rose in her hair.

Your guide-book tells you that second class in Spanish trains is none too good, that the third-class carriages are occupied almost exclusively by the lower orders, and that first is the only proper class for ladies. But you are not a lady, and you come from a land where class distinctions are not so much in vogue as here; and besides, you have many times found the lower orders of Europe agreeable enough; and so you defy the book once more and buy a third-class ticket; and when you have crossed the little bay in the light and cool of romantic morning and taken the train at the farther pier — why, you find yourself in a compartment with two dainty American ladies who also have been defiant. They are a bit nervous at thought of the daring, and clearly apprehensive; but one of them remarks, after covert scrutiny of yourself and other dark specimens of the Spanish lower classes, 'Well, I believe it's going to be all right. They don't look half bad.'

This is pleasant, and you are as-

sailed by the impulse to say, 'Thank you'; but you have n't been introduced, and you don't know what part of America she is from. And besides, at the moment a pair of *carabineros* climb up, in gray-green uniforms with red facings, and *sombreros de tres picos* with the front one of the three *picos* strangely omitted, and the back turned up in a very graceless way that does not at all accord with the grave and proper demeanor of their wearers.

There are numerous other people about, and it looks as if the compartment would be filled. 'Oh, dear!' exclaims the younger of the ladies, 'there are some more going to get in with us. Why don't they get into one of the other compartments? Every one wants to crowd in here. That's just the way it is! They always go where they see —'

She finishes the sentence only in her mind, not quite liking to say, 'where they see the best people,' and blushes just a little, being of democratic nurture, and conscientious.

There is a little programme of bell-ringing by the station-master, horn-blowing by the guard, and whistling by the engine and the conductor, and you roll into Spain at fifteen miles an hour.

This is something of a novelty, even after a year's experience in southern Europe, and you forgive it because it is a novelty — as you forgave the charming flame-colored hair at the pier for obtruding in a land where hair and eyes of proper breeding are black. Besides, it is early morning, and Sunday

morning, and there are fresh green fields on both sides, with clean white roads, and all the land is lying under the caress of a genial sun in a clear blue sky.

It is almost too cool at first, but it warms a little by the time you have passed the first few stations, especially as you enter a valley, whose walls intercept the slight breeze from the sea. On the roads are Spanish cavaliers on gray donkeys, and at the stations are knots of people with Sunday clothes and Sunday faces. The women are fresh and smiling in black and white, with black hair, big dark eyes, and heavy arched brows that do not meet, and with cheeks where red and white are beautifully mingled, and with flowers in their hair.

And the little Andalusian girls are like them. Yonder, a few yards from your window, hanging on the closed gate beside the station-house, with a background of marguerites, rosebushes in bloom, and orange-trees, are two little girls with an elder sister, all with dark Spanish eyes, round rosy cheeks, and smiles — and flowers in their hair. They don't know what a beautiful picture they make — what a fine detail in the purity and freshness of the morning.

The men are clean in fresh Sunday shirts; there are many corduroys to be seen, and red sashes, and *capas* of deep colors over rugged shoulders, and stiff, straight-brimmed, flat-crowned, oval Andalusian hats. They are rather angular, these men, with faces full of character, and they move with natural dignity, and — or but — all smoke cigarettes.

'I declare I'm enjoying every minute of this!' exclaims the lady again. 'Just see how the red and blue set off that gray donkey there — the one with the rider in red sash and corduroys! And I counted sixteen kinds of flowers

while we were waiting at that station!'

She might have counted a thousand, bless her, had there been a thousand; there was time enough. The Spanish train is in no hurry. Even the *expreso* and the *lujo*, which make twenty-five miles an hour, only seem to hurry on account of the brighter uniforms and the red in the engine-wheels. The *correo*, which carries the mail, has a name that promises motion, but it never much exceeds its promise. The *mercancia* and the *mixto*, which you can hardly hope to escape, run somewhat faster than a very tall man with very light luggage could walk. The demands their schedule makes are so very moderate that they would never disappoint, were it not for an amiable weakness of falling asleep at stations.

The train this morning is a *correo*, but everything is so new that you feel no more hurried than the train, and rather enjoy its ways. It creeps into the station quietly and carefully, as if in fear that some hen might have laid one of those numerous fine Spanish eggs on the track, and it might get broken in a too reckless approach. Sometimes — but this does n't happen frequently — it slows up when near to one of the smallest of the multitudinous stations, and sneaks by without stopping, as if ashamed or afraid.

When it does come to a standstill, it listlessly slides back a bit, then slides forward a bit, then rights itself once more, and then straightens up with a jerk — as if it were tired, and its muscles not obedient to its will. Then, for a few moments, every one cautiously waits to see what further it intends.

About the time it is thoroughly stopped, some one pulls at the cord attached to the tongue of the station-bell, and gives three signals — to let the passengers, and any one else who may be interested, know that the train has officially arrived; and a station

employee calls out, '*San Pablo, ocho minutos!*' — meaning that there will be eight minutes of waiting.

But the clock already points at leaving-time, and you wonder why the train does not go. There are a few men sauntering about and chatting, but there is no baggage, and the postal agent from the town has already handed over his little wallet of a dozen letters and received as many in return — if it is a brisk day for mail in Andalusia. After a few weeks of experience, you will come to the conclusion that trains have habits, and that this was why you waited at San Pablo.

In the course of time, some one signals again with the bell, and you sit back expectant. But nothing happens. A man passes the length of the train, chanting in a long-drawn sacerdotal tone, '*Señores viajeros al tren!*' that is the Spanish 'All aboard!' You look out, but no one is doing anything, and you see nothing going forward of a nature either to hinder or promote departure. In a few minutes more there is another signal, and you sit back again — and again nothing happens.

Just as you are making ready to lower the window and look out once more, there is the trill of a trainman's whistle up ahead, and now you feel sure you are going. But there is still a half minute, with no sound and no movement; and then, though nothing new has happened, the engine whistles sharply, and in a few seconds resumes its labors. As you move away, a station-hand, perhaps the dignified *jefe de estación* himself, blows three blasts on a little horn, and now there is no doubt that you are off.

At the last station, a man with a milk-can and two chickens got in. The latter he tumbles under the seat, with legs tied, scattering a little grain before their beaks; the milk-can he deposits in the rack overhead, where a soldier

who is moving to another post has already placed two bird-cages and several boxes, and where a woman — with flowers in her hair — has laid a bunch of green onions and a big bouquet. You rightly argue that the baggage provisions for third-class passengers in Spain are very liberal.

The ladies are amused, but worried. 'I was awfully afraid he'd get that milk-can against my dress,' says the elder. 'I wish I had put on a third-class traveling-suit. Don't you think we'd better tip the conductor, so he won't let any one else come in with us? I think I'll give him a *peseta* at the next station.'

At the next halting-place, as at some of the preceding, there is a little booth on the platform, with shutter raised to shade it, and behind its counter of gleaming glasses and bottles stands another fresh-faced woman — with flowers in her hair. There is a lively and good-humored trade in various liquids — water for one cent, and others for two.

'Look, there is a place with drinks!' cries the younger lady; and after a while, very earnestly, 'I believe that what she is filling those little glasses with is anisette, and it's awfully good. I'm going to have some.'

'Hey!' She calls to the conductor, who happens to be looking, 'anisette? anisette?' and motions him to bring some. She has n't discovered yet that a loud and alarming '*Ps-s-s-st!*' is the Spanish way of attracting attention.

The conductor has plenty of time, of course, and goes over to the booth, and the fresh-faced woman with flowers in her hair carefully rubs till they sparkle even more two little glasses, and sends them brim full to the car. The lady puts a *peseta* into the conductor's hand, he pays the woman four cents, and brings back fifteen cents in coppers — *perras gordas* and *perras chicas*, 'big

dogs' and 'little dogs,' as the royal lions on them are named by popular Spanish humor.

The lady waves him off, crying out, 'No, no! That's all right! That's all right!' And he does n't know what to do, and tries to pour the pieces into her hand, or into her lap, and is still protesting, half injured and half mystified, when the train moves away. Can it be that there is a mortal in Mediterranean lands who will not take a tip?

At the next station there is no little booth, but a woman — with flowers in her hair — passes under the window with a big stone jug held against her hip, and a '*Quién quiere agua?*' and pours a few glasses of water for a *perra chica* apiece. She calls but once or twice, and then stands quietly waiting to see whether any one else is thirsty, being, like most of her countrymen, not greatly concerned about her gains.

Another woman standing near, as little concerned, has a basket of oranges. You have no idea what they cost, and hold up a *perra gorda*, and she brings you three of the never-to-be-forgotten oranges of Andalusia — so rich and juicy and tender that you can't get the peel off without shedding their golden blood in streams.

'They are awfully hard to eat,' remarks the younger lady to her companion, as she sees your plight.

Here a woman and a calm-eyed little girl get on — with flowers in their hair. The woman, on passing through the door, lifts a pleasant face toward all, and says a greeting in the manner of her people: '*Buenos estad*' — be you well! Or perhaps it is the more universal, '*Buenos dias!*' or the still shorter, '*Buenos!*' that often takes its place; for the Spaniard wastes no words. When he wants to be especially cordial, he expands into, '*Muy buenos!*' still leaving the *dias* for the party of the second part to supply — thus

dividing the labor of greeting, so to speak.

'How precious you are!' says the woman, who is clearly a grandmother, kissing the face of the calm-eyed child, and hugging her close.

Another woman has two children, one of them very small. An interested neighbor asks the mother to 'do her the favor' of letting her hold the baby, and beams with pleasure at a response which is given with conscious hospitality. The conductor, with cigarette stuck over his ear, stops to pat the infant's cheek, and to inquire its gender. 'Is it a *chico* or a *chica*?' 'A *chico*,' promptly responds the mother, and volunteers to the passengers in general that both children were born in Argentina, and that the elder — *pobrecita!* — still was nursing when the younger was born, and had to be put on the bottle. This sounds like an apology, and seems, from the look on the faces round about, to be received as such.

At a certain station, the woman and the calm-eyed child descend, and there stands the father, with a kiss for greeting. As she leaves the car, she wishes you 'Good continuation,' or, more probably, utters the universal Spanish, '*Vaya Usted con Dios*' — may you go with God! — a leave-taking with seeming implication that it is less difficult for man to follow the way of God than for God to follow the way of man.

A soldier, too, gets out, from the car ahead, just home from Africa. A crowd is waiting on the platform, and he is rushed upon by friends and relatives, who jump and caper, laughing and weeping and crying, '*ay! ay! ay!*' without the least thought of restraint, and almost rending him with kisses and embraces. Another soldier has just got in, and his wife, with streaming eyes, holds the baby up to the window for a last kiss as the train moves

on. A great surprise, such unrestraint in this grave, impassive-looking people; but you learn that this is their way when the springs of affection are touched.

The valley is narrower now, and you sometimes follow close to the stream, and the limestone barriers are not far distant, and you enjoy charming visions of gleaming white-walled villages in the gray verdure at their base. At the stream-banks begin green grass, and fruit and olive trees, and little fields of grain, and gardens, and they in turn are bordered by round green hills with trees, which would be mountains, but cannot quite succeed. Beyond these, far up and treeless, silver-gray tinged faintly with red, and spotted with a shrub or two, are the real mountains, rising until their lines cut sharply into the clear blue brightness of the sky, that seems so void. You have come to Spain from the sea, and somehow it seems as if there could be nothing beyond those mountain ridges but blue waters — on one side the Midland Sea, on the other the Streams of Ocean. You feel yourself surrounded by blue sea, secluded from the rest of the world.

There are lunches on the train, and you are made acquainted with another pleasant custom of the Spanish people. Your neighbor draws forth his bread and cheese, or *salsichón*, or pimento-red *chorizo*, or other form of sausage, with bottle of wine, looks amiably about, and says, '*Ustedes gustan?*' — would you like? It is only formal, of course, but pleasant. At an *empalme*, where the line branches, is a railway restaurant, with a wait of half an hour; but there is no gong, no one rushes after your patronage, and you are as welcome to buy a few cents' worth of fruit and bread and cheese as to take the regular meal at fifty cents. You are beginning to remark to yourself

that Spain, of all the countries you have traveled in, seems least greedy.

You are through the mountains now, and in the midst of a wide and sunny plain, with very red soil showing in the railway banks, and contrasting strongly in the fields with green grain and vines and gray-green olives. At the northern border of the plain a sierra cuts the sky.

And now you descry a low-lying, whitewashed city with a beautiful bell-tower rising high above its only massive building, and in a moment are at your journey's end. You alight in the city of the great Mosque.

The siesta hours are long to-day, and you are almost alone in the warm and quiet streets — warm and quiet and clean, and perfumed with orange and locust blossom. You pass through the Gate of Pardon into the warm, wide garden-court before the Mosque, where locust and orange are more fragrant still, and the fine old fountain is purling to itself, and one or two priests are walking under the opaque trees, and the silence is rich.

Inside the Mosque, in the dim recesses among the hundreds and hundreds of columns, are groups of two and three who are walking or standing in awe: the columns are so interminable, the light and the distances so mystic, and the music of vespers is just beginning. Even here you get the scent of orange, of carnation, or of rose, as a knot of women pass, with flowers in their hair.

When you emerge again into the old *patio*, the black shadows of the orange trees have lengthened, and the women of the quarter about the Great Sanctuary are filling their big jars at the fountain, and children are running about — with flowers in their hair. Out in the street, a girl with oval face and dancing dark eyes and a carnation in the knot of her hair, stops with her jar, to assail

you with Andalusian sauciness: '*Ah Señorito muy simpático*, give me a *perra gorda!*' Assuredly you will. This is even better than being called '*Senor Caballero*' by the most courtly men of Europe. And out in the *paseo* by the broad banks of the Guadalquivir are more women and girls and children — and all with flowers. You never really knew before what roses and carnations were for.

In the narrow streets with the clean cobble pavement, bordered by one and two-story stuccoed and whitewashed houses, you get the perfume of flowers again. The sidewalks are narrow, and there is no space for plants, and balconies and windows are few, for the Andalusian town has streets almost as blank as those of the Moors. You wonder whence the perfume comes, until you happen to glance through a portal or two, and see the most beautiful patios within, with clean, bright marble floors, and light from the azure sky above, and shrubs and plants in brilliant bloom.

When the twilight comes, you see a figure standing alone by the wall of a house some distance ahead. But he is not alone. He is at a *reja*, and on the other side of the *reja* is a girl of Andalusia with flowers in her hair. Be sure he scents them, though you may not. This is the courting through the grate

that you have so many times witnessed before as you traveled Spain in the finely naturalistic page of Valdés in the modern Spanish novel. In passing, you catch the subdued ripple of the hidden senorita's laugh as the witty *requiebros* of her lover call it forth.

Everything to-day has been subdued and mellow — a leisurely train, subdued sunlight, subdued sounds in the Mosque and its fine old court, mellow perfumes, mellow laughter, — subdued and mellow by nature, not from taking thought. When the twilight has deepened, it does not give place to dark, but to the subdued light of a mellow round moon. The breeze, too, is so subdued that it stirs no ruffle on the broad, calm bosom of the Guadalquivir, and only carries to your nostril the delicate scent of locust and orange from patio and garden — and of the flowers in women's hair.

The American ladies alighted at a little mountain town, and in a few hours were going back to the Rock with the British guns upon it, and so to America.

'I think we are making a great mistake not to travel in Spain,' one of them had said. As you sit in the patio of the Spanish *fonda*, eating an Andalusian dinner in a bower of roses and green plants, you are sure that the lady was right.

HALL-MARKED¹

A SATIRIC TRIFLE

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

CHARACTERS

HERSELF.	THE RECTOR
LADY ELLA.	THE DOCTOR
THE SQUIRE.	JARVIS, the Driver.
MAUD.	MARTHA, the Maid.
EDWARD, a Scotch Terrier.	
HANNIBAL, a Bull Dog.	

The scene is the sitting-room and verandah of Her Bungalow.

The room is pleasant, and along the back, where the verandah runs, it seems all window, both French and casement. There is a door Right, and a door Left. The day is bright; the time, morning. The stage is empty. HERSELF, dripping wet, comes running along the verandah, through the French window, with wet EDWARD in her arms. She vanishes through the door Left. A little pause, and LADY ELLA comes running, dry, thin, refined, and agitated. She halts where the tracks of water cease at the door Left. A little pause, and MAUD comes running, fairly dry, stolid, breathless, and dragging HANNIBAL, wet, breathless, and stout, by the crutch end of her en-tout-cas.

LADY ELLA. Don't bring Hannibal in till I know where she's put Edward!

MAUD (*brutally, to HANNIBAL*). Bad dog! Bad dog!

HANNIBAL *snuffles*.

LADY ELLA. Maud, do take him out!

Tie him up. Here! (*She takes out a lace handkerchief.*) No — something stronger! Poor darling Edward! (*To HANNIBAL*). You are a bad dog!

HANNIBAL *snuffles*.

MAUD. Edward began it, Ella. (*To HANNIBAL*). Bad dog! Bad dog!

HANNIBAL *snuffles*.

LADY ELLA. Tie him up outside. Here, take my scarf. Where is my poor treasure? (*She removes her scarf.*) Catch! His ear's torn; I saw it.

MAUD (*taking the scarf, to HANNIBAL*). Now! (*HANNIBAL snuffles. She ties the scarf to his collar.*) He smells horrible. Bad dog — getting into ponds to fight!

LADY ELLA. Tie him up, Maud. I must try in here.

THE SQUIRE and RECTOR come hastening along the verandah.

MAUD (*to THE RECTOR*). Smell him, Bertie. (*To THE SQUIRE*). You might have that pond drained, Squire!

She takes HANNIBAL out, and ties him to the verandah. THE SQUIRE and RECTOR come in. LADY ELLA is knocking on the door Left.

HER VOICE. All right! I've bound him up!

LADY ELLA. May I come in?

HER VOICE. Just a second! I've got nothing on.

LADY ELLA recoils. THE SQUIRE and RECTOR make an involuntary movement of approach.

LADY ELLA. Oh! There you are!

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THE RECTOR (*doubtfully*). I was just going to wade in —

LADY ELLA. Hannibal would have killed him, if she had n't rushed in!

THE SQUIRE. Done him good, little beast!

LADY ELLA. Why did n't *you* go in, Tommy?

THE SQUIRE. Well, I *would* — only she —

LADY ELLA. I can't think how she got Edward out of Hannibal's awful mouth!

MAUD (*without — to HANNIBAL, who is snuffing on the verandah, and straining at the scarf*). Bad dog!

LADY ELLA. We must simply thank her tremendously! I shall never forget the way she ran in, with her skirts up to her waist!

THE SQUIRE. By Jove! No.

LADY ELLA. Her clothes must be ruined. That pond — ugh! (*She wrinkles her nose.*) Tommy, *do* have it drained.

THE RECTOR (*dreamily*). I don't remember her face in church.

THE SQUIRE. Ah! Yes. Who is she? Pretty woman!

LADY ELLA. I must get the vet. to Edward. (*To the SQUIRE*). Tommy, *do* exert yourself!

MAUD *reënters*.

THE SQUIRE. All right! (*Exerting himself.*) Here's a bell.

HER VOICE (through the door). The bleeding's stopped. (*They listen.*) Shall I send him in to you?

LADY ELLA. Oh! please. Poor darling!

LADY ELLA *prepares to receive EDWARD. THE SQUIRE and RECTOR stand transfixed. The door opens, and a bare arm gently pushes EDWARD forth. He is bandaged with a smooth towel. There is a snuffle — HANNIBAL has broken the scarf, outside.*

LADY ELLA (*aghast*). Look! Hanni-

bal's loose! Maud — Tommy. (*To THE RECTOR.*) You!

THE THREE *rush to prevent HANNIBAL from reëntering.*

LADY ELLA (*to EDWARD*). Yes, I know — you'd like to! You *shall* bite him when it's safe. Oh! my darling, you *do* —

(*She sniffs.* MAUD and THE SQUIRE *reënter.*)

Have you tied him properly this time?

MAUD. With Bertie's braces.

LADY ELLA. Oh! but —

MAUD. It's all right; they're almost leather.

THE RECTOR *reënters, with a slight look of security.*

LADY ELLA. Rector, are you sure it's safe?

THE RECTOR (*hitching at his trousers*). No, indeed, Lady Ella — I —

LADY ELLA. Tommy, *do* lend a hand!

THE SQUIRE. All right, Ella; all right! He does n't mean what you mean!

LADY ELLA (*transferring EDWARD to THE SQUIRE*). Hold him, Tommy. He's sure to smell out Hannibal!

THE SQUIRE (*taking EDWARD by the collar, and holding his own nose*). Jove! Clever if he can smell anything but himself. Phew! She ought to have the Victoria Cross for goin' in that pond.

The door opens, and HERSELF appears; a fine, frank, handsome woman, in a man's orange-colored motor-coat, hastily thrown on over the substrata of costume.

HERSELF. So very sorry — had to have a bath, and change, of course!

LADY ELLA. We're so awfully grateful to you. It was splendid.

MAUD. Quite.

THE RECTOR (*rather holding himself together*). Heroic! I was just myself about to —

THE SQUIRE (*holding EDWARD*). Little beast *will* fight — must apologize — you were too quick for me —

He looks up at her. She is smiling, and regarding the wounded dog, her head benevolently on one side.

HERSELF. Poor dears! They thought they were so safe in that nice pond!

LADY ELLA. Is he very badly torn?

HERSELF. Rather nasty. There ought to be a stitch or two put in his ear.

LADY ELLA. I thought so. Tommy, do —

THE SQUIRE. All right. Am I to let him go?

LADY ELLA. No.

MAUD. The fly's outside. Bertie, run and tell Jarvis to drive in for the vet.

THE RECTOR (*gentle and embarrassed*). Run? Well, Maud — I —

HERSELF. The doctor will sew it up. My maid can go round.

HANNIBAL *appears at the open casement with the broken braces dangling from his collar.*

LADY ELLA. Look! Catch him! Rector!

MAUD. Bertie! Catch him!

THE RECTOR *seizes HANNIBAL, but is seen to be in difficulties about his garments.* HERSELF, *who has gone out Left, returns, carrying a leather strop in one hand, and a pair of braces in the other.*

HERSELF. Take this strop — he can't break that. And would these be any good to you?

She hands the braces to MAUD and goes out on the verandah and hastily away. MAUD transfers the braces to the RECTOR, goes out, draws HANNIBAL from the casement window, and secures him with the strop. The RECTOR sits suddenly, with the braces in his hand. There is a moment's peace.

LADY ELLA. Splendid, is n't she? I do admire her.

SQUIRE. She's all there.

THE RECTOR (*feelingly*). Most kind.

He looks ruefully at the braces and at LADY ELLA. A silence. MAUD reappears at the door, and stands gazing at the braces.

THE SQUIRE (*suddenly*). Eh?

MAUD. Yes.

THE SQUIRE (*looking at his wife*). Ah!

LADY ELLA (*absorbed in EDWARD*). Poor darling!

THE SQUIRE (*bluntly*). Ella, the Rector wants to get up!

THE RECTOR (*gently*). Perhaps — just for a moment —

LADY ELLA. Oh! (*She turns to the wall.*)

THE RECTOR, *screened by his wife, retires to the verandah, to adjust his garments.*

THE SQUIRE (*meditating*). So she's married!

LADY ELLA (*absorbed in EDWARD*). Why?

THE SQUIRE. Braces.

LADY ELLA. Oh! Yes. We ought to ask them to dinner, Tommy.

THE SQUIRE. Ah! Yes. Wonder who they are?

THE RECTOR and MAUD *reappear.*

THE RECTOR. Really very good of her to lend her husband's — I was — er — quite —

MAUD. That'll do, Bertie.

They see HERSELF returning along the verandah, followed by a sandy, red-faced gentleman in leather leggings, with a needle and cotton in his hand.

HERSELF. Caught the doctor just starting. So lucky!

LADY ELLA. Oh! Thank goodness!

DOCTOR. How do, Lady Ella? How do, Squire — how do, Rector? (To MAUD). How de do? This the beast? I see, quite. Who'll hold him for me?

LADY ELLA. Oh! I!

HERSELF. D' you know, *I think I'd*

better. It's so dreadful when it's your own, is n't it? Shall we go in here, Doctor? Come along, pretty boy!

SHE takes EDWARD, and they pass into the room Left.

LADY ELLA. I dreaded it. She is splendid!

THE SQUIRE. Dogs take to her. That's a sure sign.

THE RECTOR. Little things — one can always tell.

THE SQUIRE. Something very attractive about her — what! Fine build of woman.

MAUD. I shall get hold of her for parish work.

THE RECTOR. Ah! Excellent — excellent! Do!

THE SQUIRE. Wonder if her husband shoots? She seems quite — er — quite —

LADY ELLA (*watching the door*). Quite! Altogether charming; one of the nicest faces I ever saw. (THE DOCTOR comes out alone.) Oh! Doctor — have you — is it —

DOCTOR. Right as rain! She held him like an angel — he just licked her, and never made a sound.

LADY ELLA. Poor darling! Can I? — (*She signs toward the door.*)

DOCTOR. Better leave 'em a minute. She's moppin' 'im off. (*He wrinkles his nose.*) Wonderful clever hands!

THE SQUIRE. I say — who is she?

DOCTOR (*looking from face to face with a dubious and rather quizzical expression*). Who? Well — There you have me! All I know is she's a first-rate nurse — been helpin' me with a case in Ditch Lane. Nice woman, too — thorough good sort! Quite an acquisition here. H'm! (*Again that quizzical glance.*) Excuse me hurryin' off — very late. Good-bye, Rector! Good-bye, Lady Ella! Good-bye!

He goes. A silence.

THE SQUIRE. H'm! I suppose we ought to be a bit careful.

JARVIS, *flyman of the old school, has appeared on the verandah.*

JARVIS (*to THE RECTOR*). Beg pardon, sir. Is the little dog all right?

MAUD. Yes.

JARVIS (*touching his hat*). Seein' you've missed your train, m'm, shall I wait, and take you 'ome again?

MAUD. No.

JARVIS. Cert'nly, m'm.

He touches his hat with a circular gesture, and is about to withdraw.

LADY ELLA. Oh! Jarvis — what's the name of the people here?

JARVIS. Challenger's the name I've driven 'em in, my lady.

THE SQUIRE. Challenger? Sounds like a hound. What's he like?

JARVIS (*scratching his head*). Wears a soft 'at, sir.

THE SQUIRE. H'm! Ah!

JARVIS. Very nice gentleman, very nice lady. 'Elped me with my old mare when she 'ad the 'ighsteria last week — could n't 'a been kinder if they'd 'a been angels from 'eaven. Wonderful fond o' dumb animals, the two of 'em. I don't pay no attention to gossip, meself.

MAUD. Gossip? What gossip?

JARVIS (*backing*). Did I make use of the word, m'm? You'll excuse me, I'm sure. There's always talk where there's newcomers. I takes people as I finds 'em.

THE RECTOR. Yes, yes, Jarvis — quite — quite right!

JARVIS. Yes, sir. I've — I've got a 'abit that way at my time o' life.

MAUD (*sharply*). How long have they been here, Jarvis?

JARVIS. Well — er — a matter of three weeks, m'm. (*A slight involuntary stir. Apologetic.*) Of course, in my profession, I can't afford to take notice of whether there's the trifle of a ring between 'em, as the sayin' is. 'T is n't 'ardly my business like.

A silence.

LADY ELLA (*suddenly*). Er — thank you, Jarvis; you need n't wait.

JARVIS. No, m' lady! Your service, sir — service, m'm. (*He goes.*)

A silence.

THE SQUIRE (*drawing a little closer*). Three weeks? I say — er — was n't there a book?

THE RECTOR (*abstracted*). Three weeks — I certainly have n't seen them in church.

MAUD. A trifle of a ring!

LADY ELLA (*impulsively*). Oh, bother! I'm sure she's all right. And if she is n't, I don't care. She's been much too splendid.

THE SQUIRE. Must think of the village. Did n't quite like the doctor's way of puttin' us off.

LADY ELLA. The poor darling owes his life to her.

THE SQUIRE. H'm! Dash it! Yes! Can't forget the way she ran into that stinkin' pond.

MAUD. *Had she a wedding ring on?*

They look at each other, but no one knows.

LADY ELLA. Well, I'm not going to be ungrateful!

THE SQUIRE. It'd be dashed awkward — must n't take a false step, Ella.

THE RECTOR. And I've got his braces!

He puts his hand to his waist.

MAUD (*warningly*). Bertie!

THE SQUIRE. That's all right, Rector — we're goin' to be perfectly polite, and — and — thank her, and all that.

LADY ELLA. We can *see* she's a good sort. What *does* it matter?

MAUD. My dear Ella! 'What does it matter'! We've *got to know*.

THE RECTOR. We *do* want light.

THE SQUIRE. I'll ring the bell.

He rings. They look at each other aghast.

LADY ELLA. What did you ring for, Tommy?

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THE SQUIRE (*flabbergasted*). God knows!

MAUD. Somebody'll come.

THE SQUIRE. Rector — you — you've got to —

MAUD. Yes, Bertie.

THE RECTOR. Dear me! But — er — what — er — How?

THE SQUIRE (*deeply — to himself*). The whole thing's damn delicate.

The door Right is opened and a maid appears. She is a determined-looking female. They face her in silence.

THE RECTOR. Er — er — your master is not in?

THE MAID. No. 'E's gone up to London.

THE RECTOR. Er — *Mr. Challenger*, I think?

THE MAID. Yes.

THE RECTOR. Yes! Er — quite so!

THE MAID (*eyeing them*). D' you want — Mrs. Challenger?

THE RECTOR. Ah! Not precisely —

THE SQUIRE (*to him in a low, determined voice*). Go on.

THE RECTOR (*desperately*). I asked because there was a — a — Mr. Challenger I used to know in the nineties, and I thought — you would n't happen to know how long they've been married? My friend mar —

THE MAID. Three weeks.

THE RECTOR. Quite so — quite so! I shall hope it will turn out to be — Er — thank you — Ha!

LADY ELLA. Our dog has been fighting with the Rector's, and Mrs. Challenger rescued him; she's bathing his ear. We're waiting to thank her. You need n't —

THE MAID (*eyeing them*). No. (*She turns and goes out.*)

THE SQUIRE. Phew! What a Gorgon! I say, Rector, did you really know a Challenger in the nineties?

THE RECTOR (*wiping his brow*). No.

THE SQUIRE. Ha! Jolly good!

LADY ELLA. Well, you see! — it's all right.

THE RECTOR. Yes, indeed. A great relief!

LADY ELLA (*moving to the door*). I must go in now.

THE SQUIRE. Hold on! You goin' to ask 'em to — to — anything?

LADY ELLA. Yes.

MAUD. I should n't.

LADY ELLA. Why not? We all like the look of her.

THE RECTOR. I think we should punish ourselves for entertaining that uncharitable thought.

LADY ELLA. Yes. It's horrible not having the courage to take people as they are.

THE SQUIRE. As they are? H'm! How can you till you know?

LADY ELLA. Trust our instincts, of course.

THE SQUIRE. And supposing she'd turned out not married — eh?

LADY ELLA. She'd still be *herself*, would n't she?

MAUD. Ella!

THE SQUIRE. H'm! Don't know about that.

LADY ELLA. Of course she would, Tommy.

THE RECTOR (*his hand stealing to his waist*). Well, it's a great weight off my —!

LADY ELLA. There's the poor darling snuffling. I must go in.

She knocks on the door. It is opened, and EDWARD comes out briskly, with a neat little white pointed ear-cap on one ear.

LADY ELLA. Precious!

HERSELF *comes out, now properly dressed in flax-blue linen.*

LADY ELLA. How perfectly sweet of you to make him that!

HERSELF. He's such a dear. And the other poor dog?

MAUD. Quite safe, thanks to your strop.

HANNIBAL *appears at the window, with the broken strop dangling. Following her gaze, they turn and see him.*

Oh! there, he's broken it. Bertie!

HERSELF. Let me! (*SHE seizes HANNIBAL.*)

THE SQUIRE. We're really most tremendously obliged to you. Afraid we've been an awful nuisance.

HERSELF. Not a bit. I love dogs.

THE SQUIRE. Hope to make the acquaintance of Mr. — of your husband.

LADY ELLA (*to EDWARD, who is straining*). Gently, darling! Tommy, take him. (*THE SQUIRE does so.*)

MAUD (*approaching HANNIBAL*). Is he behaving? (*She stops short, and her face suddenly shoots forward at HERSELF's hands which are holding HANNIBAL's neck.*)

HERSELF. Oh! yes — he's a love.

MAUD (*regaining her upright position, and pursing her lips; in a peculiar voice*). Bertie, take Hannibal.

THE RECTOR *takes him.*

LADY ELLA (*producing a card*). I can't be too grateful for all you've done for my poor darling. This is where we live. Do come — and see — (*MAUD, whose eyes have never left those hands, tweaks LADY ELLA's dress*). That is — I'm — I —

HERSELF *looks at LADY ELLA in surprise.*

THE SQUIRE. I don't know if your husband shoots, but — if — (*MAUD, catching his eye, taps the third finger of her left hand*) — er — he — does — er — er —

HERSELF *looks at THE SQUIRE, in surprise.*

MAUD, *turning to her husband, repeats the gesture with the low and simple word, 'Look!'*

THE RECTOR (*with round eyes, severely*). Hannibal!

He lifts him bodily, and carries him away.

MAUD. Don't squeeze him, Bertie!
(*She follows through the French window.*)

THE SQUIRE (*abruptly — of the unoffending EDWARD*). That dog'll be forgettin' himself in a minute.

He picks up EDWARD, and takes him out. LADY ELLA is left staring.

LADY ELLA (*at last*). You must n't think, I — you must n't think, we — Oh! I *must* just see they don't let Edward get at Hannibal. (*She skims away.*)

HERSELF *is left staring after LADY ELLA, in surprise.*

HERSELF. What *is* the matter with them?

The door is opened.

THE MAID (*entering, and holding out a wedding-ring — severely*). You left this, m'm, in the bath room.

HERSELF (*looking, startled, at her finger*). Oh! (*Taking it.*) I had n't missed it. Thank you, Martha.

The MAID goes.

A hand, slipping in at the casement window, softly lays a pair of braces on the window-sill. HERSELF looks at the braces, then at the ring. Her lip curls, and she murmurs deeply:

Ah!

CURTAIN.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE GRADUATE'S CHOICE

In this omphalos of knowledge which is known as Princeford college,
The fatuous 'Post Graduate' pursues his golden dream
Down the broad highway of learning, till an unexpected turning
Brings him up before two mighty gates of loveliness supreme.
The one is gilt, rococo — with Cupids, frills, barocco;
The other cold white marble in the strictest Doric style:
On the pediment gigantic of the first is writ 'Romantic';
The second blazons 'Classic' from its Parian peristyle.
While the youth, perplexed, is gazing at these barriers amazing,
Soft, seductive strains of Wagner float pulsating down the wind,
And from out the gate Romantic, with gestures Corybantic,
Dance professors clad in rosy gauze like Bayaderes of Hind.
Their heads are crown'd with blossoms of rare Odontoglossums —
Their limbs swing free in rhythm isadoraduncanesque,
And, mellifluously tooting on their tibias soft-fluting,
They address the startled student in symphonic arabesque:—

'Come, sweet stranger, to these bowers furnish'd forth with fairest flowers,
 Where the slumbrous breath of poppies hovers heavy on the air:
 We will feed you on narcotics, we'll instruct you in erotics
 And the art of snuffing perfumes from a dream-girl's purple hair.
 You shall live in ivory towers, where the pageant of the hours
 From Nirvana to Nirvana trails its jasmine-scented length;
 And we'll prove by intuition and the Bergson proposition
 That in reason lies all weakness, in the senses lies all strength.
 We'll converse in purest Swinburne with a warmth to make your skin burn
 (For our morals are quite Futurist, if not to say relaxed);
 And to Schoenberg's orchestration we'll extol Imagination,
 Wearing gowns designed by Poiret, in a *mise-en-scène* by Bakst.
 If you care for problems burning, you can cultivate a yearning
 In the best Tolstoïan manner for th' entire human race:
 Enter, friend! You need not fear us! Come and sample our chimeras —
 Come and tango with the Muses to the end of time and space!'

'Lead me to them!' cries the student, whom excitement makes imprudent,
 And he rushes gayly forward to this poikile paradise —
 But from out the Classic gateway there assails his hearing straightway
 A stern chorus contrapuntal such as Bach might improvise,
 And forth issues a procession, an orderly progression
 Of professors garbed in togas that are well 'within the law';
 They address him in a fashion quite devoid of any passion,
 And the chiselled niceness of their speech rings forth without a flaw:—

'Stop and listen, hapless stranger! You are facing mortal danger!
 Don't allow those jaded hedonists to take you off your guard!
 They are rabid nympholeptics — they are hopeless epileptics,
 And their paradise is nothing but a psychopathic ward!
 Their happiness is rotten with ideals misbegotten —
 The décadent creation of a sophist's monstrous dream;
 Their words are an eruption of unspeakable corruption,
 Hiding depths of black depravity beneath a specious gleam.
 Spurn that trull Imagination! Come and worship Moderation —
 Come and practice Imitation till the Classic Spirit dawns!
 Here we offer you diversion all unspotted by perversion
 When we dance our decent minuets on closely shaven lawns.
 As the secret of true pleasure in decorum lies and measure,
 You may conjure up chaste visions of a geometric bliss:

If your passions need expressing, you may let off steam by pressing
On the feet of the Stagirite *one short, cold, Platonic kiss!*'

Our poor student, torn asunder 'twixt these offers, stood in wonder
Till the hostile bands, descending, tried to carry him away;
They pulled him and they hauled him, they jerked him and they mauled him,
And the dust of battle rose in clouds around the frightful fray.

When at last the fight abated and the forces separated,
The student who had caused the strife was nowhere to be found.
Had they torn him all to tatters? — Not that it really matters —
For each side claimed the victory with certainty profound!

DEAD ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE

WE buried him to-day, the last day of the year, my old friend the veteran. To me he was never anything but the crippled old soldier whom I used to meet on the road between his home and the grocery at the corner, rarely elsewhere; that was his daily walk, the limit of his strength as he hobbled leaning on his cane. When he had done his errands at the grocery, or perhaps had been as far as the post-office, his day's work was over. I cannot think of him as young, exultant, free from pain and bodily infirmity; I cannot think of him as like other men, free to choose his acts, free to undertake, to plan, to accomplish, even to fail.

But he must have been young once. Fifty years ago, when he marched off to war, he certainly was young and very much alive. They say he was seventy or more when he died — but time meant nothing to him; it drifted over him; you would have been surprised to see to-day how young his face was. Was he still but one and twenty, as when he marched off to war?

That's the whole of it; life stopped

there for him; it is fifty years since he came back, but to him they might have been fifty days or fifty centuries for all that he could do with them. There was no free life for him, no ambitions, no hopes, no plans, nothing but to eat and sleep and pass the time. Even a man in prison hopes to get out and whets his brain in planning an escape. For this man there was no escape but death. Many men in his condition would have married for their own satisfaction; he did not so. Some would have studied, winning an escape by thought: that was not his bent, and he lacked opportunity.

The din of the heavy artillery that he served had deafened him, so that he was deprived even of the pleasures of conversation: he would guess that his friends remarked upon the weather and, rain or shine, would tell them that it was a fine day. Can you imagine a life like that, stripped of everything, even of the irritations which make a man defiant against his fate? But this man seemed never to rebel.

Daily we met him and passed the greetings of the day, or just smiled and nodded. Daily we left him behind us,

stationary, while we forged ahead. We grew up; we tried our wings; we took our flights; and when we came back to the old home it was to see him still hobbling to or from the grocery on his daily errands. In our youth we flouted him—not for us such a useless existence; not for us such an idle round; we forgot, if we ever knew, that at one and twenty *he* had marched off to the war, brave and hopeful. But as time wore on, we came to value our veteran more.

There was something appealing in his helplessness. There was something tragic in his patience. But his smile always defended him from our pity. We came to notice that we did not speak of him with patronage. A man who could always smile back into the face of a relentless fate could not be treated condescendingly, even if he never did any work in the world. But was not his work just to smile, never to complain, never to show disheartenment? He did not let even his deafness fret him. When he could not hear what we shouted into his ear, he would take down his cupped hand and shake his head and smile. 'No use,' he would say, as it if were a joke upon himself.

We came to depend upon that man. We depend just so upon the sun and the dew and the breeze. Only twice in all the years of our acquaintance, though I often saw the sadness in his face at rest, do I remember his uttering it in words. 'There was not much glory in it for most of us,' he said once, as we gazed at the procession on Memorial Day, referring to the fifty years which had followed his brief attempt to serve his country. 'His promotion to sergeant was something like a blank drawn in the lottery of war, and so long as his infirmities forbade his marching with the other veterans, many did not know why he was a cripple. The other time it was also Memorial

Day, and we stood side by side before the tall Soldiers' Monument, looking at the tablets filled with names. 'I used to know every one of those boys,' he said. And he added, with wistful reminiscence, looking off at the river, 'We were all *boys* then.' His voice broke, but his face told the story. They had been mercifully taken in their youth; they were heroes, their names carved for all the world to read. He was but a stranded wreck, no hero; and the tablets on the monument were already full; he had given all and had got nothing. But he did not utter the thought. A moment later he smiled and waved his hand in parting as he hobbled off; he did not envy even his comrades who had died on the field of battle.

But was he not all his life living on the field of battle? Was he ever mustered out to the ordinary duties and distractions of life? When we remember how he bore himself among us, how simple and sincere and blameless, how kind and cheerful and uncomplaining, when patience and cheerfulness were all that he was able to give his country, do we not feel that he was still serving her; that he had made of his own maimed life a battlefield and was fighting to the end without thought of retreat or surrender; that he fell at last in the same service he had entered in the flush of youth?

It would have pleased and surprised him if he could have known how many came to bid him farewell to-day: the church was needed for the service. He, of all persons, would have least expected such a tribute of respect and affection. True, a stranger praised him with harmless platitudes, trying not to say the wrong thing, not knowing how to utter the right one, which scores of us might have spoken for him. We who knew the man desired no generalities; there was nothing to evade; but only

those who had known him long knew how much there was to say. Yet the occasion did not pass without its witness. Through the stained-glass window above him as he lay with the bright flag on his casket, the westering sun, in its decline, shot into the dark church a slanting, sidewise ray that lingered long. All the other symbols of the faith avoiding, it fell fair and long on a crown of gold set in a blood-red field. It was his crown of martyrdom, bright and ready for him. Seeing, we understood that he was lying where he must so often have desired to be, dead on the field of battle.

THE SERVANTLESS COTTAGE

STAIRS are done for. Observe the growing popularity of bungalows. Observe the multiplication of apartment houses. Listen to the words of the man who has lately built, and written about, what he calls a servantless cottage: —

‘Climbing is oftentimes all too strenuous for a happy housewife, so there must be no stairs.’

For a few more decades, miserable women, unhappy housewives, and, by inference, undesirable mothers, will continue to drag out painful existences in houses of more than one story.

‘No stairs! No stairs!’ the young wife cried,
And clapped her hands to see
A house as like a little flat
As any house could be!

And observe also the end of the servant-problem. For in the servantless cottage, says the satisfied designer, ‘milady need fear no drudgery. A very few hours will suffice for housekeeping and cookery. Work becomes a pleasure and a maid becomes undesirable.’

Well, well! there are solutions and solutions of this servant-problem, and of the always interesting question of how other people ought to live. The question being somewhat personal to

myself, I have examined a good many of these solutions without finding that any of them solved it to my personal satisfaction.

There is, of course, much to be said for the servantless cottage, although to solve a problem by giving it up is no very startling triumph of domestic mathematics. The experience of innumerable couples with kitchenettes proves that life is possible under this solution, but the frank admission of discontent among these experimenters indicates that it leaves much to be desired. My own domesticity is of the kitchenette kind in winter, but expands in summer to a modest establishment in the country with real stairs and a real cook in a real kitchen. I can see therefore — so at least I believe — not only the possibilities of the servantless cottage, its economy of effort in the details of housework, and its excellent adaptability to a small family unaccustomed to any other standard of living, but also its complete, unwitting abnegation of some of the finer things in human existence.

Now, if this man, in describing his servantless cottage, had contented himself with a plain and simple statement of its advantages, I dare say I should have read his description in the most friendly spirit imaginable; and certainly with no desire to criticize his results. It was that silly remark about milady that aroused opposition. We live in a republic and we are most of us reasonably self-respecting men and women, not a milady among us, unless she happens to be making a visit — in which case, one place she is not visiting is a servantless cottage. And so, in a word, the servantless cottage ceases to be an honest, more or less successful effort to provide a home in which the housewife can most conveniently do her own work, and becomes a neat little example of snobbish absurdity. Work be-

comes a pleasure to the happy housewife for whom climbing a flight of stairs is oftentimes all too strenuous — so keen and persistent a pleasure that domestic service becomes 'undesirable!' Is anybody really expected to believe it? Or is domestic service itself a phase of domesticity that can be so cheerfully eliminated? Has the servant — and, bless you! the word has often enough been a term of honor — no really fine and enduring place in the scheme of gracious and cultivated domestic management?

For many generations, stairs and service have been inseparable from the amenities of domestic living. One has only to imagine these two essentials suddenly eliminated from literature to experience a pained sensation at the care-free way in which the man of the servantless cottage gets rid of them. And one has only to look about the world as it stands at present, servant-problem and all, to realize that it is the value of good domestic service which actually creates and keeps alive the problem itself. For even if the happy housewife enjoys every single item of housekeeping and cookery, there are times when her personal attention to them is obviously undesirable.

Imagine our servantless cottage as an example. Milady sings at her work. The portable vacuum cleaner — milord keeps up with all the latest improvements — gratefully eats up its daily dust. The fireless cooker prepares the meals 'with a perfection and deliciousness unrealized in the old days.' *A bas* mother and the way she used to cook! But in serving these meals of a hitherto unrealized perfection and deliciousness, milord and milady must needs chase each other between kitchen and dining-room. The guest at dinner, if he is luckily accustomed to picnics, carries his own plate and washes it afterward. I have myself entertained many a guest

in this fashion, and he has carried his own plate, and, being that kind of a guest or I would n't have invited him, he has cheerfully helped wash the dishes, wearing a borrowed apron. But it would be absurd to claim that this performance, indefinitely repeated, is an improvement upon an orderly, efficiently served dinner-party. Conversation at dinner is more desirable than a foot-race between the courses; nor do I believe that life under such conditions can possibly 'become so alluring that one day the great majority of us will choose it first of all.'

Concerning stairs: I perhaps have more feeling for them than most; but I am quite sure that I speak at least for a large minority. It is the flatness of the flat, its very condensed and restricted cosiness, its very lack of upstairs and downstairs, which prevents it from ever attaining completely the atmosphere of a home. The feet which cross the floor above my head are those of another family; the sounds which reach me from below are the noises of strangers; the life horizontal of the flat serves its convenient use but only emphasizes the independence and self-respect of the life vertical, master of the floor above, master likewise of the basement. I feel more human, less like some ingeniously constructed doll, when I can take my candle in hand and go upstairs to sleep. I want no bungalow. There is something fine in going to sleep even one flight nearer the stars — and away from the dining-room.

And observe further, if you please: this servantless cottage necessarily has no attic. Has the man no feeling whatever for the joys of his possible grandchildren? Or is the stairless, servantless cottage — 'truly the little house is the house of the future' — meant also to be childless? An examination of the plan shows a so-called bedroom marked 'guest or children,' which indicates that

the happy housewife must exercise her own judgment. There are accommodations for one guest or two children, but it seems fairly evident that guest and children exclude each other. Milord and milady must decide between hospitality and race-suicide, or two children and no week-end visitor. Some will choose guest; some will choose children. Personally I hope they will all choose children, for, even without an attic, there is plenty of playground. 'People with tiny incomes' must always be careful not to purchase too small a lot; and so we find that the servantless cottage has paths, and a lawn, and flowers, and shrubbery, and a sundial, and an American elm, and a 'toadstool canopy' between the poplars and the white birches, and an ivy-covered 'cache' to store the trunks in. I am glad there is going to be such a domestic convenience as a sundial; and perhaps, when there is a guest, the trunks can be taken out on the lawn and the children put to bed in the 'cache.'

But I guess that, after all, stairs will survive, and attics, and the servant-problem. Innumerable families are already living in servantless houses, with stairs, and it does n't even occur to them that they are solving any problem whatsoever. Innumerable housewives are about as happy under these conditions as most of us get to be under any conditions. The servant-problem itself is not the young and tender problem that many of us imagine. An examination of old newspapers will show anybody who is sufficiently patient and curious that a hundred years ago there was much indignant wonder that young women, visibly suited for domestic service, preferred to be seamstresses! What is more modern is the grave enthusiasm with which so many persons are trying to decide how the rest of us shall live with the maximum amount of comfort and culture for the

minimum expenditure. And one interesting similarity between many of these suggestions is their passive opposition to another important group of critics.

'Have large families or perish as a nation!' shriek our advisers on one hand. 'Have small families or perish as individuals!' proclaim our advisers on the other.

For this servantless cottage is typical of a good many other housing suggestions in which the essential element is the small family; and even the possibility that the children may live to grow up seems to have been left out of consideration. Milord and milady, I imagine, have chosen children instead of a guest. These children (a boy and girl, as I like to picture them) grow up; marry; settle in their own servantless cottages, and have two children apiece. There are now a grandfather and a grandmother, a son and a daughter, a son-in-law and a daughter-in-law, and four grandchildren. In each servantless cottage there is that one bedroom marked 'guest or children.' Granting all the possibilities of the ivy-covered 'cache,' — and now the trunks will simply *have* to be taken out and stood on the lawn even if the snow does fall on them, — milord and milady, come Christmas or other anniversary, can entertain a visit from two grandchildren and their father and mother. And by utilizing the 'cache' a son or daughter can receive a short visit from the aged parents, not too long, of course, or it would ruin the trunks. As for any of the hearty, old-fashioned, up-and-down-stairs hospitality — I may be an old fogey myself, but the servantless cottage shocks me.

'Our bedroom resembles a cosy state-room on board ship.' Oh! la-la-la-la! Why does n't somebody solve the problem of domestic living by suggesting that we all live in house-boats?

TRAVELING LIKE A GENTLEMAN

THE nineteenth century has seen the passing of the democracy of travel. With the twentieth, has come a return to the aristocratic methods of the eighteenth century, when a gentleman, if he wished to tour the continent, did so in his own coach. Friends in the country, inviting a lady of quality to visit them, wrote asking where horses should meet her. She naturally came in her own carriage. When Miss Edgeworth's heroine 'Helen' wished to pay her debts, her principal asset was her traveling chaise.

In the youth of our own grandfathers, the truly great, enshrined in an aristocratic vehicle, refused to descend from it even when on shipboard. The opera-singer, Grisi, crossed the Channel in her own coach, while her dutiful husband stood on deck at the coach-window, holding the harmless, necessary basin. The individual vehicle was a hall-mark of distinction.

There has been an interval when people were content to herd together in railway trains, but it has already passed away. We have returned to the private, the special, the personal; in a word, we have gone back to the eighteenth century. Now, as then, a gentleman travels in his own conveyance.

These reflections were brought home forcibly to me last summer, when a friend from Denver nearly ran over me on Rue des Pyramides, with his triumphal chariot in which he was joyously making the grand tour. He had sailed with it in June (f.o.b. from Detroit).

Once again the truly fortunate can

taste the delights of exclusive travel. Unhampered by time-tables, unfettered by iron rails, what limitless vistas, what alluring possibilities are theirs!

The world is all before them where to choose
Their changing course, and Standard Oil their guide.

Will the Pullman car soon join the well-appointed carriage as a museum curiosity? Perhaps so. In the meantime, a change in public monuments and memorials should be made to meet changing conditions, for that art only is true which reflects the vital needs of life. Think of the memorial drinking-fountains erected near country estates! They are already obsolete. A free gasoline station, however, would be a memorial worthy of a modern, public-spirited millionaire. Instead of meeting our guests with free horses, let us send them free petrol and prove ourselves possessed of true hospitality.

Alas! had I lived in the old coaching-days, I could not have afforded my own chaise, unless I had risked being sold up like Miss Edgeworth's Helen. So to-day I belong in the rapidly diminishing class of the motorless, having so far declined to join the ranks of those progressive souls who keep a chauffeur but no cook. Yet the railroads seem to be going out of commission. Soon they will confine their attention to freight, which they assure us ought to pay even if it does n't. Already our local line has taken off eighteen suburban trains. What is a motorless person to do?

In this dilemma I fortify myself with the memory of that noble saying of the late Ward McAllister, 'A gentleman can always walk.'